Book Trails

ON THE HIGHROAD TO ADVENTURE

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BOOK
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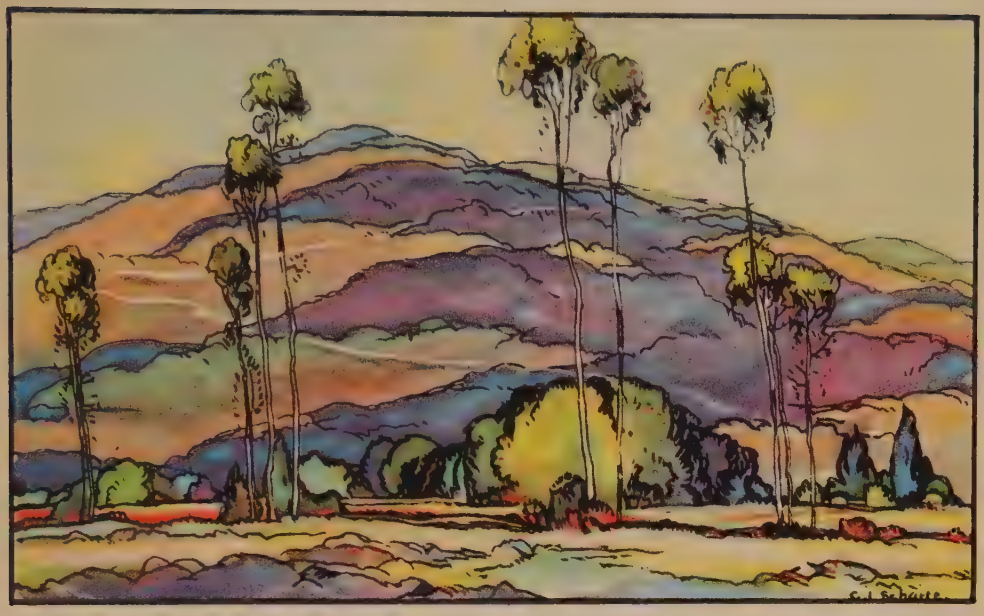

THE CLIMBING ROAD

WHERE do you go, oh, climbing road,
Mounting, mounting ever:
"I go," it seems to answer back,
"To seek the great endeavor!"

Be mine your way, oh, climbing road,
Mounting, mounting ever,
For still my heart within me cries
To seek the great endeavor.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

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TI-TIRITI-TI

ANNE MACDONELL

ONCE upon a time there was a little old peasant who had but one small field no bigger than the palm of your hand. and all full of stones and briars. He had set up a hayrick in it, and there he lived, digging, sowing, and weeding, from year's end to year's end, and farming it as best he could.

When it was time to rest he would pull a whistle from his pocket, and *Ti-tiriti-ti* went the tune, always the same one; then he would go to work again.

But all this time the poor little bit of a field, full of stones and briars, yielded him more profits than a farm. When his neighbors gathered in twenty times what they had sown, he was sure to have a hundredfold, to say the least.

Some of his neighbors were full of spite and envy. At one time not one of them would have taken that bit of ground, even as a gift; and now that he had it, there was nothing they would not have done to get it away from him.

"I say, neighbor, don't you want to get rid of that heap of stones? . . . . I know someone who would pay you three times its value."

But the peasant would answer:

These stones are all my own,
Not even the King on his throne
Can make me give them away!

Reprinted from *The Italian Fairy Book*, by Anne Macdonell, by permission of Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

And another would say: "Neighbor, don't you want to get rid of these stones? I know somebody who would be glad to pay you three times their value."

But the answer was always:

These stones are all my own,
Not even the King on his throne
Can make me give them away!

Now it once happened that the King passed that way, accompanied by his Ministers. When he saw the little field (which looked more like a garden, so green and flourishing was its crop, while the corn in the fields round about was so poor and faded it looked like the bristles of an old brush), he stopped, struck with amazement, and said to his Ministers, "What a fine crop of corn! I would willingly buy that field."

"May it please your Majesty, but it is not for sale. It belongs to a very odd sort of man, who answers all the offers that are made to him with these words:

These stones are all my own,
Not even the King on his throne
Can make me give them away!

"Oh, I should like to see if he'll answer me that way!" said the King; and he ordered the peasant to be called to him.

"Is it true that you would not give up your field even to the King?"

"His Majesty has so many fields, what good would my poor heap of stones do him?"

"But supposing he wanted them . . . . ?"
"Supposing he wanted them? . . . . Ah!

These stones are all my own,
Not even the King on his throne
Can make me give them away!"

The King made believe to have taken no offense at this; but during the night he sent a hundred guardsmen to trample down the crop without making any noise, so as not to leave so much as one blade of grass standing upright. You may think what

a sight met the peasant's eyes the next morning when he came out from his hayrick. Everything destroyed! And all his kind neighbors standing there staring over the hedge with the greatest satisfaction, though they tried to look as if they were sorry.

"Ah, neighbor, neighbor!" said they. "If you had but sold your heap of stones in time, this misfortune would not have befallen you!"

But to all this he answered not a word, just as though they had not been speaking to him. When they had all taken themselves off about their business, he pulled his whistle out of his pocket, and *Ti-tiriti-ti,* the corn began to rise up again; and *Ti-tiriti-ti,* it all stood up quite straight, as if nothing had happened to it.

The King, quite sure of his affair, sent for the peasant, and began, "I hear there is someone who bears you a grudge, my man, and that last night your crop of corn was half-destroyed. Now, sell me that heap of stones of yours; when the folk know that they are mine they'll keep at a respectful distance."

"Please your Majesty, what has been told you is not true; my crop is finer than ever."

The King bit his lips. So, then, his orders had not been obeyed! And he blamed the Ministers. But when they told him that the poor guardsmen could not even move, they had stamped so hard all night, his Majesty was astounded.

"Then tonight turn all my flocks into the field!"

Next morning, when the peasant came out from his hayrick, what a sight he beheld! The ground was perfectly stripped

of the whole crop of corn and was as smooth as satin!

And his good neighbors, as usual, were saying:

"Ah, neighbor, neighbor! If you had but taken advice, and sold that heap of stones there, this new misfortune would not have fallen upon you!"

But he, without a word, went shuffling about as if they had not been speaking to him.

When at last they had all gone about their business, out he pulled his whistle, and *Ti-tiriti-ti,* the corn began to sprout up again; and *Ti-tiriti-ti,* the corn was waving high and green, as if nothing had ever happened to it.

This time the King was quite sure he had won the day. He wanted to see that man! Just think what a face he would make!

So no sooner did the peasant come into his presence than he said, "There really must be someone who bears you a grudge, my poor fellow. I hear that last night your crop of corn was again quite destroyed. Come now! you sell me that heap of stones of yours; when the people know they belong to me, they'll look at them from a respectful distance."

"But, please your Majesty, my crop is not destroyed. It is finer than ever!"

The King bit his lips for spite. Then his orders had not been obeyed this time either!

And he found fault with his Ministers. But the Ministers told him that the flocks had eaten so much during the night that the sheep were all swollen to bursting, and that half of them had already died of repletion! The King was more astonished than ever.

"There is some mystery in all this. You must find it out. I give you three days' time!"

Now there was no joking with his Majesty. The Ministers set to scratching their bald heads, in hopes of getting some idea out of them, and they thought and thought!

At last one proposed to go in the night-time, and hide behind that accursed peasant's hayrick till daybreak. Who could know what might happen? That was a good idea! So they went; and as there were several openings in the rick, they set to peeping in through them.

All night the King was not able to close an eye for thinking of what had happened, and next morning, first thing, he had his Ministers called to him.

"Oh, please your Majesty! What a sight we have seen! What a sight we have seen!"

"Whatever have you seen then? You look mighty well pleased, all of you."

"Well, that peasant has a whistle, and the moment he begins to play on it, the inside of his hayrick changes into a sumptuous palace."

"And then?"

"And then out comes a young girl, more lovely than sunlight; and he plays *Titiriti-ti,* and makes her dance to his playing. After that he says to her:

> Fair daughter, if the King would win thy hand,
> Seven years in sun and rain then he must stand.
> If seven years in sun and rain he will not bide,
> Then, daughter, thou canst never be his bride!

"And then?"

"And then he began playing again, and in a twinkling the splendid palace once more became a hayrick."

"I'll give it to him with his sun and rain! But let us first see this miracle of beauty!"

And the next night he went, accompanied by his Ministers. And behold! the peasant pulled out his whistle from his pocket; and *Ti-tiriti-ti,* in a trice the haystack was changed into a royal dwelling; and, *Ti-tiriti-ti,* the lovely maiden appeared and began to dance. At that sight the King went clean out of his wits. "Oh, what a beauty she is! She shall be mine! She shall be mine!" And without losing any time he began knocking at the entrance.

The peasant stopped playing; and all at once the royal palace became a hayrick again; but there was no sign of its opening; and the King, though burning with impatience, was forced to go home as he had come. Before dawn, however, he sent a messenger in great haste. The King wanted to see the peasant immediately.

The peasant came and presented himself. What did his Majesty command of him?

"My will is that you give me your daughter for my bride. She shall be made Queen, and you Lord Chamberlain."

"Please your Majesty, but there is a condition to fulfill—

> Whoe'er would win my daughter's hand
> Seven years in sun and rain must stand.
> If seven years he stand not in sun and in rain,
> Whoever he be, he shall woo her in vain."

The King would have rarely liked to give him such sun and rain as he would not forget in a hurry. But then there was the maiden at stake, and for love of her he would do anything.

So he shrugged his shoulders, and replied:

"Then I shall wait seven years in sun and rain."

He placed the government of his kingdom in the hands of the Ministers for all the time he would be absent, and went to live with the old peasant, exposed all day to the scorching sun, or the pouring rain, even when it came down in bucketfuls.

Poor King! after a short time no one would have been able to recognize him; his skin was burnt to such a degree that he seemed made of terra-cotta. But he had one compensation, however. Every now and again, when it was night, the peasant would pull out his whistle, and before beginning his tune would say to him, "Your Majesty must remember well that

Who touches rends,
Who speaks offends!"

And then *Ti-tiriti-ti,* in less time than I tell you the hayrick became a sumptuous palace, and *Ti-tiriti-ti,* the maiden appeared, more beautiful than the sun, moon, and stars!

All the time she danced the King simply devoured her with his eyes. He had to make a great effort not to rush up to her, fold her in his arms, and say, "You shall be my Queen!" His great love for her, and the fear of losing her, alone kept him back.

Six years, six months, and six days had already flown. The King rubbed his hands for joy.

Soon, very soon, that maiden, more beautiful than the sun, moon, and stars, would become his bride, and he would return to his Royal Palace, a King as before, only much, much happier than ever he had been!

But bad luck would have it that one night the peasant took out his whistle as usual and began playing without reminding him, "Your Majesty,

Who touches rends,
Who speaks offends!"

When he saw her the King could no longer restrain himself, and running up to the fair maiden, embraced her, crying, "You shall be my Queen! You shall be my Queen!"

Like a flash of lightning the maiden was turned into a knotty trunk of a tree!

"Yet I had warned your Majesty!" said the peasant:

Who touches rends,
Who speaks offends!

The King seemed turned to stone with grief and amazement. Must he begin all over again? Yes, he must begin all over again. Well, over again he began. He roasted himself in the sun.

Sun, fair sun above
I suffer here for love!

He let himself be drenched by the rain.

Rain, good, gentle rain,
For the maid I suffer pain!

And when the peasant would pull his whistle out of his pocket, and *Ti-tiriti-ti,* the maiden appeared and began to dance, he devoured her with his eyes from a corner, but as quiet and still as oil, for he did not feel inclined to begin all over again another time. And again six years, six months, and six days had passed away, and the King began to rub his hands for joy.

But misfortune would have it that one night, when the maiden was dancing to the sound of the peasant's whistle as she had never danced before, with such grace! such elegance! the King could stand it no longer, and rushing up to her, embraced her, crying, "Ah, my Queen! my Queen!"

And what should he find in his arms again but the knotty trunk of a tree?

"Ah, your Majesty! Your Majesty!" said the old peasant, "yet I had told you,

Who touches rends,
Who speaks offends!"

The wretched King stood stock-still in dismay and disappointment. "Must I begin all over again?"

"Yes, you must begin all over again!"

And he began again.

Sun, fair sun above
I suffer here for love!
Rain, good, gentle rain,
For the maid I suffer pain!

This time, however, he was more on his guard, and when at last the seven years appointed had passed, he won the

maiden more beautiful than sunlight. He could hardly believe it was true.

But what had happened in the meanwhile? Well, his Ministers and subjects, thinking he had gone mad, had forgotten all about him, and had conferred the crown, some years before, on one of his relations. So when the King presented himself at his palace with his fair bride leaning on his arm, the soldiers who stood at the gate as sentinels, said, "You can't pass here, sir! You can't pass here!"

"I am the King! call down my Ministers!"

But the old ones he had known were all dead, and those of the new King let him talk till he was tired.

He then turned to his people. "How is this? Do you not recognize your King?"

The people very civilly laughed in his face, but otherwise paid him not the slightest attention. Quite in despair he went back to the peasant's little field, where the hayrick once stood; but to his surprise he saw a splendid edifice worthy of being a king's palace. He went upstairs, but instead of the peasant there came forward to meet him a handsome old man with a flowing white beard. It was no other than the great Magician Sabino!

"Don't lose heart!" he said, and taking the King by the hand he led him into a splendid hall where stood a large basin full of clear water. The Magician, seizing the basin, poured its contents on his head, and the King, from being a rather elderly looking man, once more became a blooming youth, as when he was but twenty years of age.

Then the magician said to him: "Look out of the window and play on this whistle, and you shall see!"

And so the King did, playing *Ti-tiriti-ti,* and behold, a large army of magnificent men clad in full armor, as compact in their ranks as a London fog, came streaming over the hills and down into the valley.

War was declared, and while the soldiers fought, he stood on the top of a rising ground and played away, *Ti-tiriti-ti,* never stopping till the battle was won.

Then he returned to his Royal Palace, conquering and triumphant. He forgave everybody, and to celebrate his wedding with the fair maid he loved so well, gave his people a whole month of feasting and merrymaking.

And soon was given to him a son and heir,
And they all lived happily without a care.

HOW KARI SAVED OUR LIVES IN THE JUNGLE

Dhan Gopal Mukerji

WHEN Kari grew to be five years old, he was almost as high as the ceiling. He was never trained for hunting. We never thought of killing anything except snakes and tigers, and these we killed when they came toward the village and injured men. So Kari never had the training of a hunting elephant. Just the same, he was very alert and steady in the face of danger, so when it was a question of going into the jungle on the back of an elephant, we generally took Kari with us. During such trips we did not put a cloth of gold on his back or silver bells on his sides. These bells are made in certain parts of India where silversmiths know how to melt and mix silver so that when the clapper strikes the sides of the bell there will be a sound like rushing water. The two bells are tied by a silver chain and slung over the elephant's back, one dangling on each side of him. We never put a howdah on the back of Kari. Very few Hindus put howdahs on elephants.

Do you know what a howdah is? It is a box with high sides, inside of which there are chairs for travelers. The howdahs are generally for people who are not accustomed to elephants. They need the high sides so that when the elephant walks they will not fall from his back. They stay in their

By permission, from *Kari the Elephant*. Copyright by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

seats leaning on the edge of the box and see very little, especially children who are not tall enough to see over the sides. That is why Indian children prefer riding bareback on an elephant to taking a howdah.

One evening when my brother and I went out, we put a mattress on Kari's back and tied it very tightly with cords so that it would not slip, for it is not pleasant to slip and fall under an elephant's belly and be stepped on. But Kari was trained so that he would not have stepped on us even if we had slipped under him. We tightened the cords to the mattress, however, and lay down for the night. Though we had bells, we lifted them up and silenced the clappers, so that in walking through the jungle road they would not ring and frighten the animals, for the forest is the dwelling place of silence, and silence being the voice of God, no man dares to disturb it. We lay on the back of Kari and looked up at the stars. In India, the stars are so close that you can almost pluck them with your hands, and the velvet blue of the sky is like a river of stillness running between banks of silver.

As we lay there, unable to go to sleep right away, we heard jungle sounds. The heavy tread of the elephant was like clouds brushing the crests of the forest. Once in a while you could see a tiger come out of the jungle, cross a road, and disappear in the distance; but Kari was so brave he never condescended to notice the comings and goings of tigers. Once we heard the bark of a fox very near us and then he came out of the jungle. Kari stopped and the fox passed across the road, then we moved on again. In the moonlight which made the road

before us look like a river of silver we saw squirrels leaping from branch to branch.

You know, perhaps, that elephants can sleep as they walk. Presently Kari's walk slackened into a slow pace, and we felt quite sure that he was dozing. Then we remembered nothing, for we too fell asleep. I cannot tell how much time passed before we were startled out of our sleep by a terrible roar, a ghastly trumpeting of the elephant, and a terrible lunge of his body. We had to hold on to his back very tightly to avoid being thrown off. In a few seconds both of us had turned over and were lying on our faces, holding on to the cords that held the mattress to Kari's back, while he broke into a run.

Trees bent and broke, branches fell, and we could hear the monkeys stampeding from tree to tree, and flocks of birds, startled out of their sleep, falling upon us, their wings beating

our faces. We shouted to Kari to be calm, but he went on as if he were mad. We heard boars snorting and running away, and strange-looking horned creatures leaping and bounding off in all directions. Then a tree in front of us fell, and the jungle throbbed for a moment. It seemed as though a shiver ran through Kari's body, and he stopped stock still. It was very difficult to tell exactly what had happened until we got off Kari's back. I spoke to him and he shook his head, then I spoke again and urged him to put up his head. He obeyed and I climbed down by his trunk. I felt it was very wet, however, and he shook me off with pain.

My brother spoke to me from above and said when I told him how the trunk felt, "Now I know. You see, this is autumn when bears eat Mohula in the moonlight under the thick shade of the trees. As you know, Mohula intoxicates bears, and makes them sleepy. Some bear had fallen asleep under the trees and Kari, who was also asleep and consequently did not even smell him with his trunk, must have come upon him without suspecting his presence. Although all bears are brought up to respect elephants, this one, no doubt, was so sleepy that he did not know who was upon him and so I am sure he must have sprung up in his surprise and scratched Kari's trunk."

If Kari had been wide awake he would have killed the bear, but being sleepy, the shock and the surprise of the attack and the pain in his trunk frightened him so that he ran out into the jungle mad with terror.

I put my hand on the trunk again. Yes, it was bleeding; I could see in the moonlight that it was not perspiration because

my hand was dark red. I spoke to Kari again; this time he did not shake his head so furiously. He was rather willing to listen and I told him I was very sorry about his trunk but could do nothing here. I also told him to go back to the road. He shook his head—that meant "No." Do you know why he did not want to go back to that road? You shall learn at the end of this story.

I got upon his back again. "Since he won't go back to the road," said my brother, "we must give him the master call so that he can make a road through the jungle," and we gave him the master call.

At this Kari lifted his bleeding trunk and smote down the first tree, and then he struck down the next tree. He came upon a third which his trunk could not pull down, so he turned around and walked away from it. After taking a few steps he stopped and slowly walked backwards and with one push of his back, knocked this tree down.

At this we could hear the flocks of birds flying in the air and feel the stamping feet below as herds of animals ran in every direction. We heard the vibrant jabber of monkeys from tree-tops, and each time a new tree fell there was more jabbering and more leaping away from tree to tree.

We clung to the elephant's back with our nails and teeth.

Soon we found ourselves on the road, three miles ahead of where Kari had been frightened by the bear.

Do you know why he did not go back to the same spot? Because no animal ever likes to return to the place where he lost his pride. For to be frightened is to lose one's pride.

LOST!

I LOST my big Geography
As I came home today.
I laid it down, I—can't—think—where—
And stopped a bit to play.

It was a nice Geography,
The seas were colored blue;
And there were bright green valleys there
With rivers running through.

Australia's there and Europe too,
And big old Africa;
But best and biggest map of all
Was our America.

And now my shoestring's in a knot,
My hair is all uncurled;
I only played ten minutes but—
I've *lost the whole big world!*

HELEN COALE CREW

By permission of the author and courtesy of *Child Life*.

THE GOLD BREAD

EDOUARD R. L. LABOULAYE

ONCE upon a time a widow with her beautiful daughter lived on the edge of a tiny village. The mother was modest and humble; the daughter, Marienka, was pride itself. She had suitors from all sides, but none satisfied her; the more they tried to please her, the more she disdained them.

One night, when the poor mother could not sleep, she began to pray for her dear child, who gave her more than one care. Marienka was asleep by her side. As the mother gazed lovingly at her beautiful daughter, Marienka laughed in her sleep.

"What a beautiful dream she must have, to laugh in this way!" said the mother. Then she finished her prayer, laid her head on her pillow and fell asleep.

"My dear child," said she in the morning, "what did you dream last night that you laughed so?"

"What did I dream, mamma? I dreamed that a nobleman came here for me in a copper coach, and that he put a ring on my finger set with a stone that sparkled like the stars. And when I entered the church, the people paused in their worship and had eyes for no one but me."

"My daughter, my daughter, that was a proud dream!" said the mother, shaking her head. But Marienka went out singing.

The same day a wagon entered the yard. A handsome young farmer in good circumstances came to ask Marienka to share a

Hungarian version of the old tale of Kind Midas and his golden touch. Adapted.

peasant's bread with him. The mother was pleased with the suitor, but the proud Marienka refused him, saying, "Though you should come in a copper coach, and put a ring on my finger set with a stone that sparkled like the stars, I would not have you for a husband." And the farmer went away storming at Marienka's pride.

The next night the mother waked, and prayed still more earnestly for her daughter, when behold! Marienka laughed again as she was sleeping.

"I wonder what she is dreaming," said the mother, who prayed, unable to sleep.

"My dear child," she said the next morning, "what did you dream last night that you laughed aloud?"

"What did I dream, mamma? I dreamed that a nobleman came here for me in a silver coach, and that he offered me a golden diadem. And when I entered the church, the people stopped their worship and looked only at me."

"Hush! you are blaspheming. Pray, my daughter, pray that you may not fall into temptation."

But Marienka ran away to escape her mother's sermon.

The same day a carriage entered the yard. A young lord came to entreat Marienka to share a nobleman's bread with him.

"It is a great honor," said the mother; but vanity is blind.

"Though you should come in a silver coach," said Marienka to the new suitor, "and should offer me a golden diadem, I would not have you for a husband."

"Take care, my child," said the poor mother; "pride is a device of the Evil One. Consider what you are saying."

"Mothers never know what they are saying," thought Marienka, and she went out shrugging her shoulders.

The third night the mother could not sleep for anxiety. As she lay awake, praying for her daughter, behold! Marienka burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"Oh!" said the mother, "what can the unhappy child be dreaming now?" And she continued to pray till daylight.

"My dear child," said she in the morning, "what did you dream last night?"

"You will be angry again if I tell you," answered Marienka.

"No, no," replied the mother. "Tell me."

"I dreamed that a noble lord, with a great train of attendants, came to ask me in marriage. He was in a golden coach, and he brought me a dress of gold lace. And when I entered the church, the people looked at nobody but me."

The mother clasped her hands. Marienka, half dressed sprang from the bed and ran into the next room, to avoid a lecture that was tiresome to her.

The same day three coaches entered the yard, one of copper, one of silver, and one of gold; the first drawn by two horses, the second by four, and the third by eight, all caparisoned with gold and pearls. From the copper and silver coaches alighted pages dressed in scarlet breeches and green jackets and cloaks, while from the golden coach stepped a handsome nobleman all dressed in gold. He entered the house, and, bending one knee on the ground, asked the mother for her daughter's hand.

"What an honor!" thought the mother.

"My dream has come to pass," said Marienka. "You see

mother, that, as usual, I was right and you were wrong."

She ran to her chamber, tied the betrothal knot, and offered it smilingly as a pledge of her faith to the handsome lord, who, on his side, put a ring on her finger set with a stone that sparkled like the stars, and presented her with a golden diadem and a dress of gold lace.

The proud girl ran to her room to dress for the ceremony, while the mother, still anxious, said to the bridegroom, "My good sir, what bread do you offer my daughter?"

"Among us," said he, "the bread is of copper, silver, and gold; she can take her choice."

"What does this mean?" thought the mother. But Marienka had no anxiety; she returned as beautiful as the sun, took her lover's arm, and set out for the church without asking her mother's blessing. The poor woman was left to pray alone on the threshold; and when Marienka returned and entered the carriage, she did not even turn round to look at her mother or to bid her a last farewell.

The eight horses set off at a gallop, and did not stop till they reached a huge rock, in which there was a hole as large as the gate of a city. The horses plunged into the darkness, the earth trembled, and the rock cracked and crumbled. Marienka seized her husband's hand.

"Don't be alarmed, my fair one; in a moment it will be light."

All at once a thousand lights waved in the air. The dwarfs of the mountain, each with a torch in his hand, came to salute their lord, the King of the Mines. Marienka learned for the first time her husband's name. Whether he was a spirit of good or of evil, she thought, at least he was so rich that she did not regret her choice.

They emerged from the darkness, and advanced through bleached forest and mountains that raised their pale and gloomy summits to the skies. Firs, beeches, birches, oaks, rocks, all were of lead. At the end of the forest stretched a vast meadow, the grass of which was of silver; and at the bottom of the meadow was a castle of gold, inlaid with diamonds and rubies. The carriage stopped before the door, and the King of the Mines offered his hand to his bride, saying, "My fair one, all that you see in this country is yours."

Marienka was delighted. But it is impossible to make so long a journey without being hungry; and it was with pleasure, therefore, that she saw the mountain dwarfs bring in a table, every thing on which glittered with gold, silver, and precious stones. The dishes were marvelous—side dishes of emeralds, and roasts of gold on silver salvers. Everyone ate heartily except the bride, who begged her husband for a little bread.

"Bring the copper bread," said the King of the Mines.

Marienka could not eat it.

"Bring the silver bread," said he.

Marienka could not eat it.

"Bring the gold bread," said he, at length.

Marienka could not eat it.

"My fair one," said the King of the Mines, "I am very sorry; but what can I offer you? We have no other bread."

The bride burst into tears. Her husband laughed aloud! his heart was of metal, like his kingdom.

"Weep, if you like," he cried; "it will do you no good. What you wished for you possess. Eat the bread that you have chosen."

It was thus that the rich Marienka lived in her castle, starving, always hungry, and seeking in vain for roots to allay the torture that was consuming her. God had humbled her by granting her prayer.

Three days in the year, the Rogation Days, when the people pray for the fruitful rain sent by the Lord, Marienka returns to the earth. Dressed in rags, pale and wrinkled, she begs from door to door, too happy when anyone throws her a few crusts,

and when she receives as alms from the poor what she lacks in her palace of gold—a little bread and a little pity. Some day she may win pardon and come back to live her life like the other peasants who work for the bread they eat.

IN THE MOONLIGHT

(*Au clair de la Lune*)

IN THE bright moonlight
My friend Pierrot
Lend me your pen:
I would let you know
My candle is dead,
My fire also;
Pray open your door
For I've no place to go.

Popular Song

THE RAREST ANIMAL OF ALL

HUGH LOFTING

PUSHMI-PULLYUS are now extinct. That means, there aren't any more. But long ago, when Doctor Dolittle was alive, there were some of them still left in the deepest jungles of Africa; and even then they were very, very scarce. They had no tail, but a head at each end, and sharp horns on each head. They were very shy and terribly hard to catch. The black men got most of their animals by sneaking up behind them while they were not looking. But you could not do this with the pushmi-pullyu—because, no matter which way you came towards him, he was always facing you. And besides, only one half of him slept at a time. The other head was always awake—and watching. This was why they were never caught and never seen in Zoos. Though many of the greatest huntsmen and the

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cleverest menagerie-keepers spent years of their lives searching through the jungles in all weathers for pushmi-pullyus, not a single one had ever been caught. Even then, years ago, he was the only animal in the world with two heads.

Well, the monkeys set out hunting for this animal through the forest. And after they had gone a good many miles, one of them found peculiar footprints near the edge of a river; and they knew that a pushmi-pullyu must be very near that spot.

Then they went along the bank of the river a little way and they saw a place where the grass was high and thick; and they guessed that he was in there.

So they all joined hands and made a great circle around the high grass. The pushmi-pullyu heard them coming; and he tried hard to break through the ring of monkeys. But he couldn't do it. When he saw that it was no use trying to escape, he sat down and waited to see what they wanted.

They asked him if he would go with Doctor Dolittle and be put on show in the Land of the White Men.

But he shook both his heads hard and said, "Certainly not!"

They explained to him that he would not be shut up in a menagerie but would just be looked at. They told him that the Doctor was a very kind man but hadn't any money; and people would pay to see a two-headed animal and the Doctor would get rich and could pay for the boat he had borrowed to come to Africa in.

But he answered, "No. You know how shy I am—I hate being stared at." And he almost began to cry.

Then for three days they tried to persuade him.

And at the end of the third day he said he would come with them and see what kind of a man the Doctor was, first.

So the monkeys traveled back with the pushmi-pullyu. And when they came to where the Doctor's little house of grass was, they knocked on the door.

The duck, who was packing the trunk, said, "Come in!"

And Chee-Chee very proudly took the animal inside and showed him to the Doctor.

"What in the world is it?" asked John Dolittle, gazing at the strange creature.

"Lord save us!" cried the duck. "How does it make up its mind?"

"It doesn't look to me as though it had any," said Jip, the dog.

"This, Doctor," said Chee-Chee, "is the pushmi-pullyu—the rarest animal of the African jungles, the only two-headed beast in the world! Take him home with you and your fortune's made. People will pay any money to see him."

"But I don't want any money," said the Doctor.

"Yes, you do," said Dab-Dab, the duck. "Don't you remember how we had to pinch and scrape to pay the butcher's bill in Puddleby? And how are you going to get the sailor the new boat you spoke of—unless we have the money to buy it?"

"I was going to make him one," said the Doctor.

"Oh, do be sensible!" cried Dab-Dab. "Where would you get all the wood and the nails to make one with?—And besides, what are we going to live on? We shall be poorer than ever when we get back. Chee-Chee's perfectly right: take the funny-looking thing along, do!"

"Well, perhaps there is something in what you say," murmured the Doctor. "It certainly would make a nice new kind of pet. But does the er—what-do-you-call-it really want to go abroad?"

"Yes, I'll go," said the pushmi-pullyu who saw at once, from the Doctor's face, that he was a man to be trusted. "You have been so kind to the animals here—and the monkeys tell me that I am the only one who will do. But you must promise me that if I do not like it in the Land of the White Men you will send me back."

"Why, certainly—of course, of course," said the Doctor. "Excuse me, surely you are related to the Deer Family, are you not?"

"Yes," said the pushmi-pullyu—"to the Abyssinian Gazelles and the Asiatic Chamois—on my mother's side. My father's great-grandfather was the last of the Unicorns."

"Most interesting!" murmured the Doctor; and he took a book out of the trunk which Dab-Dab was packing and began turning the pages. "Let us see if Buffon says anything—"

"I notice," said the duck, "that you only talk with one of your mouths. Can't the other head talk as well?"

"Oh, yes," said the pushmi-pullyu. "But I keep the other mouth for eating—mostly. In that way I can talk while I am eating without being rude. Our people have always been very polite."

When the packing was finished and everything was ready to start, the monkeys gave a grand party for the Doctor, and all the animals of the jungle came. And they had pineapples and mangoes and honey and all sorts of good things to eat and drink.

After they had all finished eating, the Doctor got up and said:

"My friends: I am not clever at speaking long words after dinner, like some men; and I have just eaten many fruits and much honey. But I wish to tell you that I am very sad at leaving your beautiful country. Because I have things to do in the Land of the White Men, I must go. After I have gone, remember never to let the flies settle on your food before you eat it;

and do not sleep on the ground when the rains are coming. I—er—er—I hope you will all live happily ever after."

When the Doctor stopped speaking and sat down, all the monkeys clapped their hands a long time and said to one another, "Let it be remembered always among our people that he sat and ate with us, here, under the trees. For surely he is the Greatest of Men!"

And the Grand Gorilla, who had the strength of seven horses in his hairy arms, rolled a great rock up to the head of the table and said:

"This stone for all time shall mark the spot."

And even to this day, in the heart of the jungle, that stone still is there. And monkey-mothers passing through the forest with their families, still point down at it from the branches and whisper to their children, "Sh! There it is—look—where the Good White Man sat and ate food with us in the Year of the Great Sickness!"

Then, when the party was over, the Doctor and his pets started out to go back to the seashore. And all the monkeys went with him as far as the edge of their country, carrying his trunk and bags, to see him off.

THE PIRATE DON DURK OF DOWDEE

HO, FOR the Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee!
He was as wicked as wicked could be,
But oh, he was perfectly gorgeous to see!
The Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course, was as black as a bat,
But he had a floppety plume on his hat;
And when he went walking it jiggled—like that!
The plume of the Pirate Dowdee.

His coat it was crimson and cut with a slash,
And often as ever he twirled his mustache;
Deep down in the ocean the mermaids went splash,
Because of Don Durk of Dowdee.

By permission of the author and courtesy of *Child Life*.

Moreover, Dowdee had a purple tattoo,
And stuck in his belt where he buckled it through
Were a dagger, a dirk, and a squizzamaroo,
For fierce was the Pirate Dowdee.

So fearful he was he would shoot at a puff
And always at sea when the weather grew rough
He drank from a bottle and wrote on his cuff,
Did Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

Oh, he had a cutlass that swung at his thigh,
And he had a parrot called Pepperkin Pye,
And a zigzaggy scar at the end of his eye
Had Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

He kept in a cavern, this buccaneer bold,
A curious chest that was covered with mould,
And all of his pockets were jingly with gold!
Oh jing! went the gold of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course, it was crooked like a squash
But both of his boots made a slickery slosh,
And he went through the world with a wonderful swash,
Did Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

It's true he was wicked as wicked could be,
His sins they outnumbered a hundred and three
But oh, he was perfectly gorgeous to see,
The Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

STORY OF MOTHER MICHEL AND HER CAT

Émile de la Bédollierre

THERE lived in Paris, in the time of King Louis XV, an old countess named Yolande de la Grenouillière, who was both wealthy and charitable. Her husband, Jérémie, Count of Grenouillière, had fallen gloriously at the battle of Fontenoy, on May 11, 1745. The noble widow long mourned for him, and even now often wept for him. Left without children, she developed a passion for animals. But, sad to relate, one after another her pets died, until she finally declared, "I do not want any more animals; the air of my house is death to them!"

She had ended by believing her home fatal to her pets.

One day, as she was leaving the church, she saw a crowd of boys laughing, crowding, and jostling one another. When she stepped into her carriage she could look over the crowd, and saw that the little wretches had a miserable cat, to whose tail they had tied a saucepan. The poor cat had evidently been running a long time and seemed overcome by fatigue. His tormentors gathered in a circle about him and began to pelt him with stones, but the poor animal, recognizing that he was surrounded by none but enemies, bowed his head and bore his sad fate with the heroism of a Roman senator. Several stones had already hit him, when Madame de la Grenouillière, moved by deep compassion, stepped from her carriage and, pushing aside the crowd, cried, "I will give a louis to whoever will go to the aid of that poor, miserable animal."

Translated from the French and abridged by Renée B. Stern.

These words had a magical effect; they changed the persecutors into liberators. The cat was almost suffocated by those who wished to rescue him safe and sound. Finally a young Hercules overthrew his rivals and presented the half-dead cat to the countess. She paid the promised reward, had the saucepan untied, and then inspected the cat.

Its gray striped coat was barely visible through a mass of mud, and the cat was so thin as to be nearly transparent, so shrunken that one could count his ribs, so dispirited that a mouse might have beaten him. He had but one thing in his favor and that was the intelligence of his face.

"Dear me, how homely he is," said Madame de la Grenouil-

lière with conviction, after having examined him.

But as she stepped into her carriage, the cat fixed his sea-green eyes upon her and gave her a look, strange and indefinable; a look both of gratitude and reproach which seemed to say, "You have obeyed a generous impulse. You saw me weak, suffering, and oppressed and you took pity on me. Now that you have satisfied your benevolence, my homeliness inspires you with contempt! I thought you kind, but you are not kind. If you were really charitable you would continue to interest yourself in me just because I am homely.

Madame de la Grenouillière was moved to tears, for the cat seemed superhuman—no, it was *superanimal!* She thought that in a previous existence the cat might have been an orator and a man of standing. So she turned to her companion, Mother Michel, who was in the carriage and told her to take the cat and carry him home with them, saying that so long as she lived, the cat was to have a home with them, and that any affection shown the cat would be considered the same as affection shown his mistress.

Madame de la Grenouillière lived in a handsome house, where she led a most retired life, on almost intimate terms with her two chief servants—Madame Michel, her maid and companion, and Monsieur Lustucru, the steward. These persons being quite elderly, the countess spoke of them as Mother Michel and Father Lustucru. Mother Michel was amiable and kindly, but, under his false mask of good nature, the steward was a wily person, of great malice. His wickedness had not yet shown itself, and though he hated animals he pre-

tended, in order to please his mistress, that he adored them.

On seeing Mother Michel carrying the cat in her arms, he muttered to himself, "What, another beast! As if there weren't enough of us in the house already!"

But he pretended to admire the cat and helped bathe him. The poor beast was then given a plate of broken meat that he ate with great relish, while the family arranged the hours for his meals, how his time was to be occupied each day, and the place where he was to sleep. After discussing various names, an old scholar whom they consulted next day, suggested that of *Moumouth,* composed of two Hebrew words meaning "saved from the saucepans."

At the end of a few days, Moumouth was a different cat from the poor stray, for his fur was shiny, good food had filled out his body, his whiskers stood up like those of a swordsman of the seventeenth century, his eyes shone like emeralds; he was a living example of good living making the race better. He owed his condition largely to Mother Michel, for whom he showed great affection. On the other hand he showed the greatest dislike for Father Lustucru and refused to accept anything presented by the steward. However, they saw each other but seldom.

So everything went well until January 24, 1753, when a sadness was noticed in Moumouth, as if he felt some coming sorrow. That night a messenger brought a letter to the Countess from her younger sister who had been hurt in getting out of her carriage. The Countess felt it her duty to go at once, and as her sister did not like cats, Moumouth had to

be left behind. He was confided to the care of Mother Michel, to whom the Countess promised a pension for life if the cat was well cared for.

"Ah, madame!" said Mother Michel, "It is not necessary to hire my services, for I love your cat with all my heart and I will always be devoted to him."

"I am sure of that and I know also how to reward your zeal," answered the Countess. During this conversation, Father Lustucru had hard work to conceal his jealousy, for the Countess had refused his offer of care for Moumouth, saying the cat did not like him.

When the traveling carriage came, the Countess pressed her favorite to her heart in final farewell. Until this time, Moumouth had been only vaguely uneasy, but now, understanding all, he made one bound to her side in the carriage.

"It is necessary for you to stay home," said Madame de la Grenouillière, trying to keep back her tears.

Would you believe it, the cat also cried, and, to put an end to this painful scene, Mother Michel had to detach him from the carriage cushion to which he clung, and she lifted him out as the carriage departed. Moumouth then fainted.

Madame de la Grenouillière leaned from the window, calling, "Mother Michel, I leave my cat in your care!"

"Be calm, madame, I promise you will find him large and fat when you get back!" cried Mother Michel.

"And I," muttered Father Lustucru in a deep voice, "I swear he shall be dead!"

Mother Michel took good care of Moumouth, so that he

grew to be one of the best looking cats in his section of Paris. Once, when he seemed a little under the weather, she even read *The History of Cats* by François-Auguste Paradis de Moncrif, a member of the French Academy.

But Father Lustucru saw with dread the prosperity of Moumouth, and he dreamed day and night how to get rid of the cat so Mother Michel should not get her reward.

One night, when Moumouth was asleep near the fire at the feet of Mother Michel, Lustucru came into the room.

"Good," thought he, "the cat is asleep. Let me get the guardian out of the room." So he begged Mother Michel to visit the porter who was suffering from rheumatism. She at once went to see what she could do for the poor man.

"Now for us two!" cried Father Lustucru. He went stealthily into an adjoining room, took out a covered basket that he had hidden there, then returned and seized Moumouth. The unfortunate animal awoke with a start to find himself held in the air, face to face with his enemy. Before he could cry out, the steward had put him in the basket, clapped down the cover, and run down stairs and outdoors.

Slipping around the edge of the garden, hidden by shadows, he gained the gate and ran to a bridge over the River Seine. Leaning over the parapet, he pushed aside the lid and turned the basket upside down. With a cry that sounded like a human voice, Moumouth fell downward and was lost in the icy waters.

The assassin shuddered, but after a moment he called down, "Pleasant voyage to you, dear Moumouth. May you arrive safely. By the way," he added to himself, "I think cats know

how to swim; that beast is capable of getting himself out of the water. But it is a long way from the river to our home."

Reassured by this thought, Father Lustucru crept home, slipped into the house and upstairs to bed.

Meantime, Mother Michel, having stayed some time with the porter, went upstairs to give the cat the saucer of milk and sugar that she fed him every night; but no Moumouth was to be seen. She looked behind the sofa cushions, under the sofa, and searched the rest of the room, and then ran to the stairs, calling him.

"He does not answer me," she said, "but when I went downstairs, Lustucru was here, so maybe he can tell me what has become of him."

She knocked at the steward's door. He pretended to rouse himself from a deep sleep, and asked gruffly what was wanted.

"Isn't Moumouth with you?"

"Does your cat ever come where I am? You know he cannot bear me."

"Alas, where is he? I left him in the living room, near the fire, and now I cannot find him anywhere."

"Can he be lost?" asked Father Lustucru, pretending great anxiety.

"Lost? Oh no, it is impossible! He must be in some corner of the house!"

"We must hunt for him," declared the villain gravely. "He should be searched for at once. Moumouth is a precious animal, and well merits that the servants all be awakened to hunt for him."

All the servants were soon up and, armed with candles, searched the house from cellar to attic, from the courtyard to the garden. Lustucru directed the search, while Mother Michel, worn with emotion, threw herself into a chair, moaning that she had left Moumouth but an instant, and for the purpose of doing a good action.

"I begin to believe that your cat is really lost," remarked Lustucru severely. "It is a great misfortune for you. What will Madame de la Grenouillière say when she comes back? She may even turn you out of doors!"

"Turn me out of doors," cried Mother Michel, suddenly drawing herself to her full height; then she sunk down again, her face grew pale, her eyes closed, and she fell back in a faint.

Lustucru watched her, dry-eyed and without the least remorse. He even laughed, the infamous man!

We lost sight of Moumouth when, thrown from the bridge, he fell into the icy waters. Luckily for him the piles of the principal arch of the bridge had a wide ledge on which he was able to climb. From this place he could look around him, and he saw the Seine, like a great ocean, far beyond his strength to cross. It seemed better to stay where he was, even at the risk of starving or freezing, than to try to reach the distant shores. He mewed at first, but soon decided it was foolish to tire his lungs, so he settled down to wait his end with resignation.

About five o'clock in the morning two gentlemen fishermen from the Island of Saint Louis came to cast their lines over the bridge. As soon as the two fishing lines descended Moumouth saw a means of escape and caught at them with his claws. The

fishermen cried with one voice, "A bite! A bite!" and hurried to pull in their lines.

"I wager I have caught a barbel," one cried, while the other had scarcely answered, "I must have a large carp," when Moumouth jumped over the parapet.

"Treason!" cried both fishermen, and set off in pursuit of the quadruped that had so miraculously come from the waters; but Moumouth ran faster than they and so escaped. As soon as he was alone, he took breath, and began to look about for his home. Not seeing it and needing to find shelter, he made his way into the basement of a baker's shop, hid behind a pile of bread baskets, and went to sleep.

He was awakened by hunger.

Moumouth was born of poor parents who had abandoned him in his youth, so he was brought up in the streets and was skillful in the art of catching rats and mice—a useful art too often neglected by cats belonging to wealthy families. He soon surprised a mouse that had come out of its hole to steal some flour, and the baker's boy saw him catch the mouse.

Unfortunately the baker was glad to have a mouse-catcher, so he shut Moumouth into the bakery, and only by jumping on the baker-boy's shoulder and thence out a high window, did he make his escape. Once on the street a new danger met him, for a big bulldog faced him. He managed to run under the dog and get away but the dog followed him and was soon joined by other dogs, until poor Moumouth headed quite a line of running animals. Suddenly he saw a wall ahead and made for it, climbing out of danger just in time to save himself.

It was now late morning and Mother Michel, after a sleepless night was again searching for him, and at last went to the garret where Lustucru told her he had dreamed the cat was hiding. And there, back of a pile of wood, was Moumouth, who had leaped from the wall to a low roof and found his way home. Mother Michel thanked Lustucru for guiding her to Moumouth's hiding place, but the wicked man could not look the cat in the face.

We have not space to tell the many ways Lustucru took to get rid of Moumouth. He offered him poisoned meat, but Moumouth went hungry rather than eat it. When Moumouth slept at the foot of a statue, Lustucru pushed the heavy marble over and Moumouth waked just in time to escape by the length of a whisker. Finally, he took a poor boy into his service. Now Faribole had never before had clothes enough to cover him, nor food enough to stop his hunger, and earned what little he had by working for a fortune-teller, Madame Bradamos. Yet when Lustucru told him he must get rid of Moumouth by beating him to death in a bag, Faribole at first refused to do so, for he had learned to love Moumouth, and the cat was fond of him. But at last Lustucru forced the boy to promise his help, and Moumouth was caught, put in the bag, and carried to the garden.

Just at that moment Mother Michel, who had been out walking, came hurrying into the garden, calling out that she had seen in the distance the carriage of Madame de la Grenouillière. Leaving the bag containing the cat in Faribole's hands with strict orders to carry out the poor animal's death sentence, Lustucru went to meet his mistress.

Hardly had the Countess alighted when she called for Moumouth, who had been in her thoughts during all the days of her absence. But no Moumouth could be found. They searched and searched but still no Moumouth in sight. Meantime in the garden Faribole whispered to Lustucru, "I pounded until the cat ceased to move."

"What did you do with the body?" Lustucru asked, and Faribole made answer, "I have thrown it into the Seine."

"Well," said Lustucru, "the sack was securely fastened, and justice is done."

Quite different was the feeling of Mother Michel. She was so heartbroken that even the Countess tried to comfort her. But Mother Michel felt sure Moumouth was alive, and at last she went to see Faribole's old employer, Madame Bradamor, hoping the fortune-teller could give her news of Moumouth.

Madame Bradamor took out a dirty pack of cards, after getting a fee of three crowns from Mother Michel, and began to tell what the cards said to her, pretending that they told her that Moumouth was dead. But no sooner had she said this, than there was a crash of glass, and Moumouth himself jumped through a high window that was between the fortune-teller's room and a closet.

"My cat was with you!" cried Mother Michel, holding Moumouth close. "You have stolen him! My mistress is powerful! She is the Countess Yolande de la Grenouillière, and she will have you punished as you deserve to be."

But the fortune-teller begged for mercy, saying that Faribole had brought her the cat. Mother Michel, hardly stopping to listen, ran home with Moumouth and carried him to the Countess, who cried with joy. Lustucru, frightened at the way Moumouth always escaped, murmured, "I am lost! Moumouth is going to denounce me!"

As soon as she had recovered, the Countess ordered Faribole brought before her. Lustucru tried to leave the room to warn Faribole but the Countess ordered him to stay, that he might turn out the boy whom he had been the first to admit to the house. But Faribole did not wait to be accused by the Countess. He confessed that he had entered her service in order to steal Moumouth for the fortune-teller, who wanted him, but because he had grown to love Moumouth and because he had been so well treated, he had abandoned his plan, until Lustucru tried to force him to kill Moumouth. But he would not have been believed, had not Mother Michel most fortunately found the

plate of hash that Moumouth, weeks before, had refused to eat. Beside it lay several dead rats. The hash was sent to a celebrated chemist who reported that it contained a great quantity of poison. Then, too, the story of the two fishermen who threw their lines into the water and had caught a cat was talked about among the river boatmen. Faribole heard the story from them, and discovered a person who had seen Lustucru throw Moumouth from the bridge into the Seine.

His wickedness discovered, Lustucru did not wait to be discharged but fled to an ocean vessel just starting for Oceanica. It was afterwards learned that the ship had been wrecked, and was later reported that as he reached his end he was heard to murmur the name of Moumouth. Was it remorse or hatred that brought his name to the lips of the guilty man? This is what history has neglected to tell us.

But Moumouth lived happily, and when the Countess was no more, he went with Mother Michel to a pretty cottage in the country. All who knew him loved him, and Faribole, who after some years in the army came to live near Mother Michel, was one of his favorites. Most important people came to see him, and even the King himself dropped in for a moment on Moumouth.

A grand lady of the court chose a companion for him, a pretty little cat, and they had many children. When he finally died, his weeping children and grandchildren stood about him, and Mother Michel had him placed in a white marble tomb with a Latin inscription on it that was especially written for him by a learned professor of the University of Paris.

KING LAURIN'S ROSE GARDEN

Carl Felix Wolff

TO THE east of Bozen rises a strange uneven mass of mountains, called the Rosengarten because on clear evenings the Alpine glow is reflected there so vividly that you might think a rose-red flood had poured down over the barren rocks.

But the people who live within sight of the Rosengarten tell

From *The Pale Mountains: Folk Tales from the Dolomites*, by Carl Felix Wolff. Authorized English translation by Francesca La Monte. Courtesy of Minton, Balch & Company, New York, publishers.

the following legend as they gather about the fireside:

In ancient times there grew on the high mountains east of Bozen a real rose garden, so filled with flowers that in the sunlight it seemed a soft rose-colored mass. This garden kingdom belonged to the dwarf king, Laurin, who lived there with his people. Deep within the mountains Laurin had many secret rooms and storehouses full of glittering jewels and gold, and to protect his kingdom and this treasure he had, instead of a wall or a moat, a silken thread. This was drawn around the rose garden. And whoever crossed it must fight the king. He was only a dwarf, but he was skillful in the use of magic arms.

Laurin, returning one day from a distant country, brought back with him to the rose garden the lovely Princess Similde. He wished to make her his queen, but Similde, who had come against her will, would listen neither to entreaties nor threats, and in a short time her brother, discovering where she was, came to set her free, bringing with him Dietrich of Bern and several other warriors.

When they suddenly beheld the Rosengarten, they halted, overcome by its beauty. All but one, the ferocious Witege, who rushed forward and, cutting the silken barrier, opened the battle.

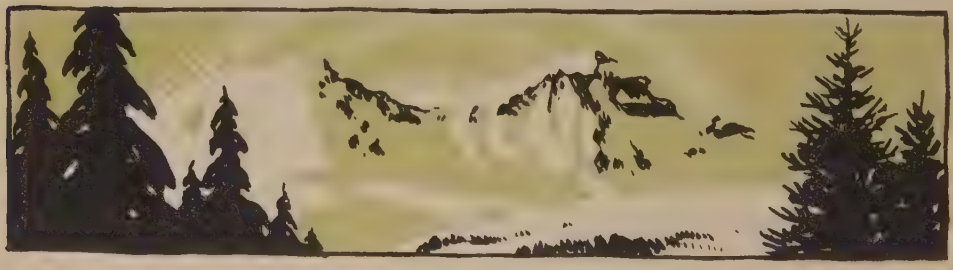
The warriors had counted on an easy victory, but Laurin exerted all the power of his magic weapons and combined with it the aid of five giants. Nevertheless, the warriors conquered. Laurin was taken captive and carried to Bozen, where they planned to make him court buffoon.

Laurin was silent and uncomplaining. At last a day came

when he was left unguarded. He fled from the court, quickly reached the outskirts of Bozen, and began the perilous journey back to his mountains. As his eyes clung to the vivid light of the distant Rosengarten, he suddenly realized that the glow was a curse to him, for its light could be seen from the depths of the lowest valleys; everyone marveled at it, and everyone sought, and often found, the source. The dwarf king determined to make his kingdom invisible. It should no longer be observed from the valleys. When people could not see it, they would lose their desire to visit it.

So he laid a magic spell on the Rosengarten, a spell making it invisible in daytime and at night. But Laurin had forgotten the twilight, which is neither day nor night. And in the twilight of every clear evening, the flowers of the Rosengarten spread their soft rosy curtain over the mysterious high spires of rock, and their warm radiance dominates the mountains and valleys, as it did in the old days before dwarfs and men were enemies.

Today we call this light the Alpine glow, and when it spreads over the peaks of the Rosengarten, the people in the valley come out to gaze in wonder. But they know nothing of that older time when men were kinder and the world more beautiful.



THE ERMINE AND THE HUNTER

CYRUS MACMILLAN

FAR away in the Canadian North Country an old man lived with his wife and children. They lived far from other people, but they were never lonely, for they had much work to do. The old man was a great hunter, and in summer he and his wife and children lived on the fish and game he captured in the winter. In the springtime he gathered sap from the maple trees, from which he made maple syrup and maple sugar with which to sweeten their food. One day in summer he found three small bears eating his stock of sugar. When he came upon them, his sugar was all gone, and he was very cross. With a stout club he killed the little bears and skinned them and dried their meat. But his wife said, "No good can come of it. You should not

From *Canadian Fairy Tales*. Used by permission of Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc., New York.

have killed the three little bears, for they were too young for slaughter."

The next day the old Bear came along, looking for his lost children. When he saw their skins hanging up to dry he knew that they had been killed by the hunter. He was very sad and angry, and he called to the hunter, "You have killed my little motherless cubs, and in return for that wickedness, some night when you are off your guard I will kill your children, and then I will kill you and your wife, and I will devour all your food." The old man shot at him with his arrows, but the arrows did not harm him, for he was a Brown Bear of the Stony Heart, and he could not be killed by man. For many nights and days the old man tried to trap him, but he met with no success. And each day he saw his store of food growing smaller, for Bear of the Stony Heart stole it always in the night. And he thought, "We shall all surely starve before the winter comes, and game is plentiful again."

One day in despair he resolved to look about him for someone who would tell him how to kill the Bear. He went to the bank of the river and sat there in thought and smoked long at his pipe. And he called to the God of the River and said, "Oh, River-God, help me to drown Bear when he comes to fish." The river came from the Lime Stone country far back among the rocks, and it was flowing rapidly to the sea. And the River-God said, "My water cannot tarry. There are millions of oysters down on the ocean shore waiting for shells, and I am hurrying down there with the lime to make them," and he rushed quickly past on his mission.

Then the old man called to the Spirit of the Wind, and he said, "Oh, Spirit of the Wind, stay here with me tonight and help me to kill Bear of the Stony Heart. You can knock down great trees upon his back and crush him to the earth." But the Wind Spirit said, "I cannot linger. Many ships with rich cargoes lie silent on the ocean waiting to sail, and I must hurry along with the force to drive them." And like the River-God he hastened on his way.

Then the old man called to Storm Cloud, which was just then passing over his head, and he said, "Oh, Spirit of the Storm Cloud, stay here with me tonight and help me to kill Bear of the Stony Heart, for he seeks to destroy my children. You can send lightning and thunder to strike him dead." But the Storm Cloud said, "I cannot loiter on the way. Far from here there are millions of blades of corn and grass dying from thirst in the summer heat, for I see the heat waves rising on the earth, and I am hurrying there with rain to save them." And like the River-God and the Wind Spirit he hurried along on his business. The poor old man was in great sorrow, for it seemed that no one would help him to rid the land of Bear of the Stony Heart.

As he sat wondering what he should do, an old woman came along. She said, "I am very hungry and tired, for I have come far. Will you give me food and let me rest here a while?" And he said, "We have very little food, for Bear of the Stony Heart steals it from us nightly, but you may share with us what little we have." So he went away and brought back to her a good fat meal. While she was eating her dinner he told her of his troubles with Bear, and he said that no one would help him

to get rid of the pest, and that Bear could not be killed by man. And the old woman said, "There is a little animal who can kill Bear of the Stony Heart. He alone can save you. You have done well to me. Here is a wand which I will give you. Go to sleep here, soon, on the bank of the river. Wave this wand before you sleep and say what I shall teach you, and when you awake call to you the first animal you see when you open your eyes. He will be the animal of which I speak, and he will rid you of the Bear." She taught him a little rhyme and gave him a wand which she took from the basket on her arm; then she hobbled away, and the old man knew that she was the weird woman of the Fairy Blue Mountain, of whom he had often heard. He marveled greatly, but he resolved to do as she had told him.

After the old woman had gone, the man waved the little wand three times, and cried:

Animal, animal, come from your lair,
Help me to slaughter the old Brown Bear!
Make with my magic a little white dart,
To pierce in the centre old Bear's Stony Heart!

He repeated the rhyme three times. Then he felt himself getting drowsy, and sleep soon came upon him. He slept but a short time when the heat woke him up, for the hot sun beat down upon him. He rubbed his eyes and looked about him. Watching him from behind a tree was a little animal with a shaggy brown coat. The old man thought to himself, "Surely the weird fairy woman of the Blue Mountain has played a trick on me. That scraggy little animal with the dirty coat cannot

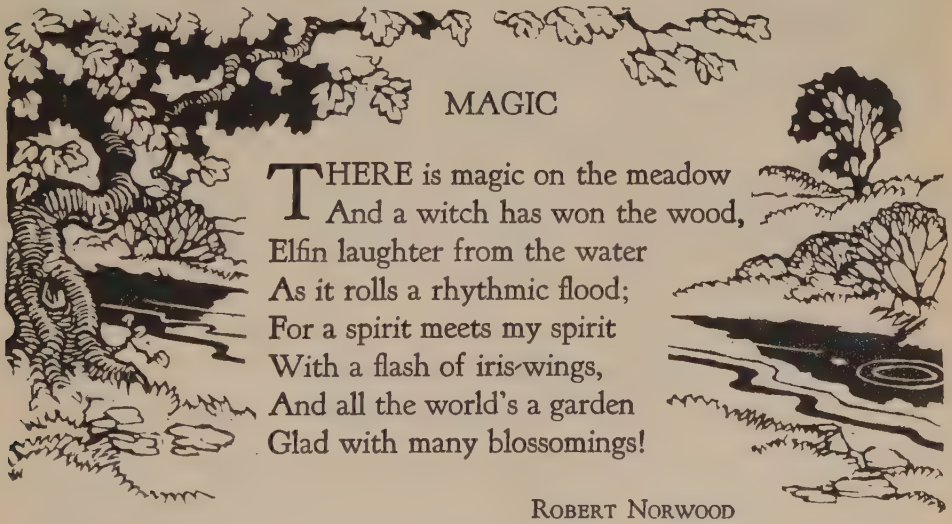
kill the Bear." But he resolved to test her word. He repeated his rhyme again, and the little animal came quickly toward him.

"Who are you?" said the man. "I am Ermine," said the little animal. "Are you the animal of which the fairy woman of the Blue Hills has told me?" asked the man. "I am indeed the same," said Ermine. "I have been sent to you to kill the Bear, and here I have the little darts made powerful because of your magic wand." He pointed to his mouth and showed the old man his sharp white teeth. "So now to your task," said the old man in high spirits. "Oh, not so fast," said Ermine, "you must first pay me for my work." "What can I do for you?" asked the man. "I am ashamed of my dirty brown coat, which I have

worn for a long time," said the animal; "you have great magic from the wand you received from the fairy woman of the Blue Hills. I want a sleek and shining white coat that I can wear always, for I want to be clean." The man waved his wand again and wished for what the animal had asked him, and at once the shaggy brown coat of Ermine was replaced by a sleek and shining white coat as spotless as the new snow in winter. Then the animal said, "I have one more condition to impose on you. You must promise never to kill a bear's young cubs when they are still following their mother in the summer time. You must give them a chance to grow strong, so that they may be able to fight for their own lives." And the man promised, placing his hand upon the wand to bind his oath. Then when he looked again, the wand had vanished from his hand. It had gone back through the air to the fairy woman of the Blue Hills.

Then Ermine set out on his search for Bear. The afternoon was very hot, and the forest was still, and not a leaf or a blade of grass was stirring, and there was not a ripple on the stream. The whole world was drowsy in the dry summer heat. But Ermine did not feel the heat, he was in such high spirits because of his new white coat. Soon he came upon Bear, stretched out at full length on the bank of the river, taking his afternoon nap, as was his custom after his fat midday meal. He was lying on his back, and his mouth was wide open, and he was snoring loudly like a waterfall. "This is your last sleep," said Ermine, creeping softly to his side, "for you are a dangerous thief; you shall snore no more." And with a bound he jumped down Bear's throat, and in an instant had pierced with his teeth his

strong stony heart, which the arrows of the Indians could never reach. Then as quickly as he had entered the Bear's mouth Ermine jumped out again and ran from the place. Bear snored no more; he was quite dead, and the land was rid of his thefts and terrors. Then Ermine went back to the old man and told him that the deed was done; and that night was a great feast night in the old man's home. And since that time Ermine in the North Country has worn a sleek white coat as spotless as the new snow in winter. And to this day the hunters in the far north will not kill, if they can avoid it, the young Bear cubs while they are still following their mothers through the forest. They give them a chance to grow up and grow strong, so that they may be able to fight for their own lives, as the fairy woman of the Blue Hills had asked.



MAGIC

THERE is magic on the meadow
And a witch has won the wood,
Elfin laughter from the water
As it rolls a rhythmic flood;
For a spirit meets my spirit
With a flash of iris-wings,
And all the world's a garden
Glad with many blossomings!

ROBERT NORWOOD

From *The Piper and the Reed*. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, Limited. Copyright 1917, George H. Doran Company, Garden City, N. Y.

THE MOON PERSON

KATHARINE B. JUDSON

IN OLDEN days, the Moon Person used to make visits to the Indians. One day a child put out a dirty little hand and made a black spot on Moon Person. Therefore Moon felt ashamed, and when night came he disappeared. He went up above. He stays up above all the time now, so they say. Sometimes he is dressed altogether in a shining robe, and therefore he is bright at night. But immediately afterwards he disappears. You can still see the black spot, so they say.

From *Myths and Legends of the Mississippi Valley and the Great Lakes*, by Katharine B. Judson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

HOW KAHUKURA LEARNED TO MAKE NETS

A Maori Tale from New Zealand

ONCE upon a time there lived a man named Kahukura. One evening, when he was on his way to a distant village, he came to a lonely spot on the seashore. As he was walking slowly along, he saw a large pile of the heads and tails of fishes

From *The Book of Elves and Fairies*, edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

lying on the beach. Now, in those days men had no nets and were obliged to catch fish with spears and hooks; and when Kahukura saw the pile he was very much astonished.

"Who has had such luck!" he exclaimed. "It is hard to catch one fish! Here must be the heads and tails of a thousand!"

Then he looked closely at the footprints in the sand. "No mortals have been fishing here!" he cried. "Fairies must have done this! I will watch tonight and see what they do."

So when darkness came, he returned to the spot, and hid behind a rock. He waited a long time, and at last he saw a fleet of tiny canoes come spinning over the waves. They ranged themselves in a line at a distance from the shore, and Kahukura could see many little figures in them bending and pulling. He could even hear small voices shouting: "The net here! The net there!" Then the little figures dropped something overboard, and began to haul it toward the shore, singing very sweetly the while.

When the canoes drew near land, Kahukura saw that each was crowded with fairies. They all sprang out upon the beach, and began to drag ashore a great net filled with fishes.

While the fairies were struggling with the net, Kahukura joined them, and hauled away at a rope. He was a very fair man, so that his skin seemed almost as white as the fairies', and they did not notice him. So he pulled away, and pulled away, and soon the net was landed.

The fairies ran forward to divide the catch. It was just at the peep of dawn, and they hurried to take all the fish they could carry, each fairy stringing his share by running a twig through

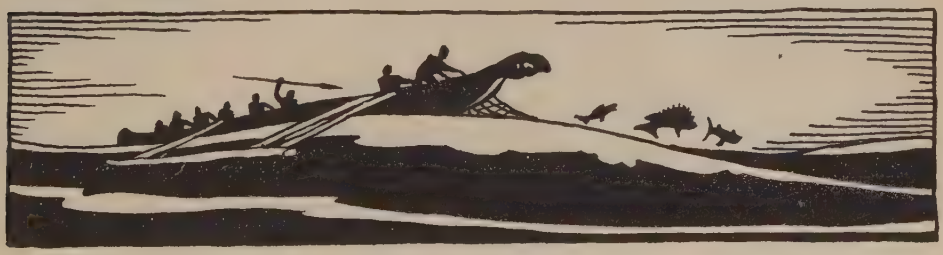
the gills. And as they strung the fish they kept calling out to one another:

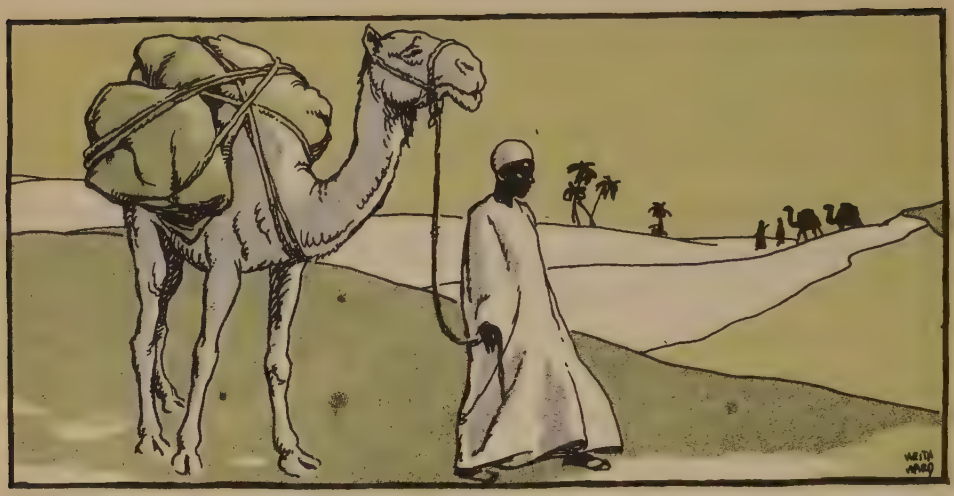
"Hurry! hurry! We must finish before the sun rises."

Kahukura had a short string with a knot in the end, and he strung his share on it, until it was filled. But when he lifted the string the knot gave way, and all the fish slid to the ground. Then some of the fairies ran forward to help him, and tied the knot. Again he filled the string and all the fish slid off, and again the fairies tied the knot.

Meanwhile day began to break over the sea, and the sun to rise. Then the fairies saw Kahukura's face, and knew that he was a man. They gave little cries of terror. They ran this way and that in confusion. They left their fish and canoes, they abandoned their net. And shrieking, they all vanished over the sea.

Kahukura, seeing that he was alone, made haste to examine the canoes. They were only the stems of flax! He lifted the net. It was woven of rushes curiously tied. He carried it home, and made some like it for his neighbors. After that he taught his children how to weave nets. And so, say the Maori folk, they all learned to make nets. And from that day to this they have caught many fish.





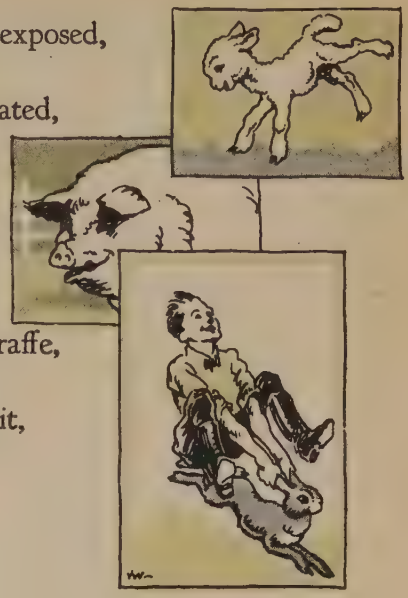
THE PLAINT OF THE CAMEL

CANARY birds feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch;
And as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles
Have chicken and cream for their lunch.
But there's never a question
About *my* digestion—
Anything does for me!

Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,
Chickens can roost upon rails;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
And oysters can slumber in pails.
But no one supposes
A poor Camel dozes—
Any place does for me!

From *The Admiral's Caravan*. Used by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

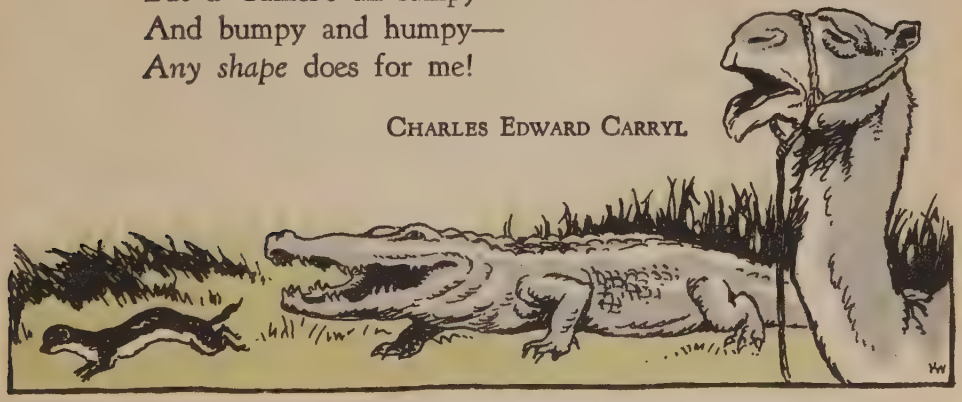
Lambs are enclosed where it's never exposed,
Coops are constructed for hens;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens.
But a Camel comes handy
Wherever it's sandy—
Anywhere does for me!



People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted the back of an ox;
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox.
But as for a Camel, he's
Ridden by families—
Any load does for me!

A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,
And weasels are wavy and sleek;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek.
But a Camel's all lumpy
And bumpy and humpy—
Any shape does for me!

CHARLES EDWARD CARRYL



KABOUTERMANNEKEN TO THE RESCUE

A Dutch Legend

IN THE south of Brabant, somewhere in the vicinity of Groot-Zundert, there once lived a young peasant who was famed for the wonderful tulips he raised on his few acres. Unfortunately, the acres were rented, and not his own property, and his savings grew slowly because each year he bought finer and finer bulbs. Also unfortunately, his eyes lit upon the fair Trude, only daughter of the richest and stingiest landholder of the district, and at once the lad fell head over ears in love. The maiden, on her part, found the young tulip-gardener so much to her taste that she was ready to marry him, debts and all.

At last the youth gathered together his courage and approached the father of Trude with a request for her hand. But the old man, proud and overbearing, considered the youth too poor, and answered, "I'll not deny you are making a reputation as a grower of fine tulips, but my daughter cannot live on that. When you can show me a thousand guilders, you may begin to think of getting my consent."

This was a heavy blow to the young man, for he knew that he had but two hundred guilders, although he went straight home and counted them again to be sure he had not missed

Retold from *Northern Mythology*, by Benjamin Thorpe.

any. Sadly he wandered out into his fields and sadly he looked upon the rows and rows of glowing color, for it was May and his fields were aflame with brilliant blossoms. As he wandered along, lost in his sad thoughts, on a sudden a Kaboutermanneken appeared at his side and asked the cause of his sorrow. The little man seemed so friendly that, scarce realizing what he was doing, the youth told his trouble and the hopelessness of it.

Instead of being sympathetic, the little man laughed, and said, "You need only a thousand guilders? Truly, that is not much

to come by. Haven't you some friend who owes you a favor?"

"Yes," answered the youth, "several owe me favors, but none would give me a thousand guilders, I am sure, for that is much money."

Again the little man laughed. "Nay, be not so cast down. The matter can be easily managed. You may not know all those who feel indebted to you for this beautiful garden which makes gay a place once ugly and unpleasant for those who lived in the neighborhood. My advice is that you go home and count your money again and let me know just how much it falls short."

"That I can tell without counting," replied the youth. "There are just eight hundred guilders lacking."

"Nevertheless, I advise you to count it," the little man urged.

So, because he had nothing else that seemed worth doing, the youth went home and counted his money again. And behold! when he reached two hundred, there was still a great pile of guilders to be counted, and so he went on to three hundred, and four hundred, and on and on, until he counted the full thousand!

No sooner had he finished counting than he rushed again to his tulip acres and called and called again to the Kabouterman-neken, wanting to thank him for the gift. But nowhere could he find the little man. So at last he ran home again, gathered up his gold and bore it to the father of the fair Trude. Within a week the wedding took place and though nobody else saw him, the youth was quite sure that as he and his bride came from the church, a little man peeped out from behind a tall rosebush and waved "good luck" to them.

THE BOYS' FESTIVAL IN JAPAN

FREDERICK STARR

YOU remember there are five great festivals a year in Japan. They come on the first day of the first month, the third of the third month, the fifth of the fifth month, the seventh of the seventh month, and the ninth of the ninth month. New Year's day has gone; the girls' festival on March third is past; we are now ready for the boys' festival on the fifth day of the fifth month.

Just as the dolls' festival for the girls is not just play, so the boys' festival is not only a day of sport and amusement. It, too, has its toys and its dolls, but the dolls and toys are not really meant to be played with. They are to be looked at and thought about. They are intended to remind the boys of great deeds of the past and to inspire them to great deeds in the future. The boys' festival is intended to make a boy true and honest. The boy's father and mother want him to grow up to be a loyal Japanese with high ideals and noble desires. So they take much trouble to have the fifth day of the fifth month every year so happy that he will wait anxiously for it to come and will remember it with joy.

What a curious sight you would see on the morning of that day in Japan! At almost every house there is a long pole. Indeed, we will have to call it a fish pole, for from every pole there are fishes hanging. They are fishes of all sizes and colors. Some of them are made of paper, some of cloth. There are little

By permission of the author and courtesy of *Child Life*.

fishes only a foot or so long and there are big ones, measuring six or eight feet. All are hollow, and when the wind blows into them they swell up and float in the air and look as if they were alive and swimming. While these queer fish are of different sizes and colors, they are all of one kind. They are all carp. Some of the poles have only one fish; some have two or three; a few have as many as five or six. When there are several fish on one pole, they are usually of different sizes—little fish, middle-sized fish, big fish. What does it all mean?

At all the houses where there are these poles with floating fish, there are boys in the family. Where there is only one boy, there is one fish to the pole. If there are five or six fish dangling from the pole, there are five or six boys in the family—one fish for every boy. They want the boys to be brave and strong and to do their best in the world. That is why the fish are carp. The Japanese say the carp swims upstream; he loves to struggle against the current. So they want the boys to struggle bravely against difficulties. Like the carp, they must overcome obstacles and make their way against opposition.

In most Japanese towns there are public bathhouses. On the day of the boys' festival the boys go to take an early bath. On other days there are no iris leaves in the water. On this day there are. You know the iris leaf. It is flat and long and narrow, with a point at the end and smooth sides. It is really very like a sword. The next time you see one, you will notice this. Children might even play that iris leaves *were* swords, but I fear they would not last long in a battle. The Japanese say that the iris means victory, or success. I suppose this is because the leaf looks like a sword. Anyway the iris leaves, floating in the hot water of his bath, the Japanese think will help make the boy strong, will give him success or victory in life.

When he gets up in the morning, even before he goes out to his bath, the boy hurries to see the strange and pretty and precious things his mother has laid out in honor of his festal day. In the best room of the house there is a *tokonoma.* This is an alcove or recess in one side of the room. It takes up one half the side of the room and its floor is several inches higher than

the floor of the room. At the back of the tokonoma there usually hangs a picture. In front of this there is a little stand upon which a vase of flowers or some beautiful or curious thing is placed. The tokonoma is the place of honor in the room. It is intended for the display of choice things for the admiration of visitors. When the boys' festival comes, the mother takes out whatever may be in the tokonoma and fills it with things for his pleasure. The picture at the back may show Yoshitsune and the faithful Benkei, or the unfortunate Atsumori and Kumagai. In front of this on the stand there may be a doll representing Kusonoki Masashige, a brave and faithful general, or Hideyoshi. At the sides, filling up the tokonoma, there may be other dolls, representing actual heroes, or the make-believe people of the story books, Momotaro and Kintaro. If Momotaro is there, he will have with him his dog and monkey and pheasant, who went with him to seek his fortune and who helped him to fight the demons. There are toys, too—kites with pictures of scowling generals painted on them, and toy swords and spears, and strange toys that he does not understand well and which he never sees at other times.

If the boy had *samurai* (knight) ancestors, things are laid out for him to look at that tell the story of their bravery and famous deeds. Perhaps there is a suit of armor that belonged to his great-grandfather, or fine old swords that have been in battle, or long bows with strange arrows, or a quaint old-fashioned saddle and stirrups. These are family treasures. There are things in the tokonoma which the boy may handle and play with—the kites, the wooden swords, and so on—but the heirlooms are too

precious to be touched. They call up, however, the things he has heard his father and mother, grandfather and grandmother tell a hundred times.

Everything in the display calls up memories. The boy knows the story of every doll in the tokonoma, whether it represents a real person or only a story-boy. The picture of Atsumori and Kumagai tells a story of long ago. Kumagai was a famous warrior who repented of his cruelty to young Atsumori, with whom he had been battling. Filled with sorrow and remorse, Kumagai gave up warfare for the rest of his life.

The great hero of the Japanese boy is Yoshitsune. His doll is almost certain to be in the tokonoma. Benkei will be sure to be with him. Yoshitsune was a brave young knight who met and disarmed the blustering, gigantic Benkei at a bridge in Kyoto. Benkei was filled with admiration and became Yoshitsune's faithful follower and friend.

If the boy belongs to a poor family, Hideyoshi will quite surely be among his dolls. He was the poorest of poor boys. He was homely, too, and was often called "Monkey face." But by his energy and force of character he became the actual ruler of Japan. The development of Japan into a united nation was largely due to him. There was much in the life of Hideyoshi that ought not to be copied, but to every poor boy in Japan he is an example of what can be accomplished against great difficulties.

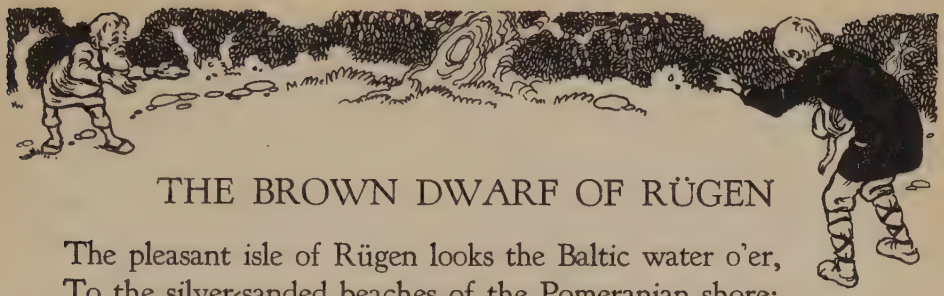
Kumagai and Yoshitsune, Hideyoshi and Masashige were all real men who once lived in Japan. But among the boy's dolls in the tokonoma are some that are mere story-boys. Momotaro

is there, of course; we already know about him. Kintaro is there, also. He is a big, fat, red-faced boy. He is a great favorite. He was found, a little baby, out in the forest, by an old woman named Yama Uba. She took him home with her. He grew rapidly, until he was strong and big. He loved to wrestle with animals—monkey, stag, and bear. His dolls represent him wrestling with a bear or with a great carp. He was so strong that one time he plucked up a great tree by the roots and used it for a bridge over a swollen stream.

Such are the dolls and things that are laid out for the boy to see on the fifth day of May.

The whole day is a festival. At dinner, Mother has some things for him to eat that are special to the day. He had *mochi* cakes wrapped in iris leaves (that he may have success) and in oak leaves (that he may be strong). He has boiled chestnuts, because the same word *kachi* means chestnuts and victory. And, because it is his holiday, they let him drink a little *sake*, but it is not common *sake*. It has chopped iris leaves in it.

When the day ends, he and the neighbor boys have a procession with paper lanterns, and torches, and much noise and fun. Fireworks are set off in their honor and every house in which boys live is brightly lighted. It is the boys' festival and every boy must be content and happy. The floating carp, the morning bath, the display in the tokonoma, the little feast, the toys and play, the signs of joy at night are all meant to remind him that he is a boy and that he must resolve to be a real boy—to succeed, to overcome difficulties, to foster every good cause, to be brave and true.



THE BROWN DWARF OF RÜGEN

The pleasant isle of Rügen looks the Baltic water o'er,
To the silver-sanded beaches of the Pomeranian shore;

And in the town of Rambin a little boy and maid
Plucked the meadow-flowers together and in the sea-surf played.

JOHN DIETRICH, the boy, was the son of Magistrate James Dietrich, or the amtman, as that official was called in those days. The boy's blue-eyed playmate was Elizabeth Krabbin, daughter of the minister of Rambin.

The children spent happy hours playing on the beach and in the meadows which stretched away from the Baltic Sea. This island of Rügen had many queer legends and traditions. It was known as the Isle of Trolls, for in the earth beneath the island lived as many brown-faced little dwarfs as there were human beings on top of the ground.

John and Elizabeth passed many summer days near the haunted Nine Hills, where the elves and goblins played at night. Old Klas Starkwort, the shepherd, told them wonderful tales about the brown dwarfs: how they heaped up piles of gold and diamonds for their treasure and how their palaces were built of green jasper, blue lapis, pale opalescent onyx and pearl. Their streets, he said, were paved with rosy almandine and snowy

Adapted from the poem of the same title by John Greenleaf Whittier, and the German fairy tale, *John Dietrich*.

alabaster, and their underground cities shone and glittered like the stars. Old Klas told them, too, of the thin glass shoes the little people wore, and, best of all, about the invisible cap each dwarf owned.

"Could you but once get a cap," Old Klas said, as he shook his head wisely, "the dwarf who owns it would be your servant and would have to do just whatever you said."

"Truly, Klas?" asked John, for the story seemed very wonderful to him. But Elizabeth laughed and pulled him away to help her gather daisies in the meadow. She cared not for the stories, so John went back alone and Old Klas spun yarn after yarn, while the boy listened breathlessly. But Elizabeth strayed farther and farther away, until suddenly she was no longer to be seen. Wildly John hunted for her over all the Nine Hills.

> She came not back; the search for her in field and wood was vain:
> They cried her east, they cried her west, but she came not again.

Night fell and still no Elizabeth. Sadly John and Old Klas went back to the town and told her father and mother how she had vanished.

Great was the sorrow of her parents and the townspeople, for the child was much loved. "The dwarfs took her," whispered one, and "Yes, the gnomes have her now underground," said another. John Dietrich heard these whispers and resolved that some day, somehow, he would have his little playmate back, yes, even if he had to go underground after her.

Five years her father mourned her; and then John Dietrich said: "I will find my little playmate, be she alive or dead."

At ten o'clock on that fifth Midsummer's Eve, John crept out to the Nine Hills and lay on the top of the highest one, which Old Klas had told him was where the dwarfs danced. On the first stroke of midnight there was a ringing and a singing in the hills; whispers ran all around him, and a buzzing as of bees stirred about his head. Still he lay there, with eyes half closed, pretending to sleep. The dwarfs danced merrily in a ring in the moonlight and capered around joyously, but because they were invisible to mortal eyes John could not see them. He could hear them, and felt them as they stumbled over his form, for they paid no more attention to him than if he had been a tree trunk lying there.

Suddenly he felt something fall on his head. It was the cap of one of the dwarfs which the little man had flung into the air in a moment of abandon. At once John found that he could see the little people. Reaching his hand to his head, he clutched the cap tightly. The dwarf whose cap it was came humbly to John and asked to have it back, but John clung to the cap and refused to return it.

The little fellow begged and pleaded, until his howls attracted all the dwarfs, who stopped their play and listened. But while John was still refusing, a cock in a far-away barnyard crew faintly. Instantly in the hillside there appeared a little glass door, which opened silently, and the little people hastened to return underground. The dwarf whose cap John

still held, realized that John was now his master, and pointed out the way for him to go with them underground.

Through long passageways John went with the little people, and he was amazed at the beauty of the walls of the underground tunnel which were studded with diamonds and pearls. Then the narrow trail opened onto a wide place where lay a fairy city, the home of the dwarfs.

> Weird, rich, and wonderful, he saw the Elfin under-land—
> Its palaces of precious stones, its streets of golden sand.

The brown dwarf led John to one of the palaces, and they went through many beautiful rooms until they came to a large bedroom, which had walls studded with rubies. The bed was a pink pearl, with soft pillows and quilts, and in the ceiling hung a huge diamond that furnished the light. Everything that could be imagined for comfort and luxury was in the room, and soon John sank off to sleep in his soft bed, fanned by the brown dwarf.

In the morning John bathed in a swimming pool lined with emeralds, and put on clothes exquisitely embroidered in lovely colors. There were black shoes with red heels for every day, and a pair of glass shoes for splendid occasions. John ate a breakfast of strange and delicious food served from gold, silver, and crystal dishes, to an accompaniment of soft music. The brown dwarf then showed John around the city. He saw hundreds of the little people at work—making beautiful ornaments of gold and silver; painting pictures far superior to any seen on earth; and skilled workmen building palaces so fast that they

grew steadily while John watched. There were schools, too, and here John went daily of his own accord and learned science, astronomy, the art of verse making, and many other things, until he was a most accomplished young man.

After John had been in the dwarfs' city for some months, he attended a big banquet. Boys and girls in white dresses, and glass shoes so thin their steps were not heard, waited on the dwarfs. These were the children whom the little people had spirited away from earth and made their servants. They each

had to serve fifty years before they were allowed to return above ground. But they did not grow old in the dwarfs' city. As they were babies or children when they were stolen, they grew until they were twenty years old and remained that age, returning to earth young and handsome.

John watched the white-clad servants and knew that he, too, might even now be waiting on the dwarfs had he not possessed the invisible cap. Just then a lovely young girl placed food before John and, glancing up at her, he was delighted to recognize his little playmate, Elizabeth Krabbin. She was now sixteen, for she had been underground five years. Joyfully John called her by name and she answered, her eyes lighting up as she recognized him. After that happy reunion, for many days John and Elizabeth wandered through the streets of elf-land and talked of all the things that had happened since she had left the earth, and of the strange things in this new world.

John was quite content in the dwarf kingdom, and now that his little playmate was found he did not wish to leave. But one day he saw in Elizabeth's face a sadness which he had not noticed before.

"Why are you sad, Elizabeth?" John asked. "Your lot here is not unhappy." And indeed the little people treated their captives with the greatest consideration, and by the time their term of service was up they had been trained to be accomplished young people. They learned everything the dwarfs could teach them and went back into the world to become leaders among men.

But Elizabeth wept and would not be comforted.

Oh, let me tread the grass-green fields and smell the flowers again,
And feel the soft wind on my cheek and hear the dropping rain!

And Oh, to hear the singing bird, the rustling of the tree,
The lowing cows, the bleat of sheep, the voices of the sea;

And Oh, upon my father's knee to sit beside the door,
And hear the bell of vespers ring in Rambin church once more!

Then John felt the same longing to go home. "Let us go at once," he said. But it was not as easy as that. Although John could go when he pleased, the little people were not willing Elizabeth should go with him, and neither threats nor entreaties would move the dwarfs. They refused to let Elizabeth go, and John was at his wits' end, for he would not return to earth without her.

One day as he was idly throwing stones at a tree and wondering what to do, one of the stones broke and out hopped a toad. John jumped up and seized it, for he had suddenly remembered that Old Klas had said the little people hated toads and evil-smelling reptiles of any kind. Back he went to his palace and sent for the chief of the dwarfs. The instant the little man came near John, he knew that he had a toad, and dropping on his knees he begged for mercy. "We will do all you require," he said, and prayed John to go at once and take with him anything he wanted.

So John bade the dwarfs bring three wagons heaped with gold, silver, and precious stones, with a fine coach and six

horses for Elizabeth and himself to ride in. He also took with him all the children the dwarfs had stolen and made the chief of the dwarfs promise solemnly that thereafter they would not keep children underground longer than their twentieth year.

At last all was ready. At one o'clock on Midsummer's Eve, just a year from the night John had entered the hill, the dwarfs led John and Elizabeth, with the boys and girls and wagons of treasure up the hill and through the glass door.

> And when, beneath, they saw the Dwarf stretch up to them his brown
> And crooked claw-like fingers, they tossed his red cap down.

So anxious were John and Elizabeth to be back in their beloved home that the horses could not go fast enough for them. The summer dawn was streaking the sky with pink and orange as Old Klas, the shepherd, started for the fields with his dog. Suddenly the dog barked as a coach with six prancing horses dashed into view. Gaping after the carriage and the wagons, Klas could scarcely believe his eyes that it was John. Elizabeth he did not recognize.

There was a bustle in the town as they reached it, and the whole village soon turned out to give a royal welcome to this visiting prince, for so they thought John to be.

> And when beneath his door-yard trees the father met his child,
> The bells rang out their merriest peal, the folks with joy ran wild.

John was later made Count Dietrich, and Elizabeth became a Countess, for they were married and lived happily ever after on the isle of Rügen. They did much good with all the wealth John had obtained from the dwarfs, and you may be sure John did not forget Old Klas.

> The tower he built in Rambin, fair Rügen's pride and boast,
> Looked o'er the Baltic water to the Pomeranian coast.

And for many years you could see the glass shoes which John and Elizabeth wore underground, in the church of Rambin. Unfortunately, at the time of the great Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, the Russians came to the isle of Rügen and took away all of value, including the little glass shoes.

"CINCO, YOU RASCAL!"

MARJORIE SHANAFELT

WE CALLED him Cinco because he was only a nickel's worth and baptized him with a drop of red ink. His jacket looked and felt like a well-worn scrubbing brush. His feet were several sizes too large for him. He was too happy to mind when we laughed at him for he was hunting a high spot from which to survey his new home. He saw places that apparently offered good climbing; but for some reason not understood by Cinco, he just could not make any headway. You see, it was his first experience with tiers of sectional-bookcase doors. When he jumped he bumped his nose and slid down to the floor. After many trials he knew something was very wrong. He sat on his haunches and wriggled his nose at the offending doors. When we lifted door after door, like a ladder, he whisked his tail and dashed up to the top, where he found an empty and forgotten chalk box. He greedily grabbed all the tissue paper I threw up to him, stuffing it into his mouth, and gathering it into his arms, trying to walk and getting all tangled up in it, but managing to fall and stumble into the box with it, after all. He stamped it down and patted it, then he tried to crawl under part of it, but the box was so small and the paper so light, that as fast as he shoved under the paper it fell out over the top of the box. Time and again he climbed out and carried it back, only to have it tumble out as before. Completely exhausted he finally went to sleep without a blanket. There being no room

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for his tail, it hung gaily over the box edge to his complete satisfaction and to the delight of visitors.

At lunch time we left him asleep in his box, but when we returned an hour later it was plain that Cinco had grown tired of its confines. Our lovely umbrella plant, so large that it took two people's arms to go around it! Every delicate stem was broken, every lacy top drooped low over the pot or trailed on the table. How busy he had been digging and kicking the dirt in every direction! In his adventuring he had knocked over a bottle of sticky shellac and this was running sluggishly over the scattered dirt. "Cinco, you rascal!" we scolded, but he took it for applause and dashed happily around the dirty table.

The only time Cinco was out of mischief was while he was eating; therefore he waxed fat. He was fond of tomatoes. To see him holding a tomato larger than his own head, the juice running down his chin, made the glummest person laugh aloud. He did not disdain peaches, oranges, or cherries, but mulberries were his choice. He would eat a cupful without moving, then, his paws wet with juice, he was almost certain to leap on somebody's shoulder where he left unconventional patterns. He liked dry bread, especially dry cinnamon rolls. Fresh bread he crumbled up and blew about him like a miniature snowstorm. His drinking cup was the glass beaker in which we dipped our paint brushes while coloring lantern slides. Standing on his hind legs Cinco would hang over the edge of the beaker and drink enormous quantities of pink, purple, or any other color of water and return again and again. After eating or drinking Cinco always wiped his mouth on the daily calendar pad.

Cinco had never been allowed in the north office for we had to have some place in which to put things that were not for Cinco's teeth to bite, but one noon he managed to scratch open the door which had not been securely latched and how glorious was the picture that met our eyes! He sat, the little rascal, on the table of a projecting microscope, an electric microscope, and he had chewed the button that controlled it until the current had come on, so that he sat in a circle of brilliance, like a dancer in the spotlight of a theater. Around him billowed the fuzz from some twenty cat-tails that had stood in a tall holder near by. Around him and over the edge of the table, down to the very floor the fluff hung, gently swaying in the breeze from the open window. Scattered upon this, like flower petals on the veil of a bride, were the bits of a wonderful bouquet, now but dabs of color on the white of a cat-tail blanket. This time we not only said, "Cinco, you rascal," but because he had ruined a pile of valuable manuscript, we stamped our feet, and Cinco thought we were being extra-enthusiastic, and frisked his tail more adorably than ever and jumped from shoulder to shoulder, pulling our hair with his little paws.

About this time Cinco began to bury things. He would run about with a nut in his jaws, trying to pry up a board in the floor so that he might stick the nut beneath it. Unfortunately for him, the floor was well built, and his jaws would get so tired holding the nut that he would have to take it out and hold it in his dirty paws in order to rest. If he did not get disgusted and eat the nut, he ended by burying it in the umbrella plant jar. Many things he buried there, and a day came when he harvested a crop of sunflower plants, tomato plants, and cucumber vines. The first day he spent with us Cinco discovered a

log standing in one corner. Although he had not been in a tree since as a wee baby he had fallen out of one, he recognized it immediately and hurried to the top of it. "Brr," he scolded, "what good is a tree without any branches?" But inasmuch as he thought it better than no tree at all, we made him a bridge of it by placing one end on the window sill and the other on his flower pot. The log had an angle in it where a branch had once grown, and in this crotch Cinco buried handfuls of provisions, entirely overlooking the fact that they fell through on the floor as fast as he crowded them in.

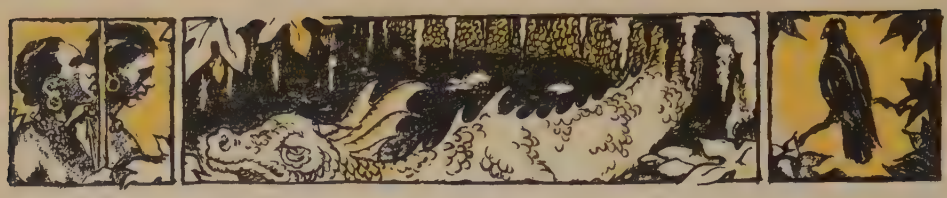
Cinco scolded the sparrows from the window sills. When they flew away he felt that he was a mighty victor and swaggered about. When something frightened him he made himself as flat as possible with his tail lying close to his back. He liked boxing matches. Racing down the table he would plunge against an outstretched hand with such force that it would send him bouncing back, stiff-legged. After bouncing up in the air a couple of times he would rush to the other end of the table to repeat the stunt again and again.

Sometimes Cinco stayed upstairs with the Lady-Who-Knows-All-About-Rocks, where he tried to crack rocks with his teeth and nearly stuck fast in a Canada balsam jar because he would put his head in to see what it was. Over Sundays Cinco always went home with the Lady-Who-Knows-All-About-Rocks, who lived in a flat where Cinco soon felt very much at home. Cinco had always had a large sponge with which he played as does a kitten. This went to the flat with him each Sunday. The sponge and Cinco were so often underfoot that the Lady put

both of them into the empty bathtub. Cinco came to recognize that as the proper place to play spongeball. One morning the faucet on the tub broke, the water ran into the tub in a stream and Cinco's sponge was fired out upon the floor. While the Lady was sending a hurry call for the plumber, Cinco scampered into the bathroom, and saw his sponge on the floor. He picked it up and with a leap went over the edge of the bathtub into some two or three inches of water. Only another squirrel could have appreciated just what Cinco thought of this.

Countless other things Cinco did, naughty things, funny things, like opening a box containing a new pink lampshade and digging it to ribbons with his little toes, and burning all four feet on some hot pipes so that he had to have his feet wrapped up in greasy bandages for a week. In time Cinco left us. He had shed his baby fur and grown sleek and wise and we knew he was ready to climb real trees. When school was out he went to live in a big, big yard in the country. He rode there in a little box carried by the Lady-Who-Knows-All-About-Rocks, who was taking him to her father who is an invalid. Cinco is very happy, for he not only climbs and romps in the treetops but he comes down to eat nuts on the knee of the man who sits in a big chair right under the rustling trees. Not only that, but the man's soft voice is very often heard saying to Cinco's own delight, "Cinco, you rascal!"

We wonder sometimes if he misses his flower pot garden, and all the mischief-making playthings of his baby life. Anyway we feel that his new home is more suitable for a truly grown-up squirrel able to make his way.



THE FIJIANS LEARN TO BUILD CANOES[1]

LORIMER FISON

"THEY tell me," said old Tui Nayau, "that you have been to the hill of Kau-vandra, where stands the temple of Dengei, the Great Serpent. In the old times our fathers feared that spot, and reverenced it greatly, for there dwelt the Great Serpent whom they worshiped.

"In those days Bau was not the greatest kingdom in Fiji, as it is now. There were then no boat builders among us, and our fathers made no canoes, for they knew not how to fashion them. They were living in a wretched way, each tribe dwelling apart in its own land; for there were no canoes wherewith to sail from one island to another. So the Great Serpent took pity upon them, and chose a tribe whom he called 'The Boat Builders,' and them he taught the art of canoe building, giving them also the entire rule over Great Fiji, so that in those days they were a great and powerful people, and Bau was of little account.

"And indeed it was easy for them to become great, for they alone of all the dwellers in Fiji knew how to build canoes; so that men came from afar, begging to be taken as their servants, that they too might learn how to make the wonderful vessels

From *Tales from Old Fiji*. London: Alexander Moring, Ltd.

[1] A Fiji legend of the deluge.

which would carry men over the waters in safety. Thus, in the course of time, they grew proud and haughty, and were often disobedient to the Great Serpent; but he bore with them, for he loved them well.

"Now the Great Serpent dwelt on the hill of Kau-vandra, in Great Fiji; but all the country round about he gave to the tribe that he had chosen. And they built their town on the top of a high hill, where they dwelt in safety, for no enemy could get at them; and often did the god come among them, and talk with them, teaching them many things, so that they were wiser than all other men. These days were good days, for they dwelt in great peace and plenty.

"When it was evening, the Great Serpent used to go to a cave in the hill of Kau-Vandra, and there laid him down to sleep. When he closed his eyes then it was dark, and men said, 'Night is come over the land'; when he turned himself over in his sleep, the earth shook, and men said, 'It is an earthquake'; and at dawn

of day, when he opened his eyes, then darkness flew away, and men said, 'It is morning.'

"Now there was a beautiful black dove whose duty it was to awake him when it was morning. It slept always on a Baka (or banyan) tree, which grew hard by the mouth of the Great Serpent's cave, whence its voice, 'Kru, kru, kru, kru,' always roused him when it was time for the night to depart and for the day to come over the land. Then he would get up and call across the valley to the Boat Builders, saying, 'Rise up, my children, and work; for the morning has come.'

"Therefore Rokola, chief of the Boat Builders, and Kausambaria, his brother, hated the dove; for they had grown proud and idle, and they said, 'Why should we thus work, work, work forever? Work is for slaves; but we are chiefs, great and mighty. Let our slaves work, for they are many; as for us, we will rest. Come, let us kill the dove; and if the Great Serpent be angry, let him be angry. We will fight with him; for we are many and strong, and he is but one, though he be a god.'

"So they took their bows and arrows, and crept beneath the banyan tree, where the dove was sleeping. Then said Rokola to his brother, 'I will shoot first. If I miss, then do you shoot'; and his brother replied, 'It is well. Shoot. I am ready.' So Rokola shot, and his arrow pierced the breast of the dove, so that it fell dead to the ground, and the two brothers fled away to their town.

"When the Great Serpent awoke from his sleep, he wondered that he did not hear the voice of his dove; so he came forth from his cave and looked up into the banyan tree, saying, 'Ah, lazy

one, must it be my business to wake *you* nowadays? But where are you?' for he saw that she was not in the tree, on the branch where she always sat.

"Then, looking on the ground, he spied the dove, with the arrow sticking in her breast. Great was his grief for the dove, and great also was his rage, for he knew the arrow of Rokola; and, shouting across the valley with a terrible voice, he cried, 'Woe to you, Rokola, and unto you all, O Boat Builders, ungrateful ones, because you have killed my dove! Now is your kingdom taken away, and given to the children of Bau. And I will scatter you among all the peoples of Fiji, making you their servants.'

"But the Boat Builders shouted back across the valley: 'We fear you not, Great Serpent. We are many, and you are but one, though you be a god. Come, let us fight together. As we have served your dove, so also will we serve you; for we fear you not, Great Serpent, though you be a god.' And they built a war fence, strong, and wide, and high, whilst the Great Serpent sat on the hill of Kau-vandra, mocking them, and crying aloud, 'Build your fences strong. Carry them up to the sky; for a god is your enemy.' They also defied him, for they trusted in their war fence and in their numbers.

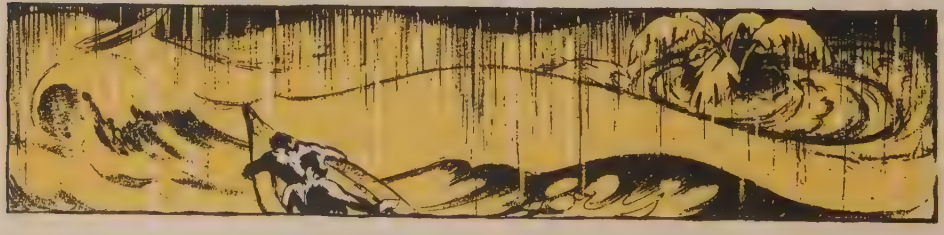
"When they had finished, Rokola shouted across the valley, 'It is done. Come, let us fight, that our children may say in the days hereafter, "Our fathers ate the Great Serpent, the god who lived on the hill of Kau-vandra." '

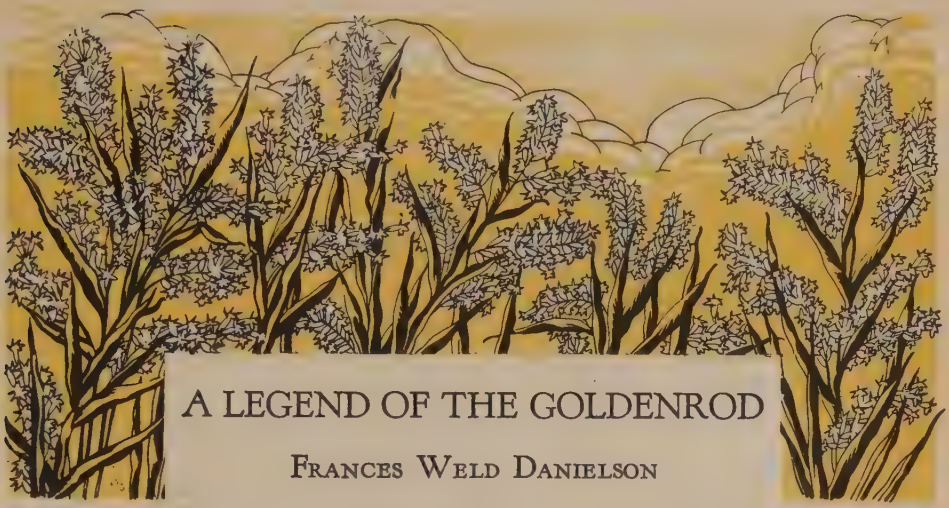
"Then the god arose in his wrath and threw his club up into the sky; and the clouds were broken in pieces and fell down

to the earth in a deluge of rain. Many days did the rain continue. It was not like the rain which now falls upon the earth, but a great and terrible pouring out of waters—and the sea rose, flowing in over the land, a dreadful sight. Higher and ever higher rose the wave, till it swept away the war fence of the Boat Builders and their town with all its people. Rokola and many more were drowned; but many also (some two thousand, perhaps) floated away on trees and rafts and canoes, drifting along hither and thither over the waters, till they landed, some here and some there, on the mountain tops which were still above the waves, and begged their lives of the dwellers in the lands, who had fled thither before the rising waters. So that, when the sea went back again to its own place, they were taken down into the valleys in every kingdom, and became the servants of the chiefs, building their canoes, as at this day.

"As for the banyan tree, on which the dove used to sit, it was carried away by the great flood to Vatu-lele. Now Vatu-lele, in those days, was nothing but a reef, like Navatu, with no land upon it; but so much earth was still clinging to the roots of the banyan tree, that it became a land, and men came and dwelt thereon.

"And this is how we, the men of Fiji, learned to build our canoes."





A LEGEND OF THE GOLDENROD

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

ONCE there were a great many weeds in a field. They were very ugly-looking weeds, and they didn't seem to be the least bit of use in the world. The cows would not eat them, the children would not pick them, and even the bugs did not seem to like them very well.

"I don't see what we're here for," said one of the weeds. "We are not any good."

"No good at all," growled a dozen little weeds, "only to catch dust."

"Well, if that's what we're here for," cried a very tall weed, "then I say let's catch dust! I suppose somebody's got to do it. We can't all bear blueberries or blossom into hollyhocks."

"But it isn't pleasant work at all," whined a tiny bit of a weed.

"No whining allowed in this field," laughed a funny little fat weed, with a hump in his stalk. "We're all going to catch dust,

Used by permission from *Story-Telling Time*, by Frances Weld Danielson. Boston: The Pilgrims Press.

so let's see which one can catch the most. What do you say to a race?"

The little fat weed spoke in such a jolly voice that the weeds all cheered up at once, and before long they were as busy as bees, and as happy as Johnny-jump-ups. They worked so well stretching their stalks and spreading out their fingers that before the summer was half over they were able to take every bit of dust that flew up from the road. In the field beyond, where the clover grew and the cows fed, there was not any to be seen.

One morning toward the end of summer, the weeds were surprised to see a number of people standing by the fence looking at them. Pretty soon some children came and gazed at them. Then the weeds noticed that people driving by called each other's attention to them. They were much surprised at this, but they were still more surprised when one day some children climbed the fence and commenced to pick them.

"See," cried a little girl, "how all the dust has been changed to gold!"

The weeds looked at each other, and, sure enough, they were all covered with gold-dust.

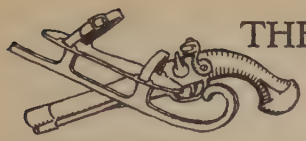
"A fairy has done it," they whispered one to the other.

But the fairies were there on the spot, and declared they had had nothing to do with it.

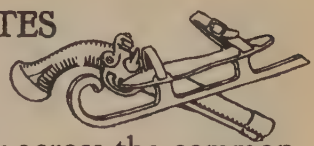
"You did it yourselves," cried the queen of the fairies. "You were happy in your work, and a cheerful spirit always changes dust into gold. Didn't you know it?"

"You're not weeds any more, you're flowers," sang the fairies.

"Goldenrod, goldenrod!" shouted the children.



THE BATTLE ON SKATES



EVA HUTCHISON

THREE faces peered out of the window across the common to where the pond lay dark and calm in the clear moonlight. A number of people were skating gaily upon its smooth surface.

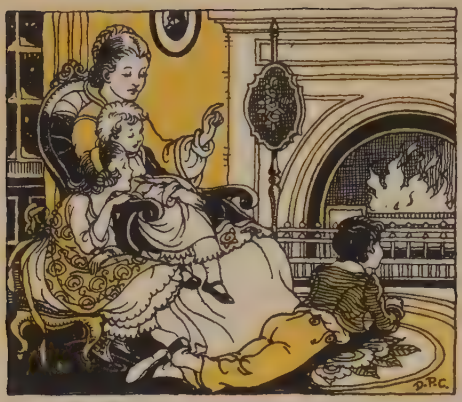
The faces were wistful and disappointed ones, for the children longed to join the skaters, but mamma had said they must stay in, because they had been out all day.

Mr. and Mrs. Holsted had gone to a wedding, and the children did not know how to pass this long, dreary evening.

Edith, the oldest, pouted and declared that it was mean; Walter was teasing the cat to relieve his injured feelings; while Mollie nestled up to Edith, lovingly, and was silent.

"Children, come here," called a soft voice. At the sound their faces brightened, and quickly they went to the sitting-room whence the voice proceeded. It was Aunt Ella who called. The jolliest aunt in the world—always ready for fun or a game, or even to tell a story—she could fly a kite and shoot marbles 'most as well as a boy, invent new fashions for dolls, and run a race. She was, in the eyes of the children, a paragon, and to be adored. She had been ill with headache during the day, and the children had been kept away from her; but now they eagerly rushed into the room. She sat in an easy-chair by the grate, and the glowing bed of coals threw a dim light into the room—half redeeming it from darkness. After they had greeted

From *St. Nicholas*. New York: The Century Co.



her, she said, inquiringly:

"What is the matter, Edith? You are so quiet. Don't you feel well?"

"Yes, I'm well. But mamma won't let us go out. The other girls are going and we can't. The ice is just right, too." The tone in which Edith spoke betrayed how near she was to tears.

"I'm sure mamma is right, dear," said Aunt Ella. "Hear how the wind blows, and while this weather lasts you will have plenty of such fun. What are you going to do this evening, while your mother is away?"

"Nothing," came the answer in a disconsolate voice.

"Then, listen; I have a story to tell you. Just sit down near the fire and I will begin."

"Let it be a truly story, Auntie," pleaded Mollie.

"Yes, dear."

Quickly they prepared to listen. Mollie, because she was the youngest, crept into Aunt Ella's lap; Edith nestled by her side on an ottoman, and Walter, stretched full length upon the hearth-rug, stared intently into the fire. Surveying the expectant trio, Aunt Ella began:

Once upon a time King Philip of Spain went to war with Holland. You know where Holland is, don't you? It is a small country in Europe, somewhat northwest of Germany. You remember the story, how a brave boy stopped a leak in the

dyke in this same place; you know, too, that the country is lower than the sea-level and there have to be big walls, called dykes, to keep the water from sweeping over the land. This fight was a desperate one, for King Philip was so eager to subdue the country that he waged the war with all the means at his command. He sent to Holland, as his commander-in-chief, the Duke of Alva, a Spanish nobleman and a famous general. After the war had been going on a long time and many towns had been seized, the Duke saw that if he could take Amsterdam he

could easily overcome the rest of Holland — but between Amsterdam and the King's forces lay the city of Haarlem.

The Duke sent his son Don Frederick to capture Haarlem. The city was almost surrounded by water, then frozen over, as it was winter. There were a few ships lying near Haarlem, but they were held fast by the ice, and might easily have been captured had not the sailors dug a trench all around them, and fortified them against the enemy.

As soon as Don Frederick arrived, he sent a body of soldiers to attack the ships. The soldiers marched out to the vessels, but as they came near, a body of armed men on skates sprang from the trench.

The Hollanders were used to skating from their very babyhood, for in winter the canals and sea were frozen for miles around, and everybody skated. Not only did they skate for fun, but to market, and their daily business, just as easily and far more quickly than they could walk. They were proud of their skill and fleetness, and they used to have games and sham battles on the ice, so that when there was need for real fighting, they knew what to do.

But the Spaniards lived in a southern country where there is little ice, and they never went sliding or skating. When they saw the Hollanders dart out at them, their feet shod with steel, appearing almost to fly in the air, they thought the enemy must be aided by witchcraft! They were tempted to run, such was their amazement and terror.

However, when the bullets came flying among them, they tried to pick up their courage and fight. But their efforts were

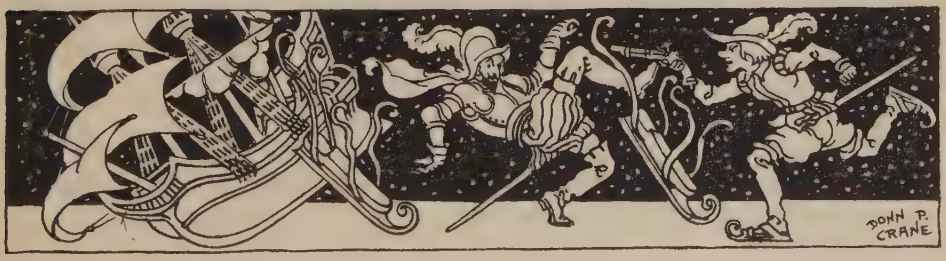
feeble, for, unable to keep their footing on the slippery surface, they would stumble and fall, while the Hollanders would glide by unharmed and send their bullets to the mark.

The Hollanders were victorious; and, when they drove the Spaniards off the ice, several hundred of the enemy lay dead, while the conquerors scarcely suffered any loss. When the Duke heard of this defeat he was much surprised, and decided that he would not be beaten again in that way.

So he ordered seven thousand pairs of skates, and commanded all the soldiers to learn to skate. They had fun while learning, but not long afterward were able to handle their weapons on ice as boldly as the Hollanders. But they had little occasion to make use of this new accomplishment, for a sudden thaw and flood made it possible for the ships to sail away, and the sailors' brave spirits were much cheered by the sudden frost that followed and rendered them safe from naval attack for a time.

The Spaniards soon after captured Haarlem, but they had to fight hard to take it, for the city was well fortified and the people brave.

Reluctantly the children marched off to bed, and in their dreams that night saw strange visions in which ice, skates, ships, Spaniards, and Hollanders mingled in the wildest confusion.



THE SIREN

CIPRIANA ALVAREZ DE MACHADO

MANY years ago there dwelt on the seacoast in Andalusia a poor fisherman. One day, when luck had been against him in his fishing, he decided to cast his net once more before giving up. When he attempted to draw in his net it was so heavy he could hardly get it over the side of the boat. "Thank

Freely translated from an Andalusian Folk Tale, as quoted in *Biblioteca de la Tradiciones Populaires Españolas.*

fortune, I have a good catch at last," he said to himself. But when he got the net up, in it he found a monstrous fish that turned upon him savagely, and threatened to eat him if he did not immediately promise to give the fish the first thing that met him on his return home.

Thinking that as usual his little dog would run out to meet him, the fisherman promised. Then the fish turned into a siren who dived off the boat, calling out as she disappeared, "Remember what you are to bring to the shore for me before morning!"

The fisherman went home, sad to think his little dog must be given to the siren. Alas! How little did he realize at what price the dog was to be saved. As he reached his hut, his young son came rushing out to ask what accident had made him so late! At that the poor man broke down and wept, but he knew how vain it was to try to thwart the siren, so he told the whole story to his son.

The lad was little worried and declared that he would go at once. He started off but he had gone only a short distance when he found an ant and an eagle dining on a piece of meat. They could not agree on the right way to divide their property and at once called the young man to decide for them. This he did in a manner so satisfactory to them both that each wanted to reward him for his good work. The eagle gave him a feather which would change him into an eagle if he held it in his right hand while saying, "Woe is me, the eagle." The ant presented him with a small foot and told him the same formula as used on the other gift would turn him into an ant.

Then the lad went on his way but he thought he might as well try his powers, so he took the feather in his right hand and said, "Woe is me, the eagle," and at once he flew up into the air and found he was an eagle, indeed. "Before I go to the shore I must see the king of our country," thought the youth. So he winged his way over blue hills and green valleys until he reached the great palace where dwelt the king. When he reached there he saw in a garden the most beautiful maiden imaginable. He flew down near her and allowed himself to be caught and carried into the room where the princess dwelt. As soon as her maidens left the room he at once changed himself back into a man. The princess was frightened at first but he reassured her and told her his story. Greatly interested, she sent for her father and bade the young man repeat his tale to the king. This he did and the king was so pleased that he bade the young man to stay with them.

Life went on pleasantly for a time, but one day as the lad was strolling along with the king and the princess they happened to wander so close to the sea that a wave came up and lapped the young man's foot. A moment later the siren's hand reached up from the wave, caught the young man and drew him beneath the waters. In vain the princess pleaded; the siren and her prey had disappeared.

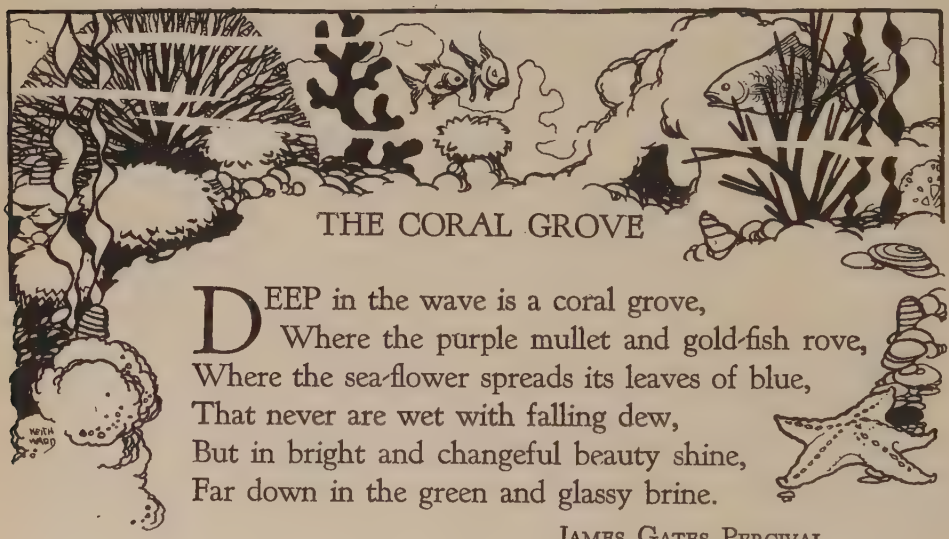
The king was as sad at the loss of his companion as was the princess, so, recollecting that sirens are very fond of gold and silver, he caused a silver oar to be made. This he and the princess bore to the shore and told the siren that if she would show them the young man, even though but half his body,

they would give her the silver oar. The siren consented, but she allowed the boy to show only his head above the waters and quickly drew him down again. Nevertheless they gave her the oar and told her that if she would show half the young man, a golden oar should be given for this act.

Then the princess and her father, the king, hurried home; they called to them the royal goldsmiths and explained that by dawn a golden oar must be ready to carry to the seashore. All night the goldsmiths toiled, and by dawn they brought to the king a golden oar, carved and chased with wondrous designs. When the siren saw this oar she was wild to have it and allowed the lad to rise from the water up to his waist. This was all that was needed, for with his hands above the water he reached into his pocket for the feather and turned himself into an eagle and flew away, far out of the siren's reach. The siren was furious and promised to revenge herself for this trick. But the princess put the oar down on the beach where the siren could get it and she and the king made their way to the palace without replying to this threat. Nevertheless, just as she was entering the gateway, the earth opened and swallowed the princess, for the siren had invoked the aid of the earth gnomes.

The eagle had been circling above the palace awaiting the return of the princess, and when he saw what had happened he came at once to the ground and turned himself into a man. Then he got some well diggers and had them dig a small hole at the spot where the princess had disappeared. When this was done to his satisfaction, he drew out his ant's foot and said, "Woe is me, the ant." At once he turned into an ant and

burrowed into the ground until he came to the princess. Fortunately he had told her the tale of his magic possessions, so when she saw the ant coming toward her and carrying a foot in its mouth she understood what was to be done. Taking the foot in her right hand she repeated the magic formula and in a moment she also was an ant. Then together the lad and the princess made their way up out of the earth. As soon as they reached the palace they changed back into their true forms. The king was so pleased to see them that he at once gave his daughter to her liberator and they were married at the palace the next day. The lad sent for his father to attend his wedding and then made ample provision for him. After their marriage the princess and her husband lived happily the remainder of their lives but they were careful never again to go walking on the seashore.



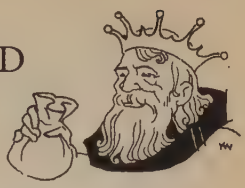
THE CORAL GROVE

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

THE TREACHEROUS ISLAND

ANNA WAHLENBERG



THE good old King Gamba had many beautiful palaces in the country; but he had lived so many years that he had grown weary of them all, and now began to think of building himself a new one.

So one morning he sent a messenger after the court architect.

"Go with the treasurer to the cellar vaults, and have him measure out three sacks of gold for you," said the king when the architect arrived; "load these upon a wagon and build me a castle."

The architect first bowed so low that his forehead touched the lowest step of the throne, and then asked, "Where do you wish it to be, your Majesty?"

"I was out driving some time ago," answered the king, "and crossed the crest of a mountain. Below it lay, as every man in the realm knows, a sea—"

The architect bowed again to show that he understood.

"And in that sea is an island."

At this the architect looked up at the king in a wholly terrified manner and murmured, "Excuse me, your Majesty, but—but—I have never seen that island."

"But I have seen it, and I'll know how to find it—" and King Gamba looked as coldly at the architect as though he stood a

From *Old Swedish Fairy Tales*. Translated from the Danish of Frede Thomsen by Antoinette De Coursey Patterson. Published by arrangement with and permission of The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

whole mile away from him. Then he added, "And it is upon that island that you shall build my castle. Farewell."

There was therefore nothing more to be done about it. So the architect took the gold and carted it to the top of the mountain. Whereupon the driver stopped his horse, unloaded the sacks, cast a glance over the empty sea—and then laughed at the architect till his eyes disappeared in his head, and his mouth stretched from ear to ear.

"Surely a great beautiful island," said the driver, pointing at the sea, "and a fine one upon which to build a castle." With that he jumped onto the wagon and whipped up his horse, leaving the architect behind with his sacks of gold—and still looking for the island which could not be found.

What should the poor architect now do? To take up a sack of gold and flee the land, he would not think of doing, for he was an honorable man; but it would be most humbling to go back and say he was not fortunate enough to find the island. Besides, though Gamba was a most good-natured and excellent old king, he had one peculiarity—he could not stand contradiction. So when he with his old weak eyes thought he had seen an island, the island must be found—even if every one of his subjects were to come to him and say they could not discover it. As thanks for such information they would all find themselves exiled.

"Perhaps the island was there when the king drove by, and later on was flooded," thought the architect. So he went into a little cottage he saw in the neighborhood to ask if he might borrow a boat. A young woman who sat within, rocking her

child, promptly nodded her assent to his request.

"You can take a flat-bottomed boat which lies under the willow," said she.

The architect found the boat, sure enough, under the willow; so he loosened it and rowed out. But soon, slackening his course, he rested upon his oars and began to peer into the water, to see if he could possibly discover a flooded island. Suddenly, bending far down, he saw something most unusual.

Yet it was not an island he saw, but a mighty giant, who sat in the midst of a pile of seaweed and played with his child. This child was as big and clumsy as the biggest elephant; and the sea-giant himself might have been taken for a huge rock if he had not had a monstrous head covered with scales and green hair, two red eyes which blinked like lighted palace windows, and a pair of arms as thick as lighthouses.

The boat's brim extended well over the water, and the sea-giant, who wriggled up to see what was in the way, caught the architect's searching eyes.

"Who is it who thus gazes upon us?" roared he.

"It is only I," said the architect in fearless tones; "and I seek an island here in the sea, as upon it I must build a castle. Perhaps you can tell me where to find it."

The giant broke into such a laugh that the water fairly bubbled up. "So far back as I can recollect, I have not seen any island," he vowed; and then added, "but I could easily furnish you with such a little spot if I wished."

"Pshaw!" said the architect.

Offended at the distrust shown him, the sea-giant rose almost

to the water's brim. He could easily prove that what he said was true! Thereupon he grasped a great iron bar which was near him, jammed it with all his might into the rocks on the beach, and soon loosened a hunk as big as several barrels. Then he disappeared into a forest of seaweed, and returned with his cap full of mud, in which grew trees, bushes and grasses, taller, more splendid, and more luxuriant than any which grew on land. All this he pressed upon the broken mass of rock, which he then took in the hollow of his hand and lifted above the level of the water. It was the prettiest little island the architect had ever seen in his whole life.

"Ah, if it but had a base!" sighed he.

"So long as I hold it it has a base; and I can hold it a thousand years if I wish," said the giant, as he took his seat on a convenient spot both above and under the water.

"But if you should fall asleep?"

"Ah, that's nothing to worry about. I do not do that oftener than every five hundred years, and sleep no more than two hundred. It is three hundred years now since I have slept. In former times there was an old troll-man about here who could sing cradle songs, so if one had a mind to he could take a little nap of ten or twelve years in between; but he has now gone to other regions. However, you need not be afraid, for I sit as still when I am asleep as when I am awake. Only set about the building of the little castle."

The architect scratched the back of his ear. "How long will you promise to sit still and hold up your hand?" he asked.

"Two years," answered the giant.

"Only two years?"

"Yes, two years from the day you are ready to build! After that I take the island, with the little castle, down below and give it to the children to play with. I should certainly have some reward for my pains, should I not?"

"Thank you, but I do not believe we can come to terms," said the architect, as he straightened himself up in the middle of the boat.

Should he, he wondered, let the king spend so much money upon a castle he would occupy for so short a time? And would not the people's lives perhaps be lost when the island sank?

Though the king was never known to remain at any place more than two years at a time, he might take it into his head to leave some of his family at the castle.

The architect began to row toward the land; but when his eyes again rested upon the gold on the shore, he decided that after all it would perhaps be as well to spend it in the building of the castle; for otherwise he did not know what on earth to do with it. And he would remember to warn the people, so they should not remain upon the island a moment longer than they ought.

So once more he laid himself upon his stomach, and bending over the boat's rim called "Hullo" to the sea-giant.

"Hullo! Shall it be or not be?" the giant demanded.

"It shall be — only you must promise to hold still for five years."

"Most certainly not!" said the sea-giant.

"For four years then?"

"No!" said the sea-giant.

"But at least three years, counting from today?"

"It shall go at that," said the sea-giant; "but don't forget that three years from tonight, even as the moon rises from behind yonder mountain, I shall let my hand sink."

The architect declared he would remember the date well; then he rowed back to the land, and procuring people from every imaginable place began to build the king's palace upon the little island which was regarded by all with utter astonishment. They rubbed their eyes to be sure they were really awake, because they had never known before that the island existed; nor had

they ever seen such tall trees with thick soft foliage, nor such fragrant lilies as those which grew upon it.

But when, at the expiration of half a year, the castle with its gleaming battlements and towers was all ready, and the old king arrived, he was not in the least astonished! He knew well the island had been there all the time—for had he not seen it himself? And he remembered also he had remarked as they drove by, that its trees, its bushes, and its flowers were more beautiful than on any other spot upon the earth.

And so the king, thoroughly happy, took up his abode in his new castle; and when the second year drew near its close, and the court expected he would give orders for departure to another country home, he one morning announced he wished to remain where he was for yet another year.

At this a cry was heard; and when all eyes turned to a corner from whence the sound came, they discovered the architect, quaking and trembling to such a degree that he could scarcely stand upright. When questioned as to what was the matter with him, he would only plead that he might be allowed to talk in secret with the king.

The men and women of the court were thereupon obliged to withdraw, and the door was closed. At once the architect fell on his knees before the king and told him where the island had come from, and how the sea-giant sat beneath and held it up; but that he would let his hand drop when the moon rose back of the mountain's crest exactly three years after the island had been raised from the water.

"Punish me, your Majesty, do with me anything you wish,"

said he; "I beg of you only one thing—that you will leave here, with the whole court, within the stated time."

Instead of answering, the king rose to his full height and rang a little silver bell. Immediately a servant stood in the doorway. "Bring here the master of the treasury and two guardsmen," ordered the king.

And a moment afterwards the men stood before him.

"Measure out a bushel of gold for that man over there," said the king to the treasurer, as he pointed to the castle's architect. "He has served me faithfully for many years; but he shall now be immediately conducted out of the realm; because he is quite

mad and is in a state to spread malicious stories among the people. Men of the guards, take him!"

And the architect was seized, given his gold, and conducted off the island. But on the way he spoke to his keepers of the treacherous spot, which rested only on the sea-giant's hand; for his conscience would not give him any peace at the thought of what might happen to the king and all the people of the court if they did not come away at the right time. So when his guides came back to the island, they repaired immediately to a side of the boat's dock, and laid themselves down on their stomachs to peer into the water.

Whereupon they too saw the sea-giant with the great blinking eyes, as he sat and held up the island with his left hand. Terrified, they rushed into the castle and told the courtiers what they had seen. Then the ladies and gentlemen of the court wandered in secret, one after the other, down to the dock and laid down on their stomachs; and soon it was found there was not a living soul on the island, from the ministers to the cook's boys, who had not seen the sea-giant—with the single exception of the king, for to him no one dared to say a word about the matter. It was remembered how things had gone with the architect. And moreover the old king would not be able to see anything, for he had such weak eyes.

Many became so fearful they immediately begged leave of absence for their health's sake; or permission to visit relatives who had a sudden longing to see them. Those who remained behind went about counting upon their fingers how many days yet remained before the great catastrophe would happen, when

the whole island would sink to the bottom of the sea. Long beforehand they sent away all their property so they should not lose anything.

But still the old king knew nothing. When the evening before the fatal night arrived, he went as usual early to bed, without any realization of how deserted and empty everything about him had suddenly become.

Doors were opened softly—and softly and upon tiptoe all the ladies of the court hurried down to the dock, where every one was then stowed into boats and rowed away.

Now in front of her little house, upon the other shore, stood the cottager's young wife—the one who had lent the architect her boat when he was obliged to seek for the island. She watched the departure, and wondered who could be looking after King Gamba. As each boat arrived without him, she grew more and more anxious; for she also had seen the sea-giant and knew what would happen. Moreover, she dearly loved the old king, who had many times talked kindly with her on some of his walks—once even patting her eldest boy on the head. So it grieved her that anyone should neglect such a rare old king; that he should be left alone in his castle where, in his ignorance, he would follow the island to the sea's bottom and perish in its dark depth.

To make sure, she questioned several of the fleeing ladies and gentlemen of the palace as to whether the king was with them. But they would only shake their heads, refusing to talk. For what could they do if the king had not a mind to listen to the architect's advice; he must just remain behind and die!

When they were all gone, anxiety increased in the heart of the cottager's young wife. She could not let the old king lie there, and sleep straight on to death. No matter what happened, she must warn him.

She ran into the house a moment to quiet her youngest child who had awakened and was crying. But the baby would not let himself be comforted; so she picked him up and ran down with him to the boat. This she loosened from its moorings, and with vigorous strokes rowed over to the island.

There was no time to lose, for it had already begun to grow dark. In a little while the moon would rise behind the mountain, and if by that time she did not succeed in getting the king into the boat, it would be too late.

With trembling fingers she made the boat fast to the dock, and hastened to the palace, whose gate stood wide open. Then she ran from room to room, from apartment to apartment, until she finally came to one which was locked.

She knocked one time, two times, three times, upon the door, and at last the old king answered in a sleepy voice.

"Who is it? What has happened?"

"Hurry out, hurry out, Hr. King," called she, "else it is death! Every soul in the palace has already departed."

"Of what are they thinking—to thus forsake their king? They shall pay up for this." And the old gentleman stuck his feet into a pair of slippers, slipped into his gold-brocaded dressing gown, and walked out of his sleeping apartment.

When he discovered that all the doors stood open, and that no people were to be seen but the strange woman with her child,

who stood by his door, he was so angry that his eyes flashed.

"They shall indeed be made to pay for this," he repeated, and stamped on the floor.

But the cottager's wife placed herself in front of him and begged, "Come quickly, come, Hr. King! I have my boat down below, and we must hurry."

"It is evident you also believe the stupid stories," said King Gamba. "I'll follow you, but remember I do it only because I wish to get hold of those miserable wretches who forsook their king."

They had now left the castle; but before they were half way to the wharf the whole island trembled as from an earthquake. It was the sea-giant who had moved his hand a little as a gentle reminder.

"Now he is about to take us," screamed the cottager's wife, ready to sink to the earth with fright. "The whole island trembles!"

But the king put his arm around her for her support. "You silly woman," said he, "do you not understand it is just the earth shaking under my steps because they are so powerful?"

They went on further and came to the wharf, when the woman uttered a fresh cry:

"My boat! My boat is gone!"

It was only too true—the boat had floated far out on the waters. She had tied it too loosely, and when the island trembled it had jerked itself free. Just then a voice rang out from far down in the deep:

"Hurry and wake up, or you must all come down to me!"

"Just hear what he says!" cried the cottager's wife, and wrung her hands.

But the old king had heard nothing.

"I tell you it is but the echo of my mighty voice," said he.

Then the young woman threw herself upon the wharf and looked down into the sea.

"Ah, there he sits and blinks with his red eyes! Look at him, Hr. King."

Just to please her, the king leaned over the water as far as he could.

"It is only my own eyes which reflect as in a mirror," said he. "It has often been said of them that they lighten and flash fire."

But the cottager's wife would not be quieted by the king's assertions. She sobbed so loudly that the child on her bosom

also began to cry. In vain she tried lullabys, sung between sobs and groans; the child screamed as wildly as ever.

"Bring the little fellow here," said the king, "and let's see if I can quiet him."

He took the child in his arms, swung him back and forth, and then lifted up his old cracked voice and sang:

Sleep, little boy, on thy king's arm—
Thy king is mighty, thy king is strong—
And he will shield thee from all harm.
Lulla, lulla, lullabye.

Sleep, secure in his embrace—
Thy king is mighty, thy king is strong—
Friendly his as thy mother's face,
And he will keep away all wrong.
Lulla, lulla, lullabye.

While he sang, the child's mother had again laid herself down on the wharf so she could the better look into the deep; and soon she observed that the sea-giant and his child were also listening to the song.

"I am so sleepy," finally remarked the giant; "is it the troll who has come back, and who sits and sings, or is it another in his place?"

"Nay, father," said one of the small giants, "it is not the troll; and thou must not think of going to sleep until thou hast brought the island down to us."

"I'll see to that all right," said the sea-giant. "Is the moon ready to rise?" He rubbed his eyelids to keep himself awake.

"Sing more, Hr. King," the woman whispered, "I believe the giant is about to sleep."

The king gave her an austere look. "Utter foolishness!" said he. "Do you then think I am afraid of the powers of darkness? I am a king, by God's grace; and they would not risk hurting me. I sing only for the boy here, and not for any other soul." And he sang again:

Sleep, little child, on thy king's arm—
Thy king is mighty, thy king is strong—
He'll rock thee so that thou shalt rest
Sweetly as on thy mother's breast;
Thy king is mighty, thy king is strong—
Braver than parents and more wise;
In safety thou mayest shut thy eyes.
Lulla, lulla, lullabye.

"Hr. King, Hr. King," whispered the woman, again pulling the king by his dressing gown, "I believe the giant sleeps. His eyes do not gleam any more. He has closed them."

Nevertheless, almost at the same moment, she gave another scream of terror and fell down before the king—for a silver scarf had spread itself over the country. There the moon shone, round and clear, above the mountain's crest; and now might come to pass that which all, with the exception of the king, expected.

But the island lay upon the top of the water just as before. It did not shake again; and down below sat the sea-giant and slept—immovable as a stone image; while the small sea-giants wept and bemoaned because they had not gotten their island.

Then the cottager's wife crept to the king's feet and kissed them again and again. "Thou hast saved us, Hr. King," said she; "the creature below avails nothing against thee."

The old king drew himself up, and then laid the sleeping child in its mother's arms.

"Thy son trusted me if thou didst not," said he. "He is the most faithful of all my subjects."

Then they went back to the castle and laid down to sleep, the king in his apartment, and the mother and child in a room by the kitchen. But the next morning, when they awakened, the whole island was swarming with people. They were the ladies and gentlemen of the court who had come back when they saw the island was still there, and that the sea-giant was fast asleep on his rocky cliff. And when the cottager's wife appeared, and told them how the old king had sung the giant to sleep, it all seemed so wonderful that they felt suddenly convinced that such a good old king as theirs had never before lived upon the earth. So they went at once into the castle and, kneeling before his door, remained there until he showed himself upon the threshold.

Severe and stern, and with knitted brows, he stood before them, "How do you dare venture here—on account of the sea-giant?" he asked.

"We have seen that he has no power over thee, Hr. King," said they. "Forgive us! forgive us!"

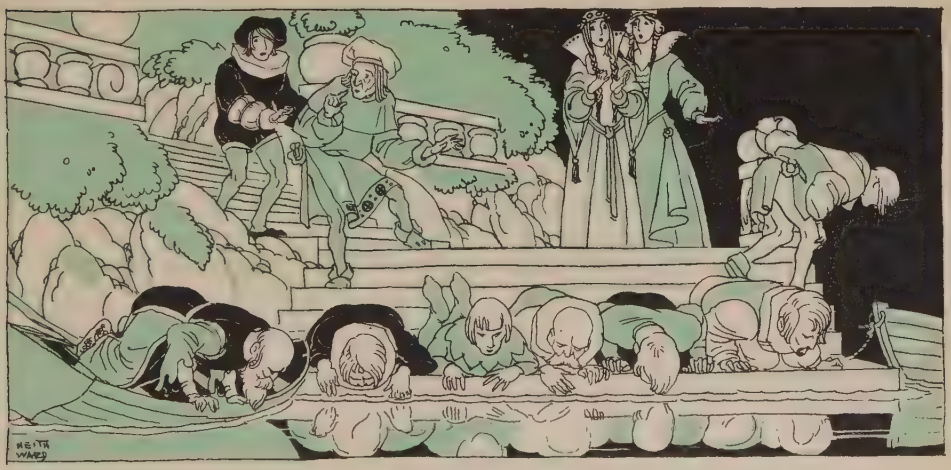
The old king's face cleared, and after he had thought all by himself for an hour, he forgave them, for taking everything into consideration he was such a good old king. But about the neck

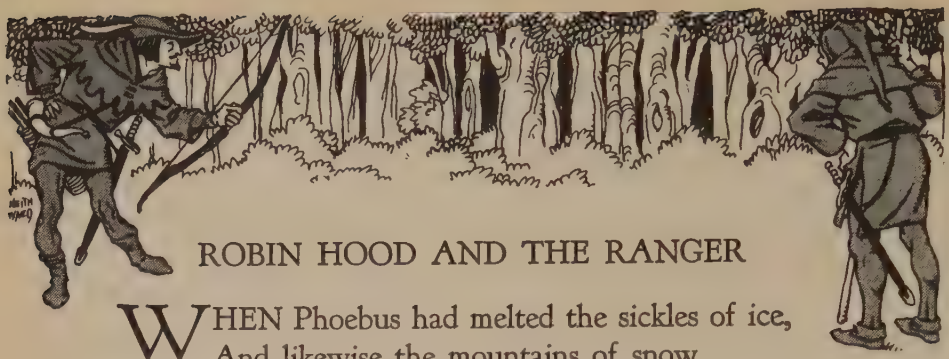
of the cottager's wife he hung the dead queen's most beautiful jeweled necklace, because she was the only one who did not desert him; and her husband he appointed superintendent of all the boats upon the island.

Then the very next day he let it be announced over the whole land that he had made the island castle his permanent residence. He would prove to the world that one need never be afraid of a sea-giant.

All, however, were not so brave as he. In the evening, when the old king had gone to bed, the court ladies and gentlemen would lie upon their stomachs over the wharf and stare down into the water, to see if by any chance the giant had again opened his gleaming eyes.

Each knew the other's thoughts; not one of them would remain a day longer upon the island after the old king was dead. For they knew well there would then not be found anyone who could sing the sea-giant to sleep again if he woke up.





ROBIN HOOD AND THE RANGER

WHEN Phoebus had melted the sickles of ice,
And likewise the mountains of snow,
Bold Robin Hood he would ramble to see,
To frolic abroad with his bow.

He left all his merry men waiting behind,
Whilst through the green valleys he passed;
There did he behold a forester bold,
Who cried out, "Friend, whither so fast?"

"I'm going," quoth Robin, "to kill a fat buck,
For me and my merry men all;
Besides, e'er I go, I'll have a fat doe,
Or else it shall cost me a fall."

"You'd best have a care," said the forester then,
"For these are his majesty's deer;
Before you shall shoot the thing I'll dispute,
For I am head-forester here."

"These thirteen long summers," quoth Robin, "I'm sure,
My arrows I here have let fly,
Where freely I range; methinks it is strange,
You should have more power than I.

"This forest," quoth Robin, "I think is my own,
And so are the nimble deer, too;
Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,
I won't be affronted by you."

The forester he had a long quarter-staff,
Likewise a broad sword by his side;
Without more ado, he presently drew,
Declaring the truth should be tried.

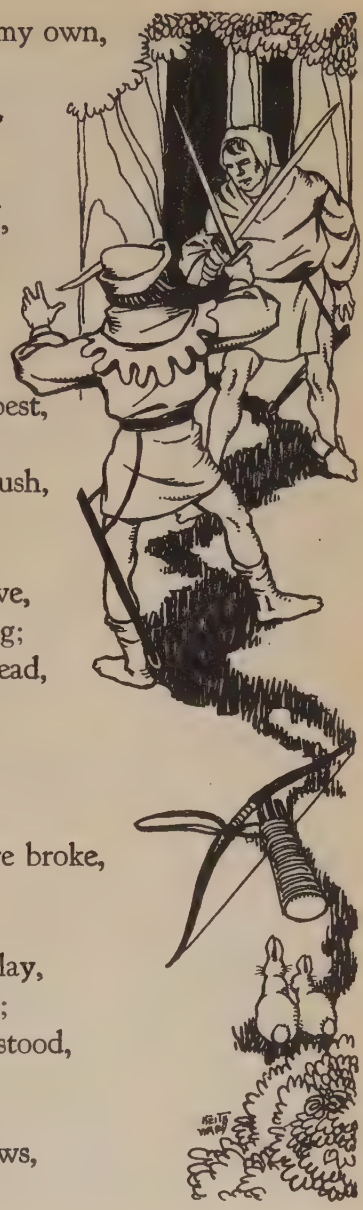
Bold Robin Hood had a sword of the best,
Thus, e'er he would take any wrong,
His courage was flush, he'd venture a brush,
And thus they fell to it ding-dong.

The very first blow that the forester gave,
He made his broad weapon cry twang;
'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,
O that was a terrible bang!

But Robin he soon did recover himself,
And bravely fell to it again;
The very next stroke their weapons were broke,
Yet never a man there was slain.

At quarter-staff then they resolved to play,
Because they would have t'other bout;
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,
Unwilling he was to give out.

Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,
The other returned them as fast;



At every stroke their jackets did smoke,
Three hours the combat did last.

At length in a rage the bold forester grew,
And cudgeled bold Robin so sore
That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,
He said, "Let us freely give o'er.

"Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess
I never knew any so good;
Thou'rt fitting to be a yeoman for me,
And range in the merry green wood.

"I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
For bravely thou'st acted thy part;
That man that can fight, in him I delight,
And love him with all my whole heart."

Then Robin Hood setting his horn to his mouth,
A blast he merrily blows;
His yeoman did hear and straight did appear,
A hundred with trusty long bows.

Now Little John came at the head of them all,
Clothed in a rich mantle of green;
And likewise the rest were gloriously drest,
A right gallant sight to be seen.

"Lo, these are my yeomen," said Robin Hood,
"And thou shalt be one of the train;
A mantle and bow, a quiver also,
I give them whom I entertain."

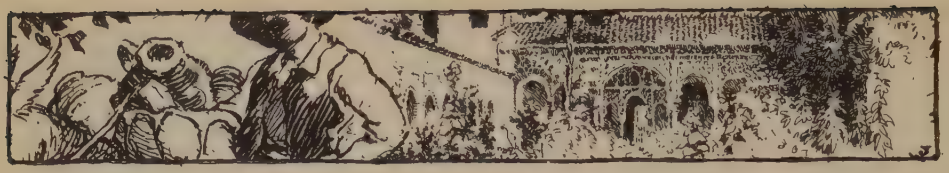
The forester willingly entered the list,
They were such a beautiful sight;
Then with a long bow they shot a fat doe,
And made a rich supper that night.

What singing and dancing was in the green wood,
For joy of another new mate!
With mirth and delight they spent the long night,
And lived at a plentiful rate.

Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
Broad arrows and a very long bow;
This done, the next day, so gallant and gay,
He marched them all in a row.

Quoth he, "My brave yeomen, be true to your trust,
And then we may range the woods wide";
They all did declare and solemnly swear,
They'd conquer, or die by his side.

Old English Ballad



THE LEGEND OF THE MOOR'S LEGACY

WASHINGTON IRVING

JUST within the fortress of the Alhambra, in front of the royal palace, is a broad open esplanade, called the Place or Square of the Cisterns (la Plaza de los Algibes), so called from being undermined by reservoirs of water, hidden from sight, and which have existed from the time of the Moors. At one corner of this esplanade is a Moorish well, cut through the living rock to a great depth, the water of which is cold as ice and clear as crystal. The wells made by the Moors are always in repute, for it is well known what pains they took to penetrate to the purest and sweetest springs and fountains. The one of which we now speak is famous throughout Granada, insomuch that water carriers, some bearing great water jars on their shoulders, others driving asses before them laden with earthen vessels, are ascending and descending the steep woody avenues of the Alhambra, from early dawn until a late hour of the night.

Among the water carriers who once resorted to this well, there was a sturdy, strong-backed, bandy-legged little fellow, named Pedro Gil, but called Peregil for shortness. Being a water carrier, he was a Gallego, or native of Gallicia, of course.

Abridged from *Legends of the Alhambra.*

Peregil the Gallego had begun business with merely a great earthen jar which he carried upon his shoulder; by degrees he rose in the world, and was enabled to purchase an assistant of a corresponding class of animals, being a stout shaggy-haired donkey. On each side of this his long-eared aid-de-camp, in a kind of pannier, were slung his water jars, covered with fig leaves to protect them from the sun. There was not a more industrious water carrier in all Granada, nor one more merry withal. The streets rang with his cheerful voice as he trudged after his donkey, singing forth the usual summer note that resounds through the Spanish towns: "*Quien quiere agua — agua mas fria que la nieve?*"—"Who wants water—water colder than snow? Who wants water from the well of the Alhambra, cold as ice and clear as crystal?" When he served a customer with a sparkling glass, it was always with a pleasant word that caused a smile; and thus Peregil the Gallego was noted throughout all Granada for being one of the civilest, pleasantest, and happiest of mortals. Yet it is not he who sings loudest and jokes most that has the lightest heart. Under all this air of merriment, honest Peregil had his cares and troubles. He had a large family of ragged children to support, who were hungry and clamorous as a nest of young swallows, and beset him with their outcries for food whenever he came home of an evening.

It was a late hour one summer night, and most of the water carriers had desisted from their toils. The day had been uncommonly sultry; the night was one of those delicious moonlights which tempt the inhabitants of southern climes to indemnify themselves for the heat and inaction of the day by lingering in

the open air, and enjoying its tempered sweetness until after midnight. Customers for water were therefore still abroad. Peregil, like a considerate, painstaking father, thought of his hungry children. "One more journey to the well," said he to himself, "to earn a Sunday's puchero (meat stew) for the little ones." So saying, he trudged manfully up the steep avenue of the Alhambra, singing as he went.

When he arrived at the well, he found it deserted by everyone except a solitary stranger in Moorish garb, seated on a stone bench in the moonlight. Peregil paused at first and regarded him with surprise, not unmixed with awe, but the Moor feebly beckoned him to approach. "I am faint and ill," said he; "aid me to return to the city, and I will pay thee double what thou couldst gain by thy jars of water."

The honest heart of the little water carrier was touched with compassion at the appeal of the stranger. "God forbid," said he, "that I should ask fee or reward for doing a common act of humanity." He accordingly helped the Moor on his donkey, and set off slowly for Granada, the poor Moslem being so weak that it was necessary to hold him on the animal to keep him from falling to the earth.

When they entered the city, the water carrier demanded whither he should conduct him. "Alas!" said the Moor, faintly, "I have neither home nor habitation; I am a stranger in the land. Suffer me to lay my head this night beneath thy roof, and thou shalt be amply repaid."

Honest Peregil thus saw himself unexpectedly saddled with an infidel guest, but he was too humane to refuse a night's

shelter to a fellow being in so forlorn a plight, so he conducted the Moor to his dwelling. He assisted the poor Moslem to alight, and spread a mat and a sheepskin for him, on the ground, in the coolest part of the house; being the only kind of bed that his poverty afforded.

In a little while the Moor called Peregil to his side, and addressed him in a low voice. "My end," said he, "I fear is at hand. If I die, I bequeath you this box as a reward for your charity." So saying, he opened his albornoz, or cloak, and showed a small box of sandalwood, strapped round his body.

"God grant, my friend," replied the worthy little Gallego, "that you may live many years to enjoy your treasure, whatever it may be." The Moor shook his head; he laid his hand upon the box, and would have said something more concerning it, but in a little while he expired.

The water carrier's wife was now as one distracted. "This comes," said she, "of your foolish good nature, always running into scrapes to oblige others. What will become of us

when this corpse is found in our house? We shall be sent to prison as murderers; and if we escape with our lives, shall be ruined by notaries and alguazils."

Poor Peregil was in equal tribulation, and almost repented himself of having done a good deed. At length a thought struck him. "It is not yet day," said he; "I can convey the dead body out of the city, and bury it in the sands on the banks of the Xenil. No one saw the Moor enter our dwelling, and no one will know anything of his death."

So said, so done. The wife aided him; they rolled the body of the unfortunate Moslem in the mat on which he had expired, laid it across the ass, and Peregil set out with it for the banks of the river.

As ill luck would have it, there lived opposite to the water carrier a barber named Pedrillo Pedrugo, one of the most prying, tattling, and mischief-making of this gossip tribe. This meddlesome barber heard Peregil arrive at an unusual hour at night, and the exclamations of his wife and children. His head was instantly popped out of a little window which served him as a lookout, and he saw his neighbor assist a man in Moorish garb into his dwelling. This was so strange an occurrence, that Pedrillo Pedrugo slept not a wink that night. Every five minutes he was at his loophole, watching the lights that gleamed through the chinks of his neighbor's door, and before daylight he beheld Peregil sally forth with his donkey unusually laden.

The inquisitive barber followed the water carrier at a distance, until he saw him dig a hole in the sandy bank of the Xenil, and bury something therein.

The barber hied him home, and fidgeted about his shop, setting everything upside down, until sunrise. He then took a basin under his arm, and sallied forth to the house of his daily customer, the alcalde.

The alcalde was just risen. Pedrillo Pedrugo seated him in a chair, threw a napkin round his neck, put a basin of hot water under his chin, and began to mollify his beard with his fingers.

"Strange doings!" said Pedrugo, who played barber and newsmonger at the same time—"Strange doings! Robbery, and murder, and burial all in one night!"

"Hey!—how!—what is that you say?" cried the alcalde.

"I say," replied the barber, rubbing a piece of soap over the nose and mouth of the dignitary, for a Spanish barber disdains to employ a brush—"I say that Peregil the Gallego has robbed and murdered a Moorish Mussulman, and buried him, this blessed night. *Maldita sea la noche*—accursed be the night for the same!"

"But how do you know all this?" demanded the alcalde.

"Be patient, Señor, and you shall hear all about it," replied Pedrillo, taking him by the nose and sliding a razor over his cheek. He then recounted all that he had seen.

Now it so happened that this alcalde was one of the most overbearing, and at the same time most griping and corrupt curmudgeons in all Granada. So he summoned to his presence his trustiest alguazil—a gaunt, hungry-looking varlet, clad, according to the custom of his order, in the ancient Spanish garb, a broad black beaver turned up at its sides; a quaint ruff;

a small black cloak dangling from his shoulders; rusty black under-clothes that set off his spare wiry frame, while in his hand he bore a slender white wand, the dreaded insignia of his office. Such was the legal bloodhound of the ancient Spanish breed that he put upon the traces of the unlucky water carrier, and such was his speed and certainty, that he brought both poor Peregil and his donkey before the dispenser of justice.

The alcalde bent upon him one of the most terrific frowns. "Hark ye, culprit!" roared he, in a voice that made the knees of the little Gallego smite together—"hark ye, culprit! There is no need of denying thy guilt, everything is known to me. A gallows is the proper reward for the crime thou hast committed, but I am merciful, and readily listen to reason. The man that has been murdered in thy house was a Moor, an infidel, the enemy of our faith. It was doubtless in a fit of religious zeal that thou hast slain him. I will be indulgent, therefore—render up the property of which thou hast robbed him, and we will hush the matter up."

The poor water carrier called upon all the saints to witness his innocence; alas! not one of them appeared; and if they had, the alcalde would have disbelieved the whole calendar. The water carrier related the whole story of the dying Moor with the straightforward simplicity of truth, but it was all in vain. "Wilt thou persist in saying," demanded the judge; "that this Moslem had neither gold nor jewels, which were the object of thy desires—of thy cupidity?"

"As I hope to be saved, your worship," replied the water

carrier, "he had nothing but a small box of sandalwood which he bequeathed to me in reward for my services."

"A box of sandalwood! a box of sandalwood!" exclaimed the alcalde, his eyes sparkling at the idea of precious jewels. "And where is this box? Where have you concealed it?"

"An' it please your grace," replied the water carrier, "it is in one of the panniers of my mule, and heartily at the service of your worship."

He had hardly spoken the words, when the keen alguazil darted off, and reappeared in an instant with the mysterious box of sandalwood. The alcalde opened it with an eager and trembling hand; all pressed forward to gaze upon the treasure it was expected to contain; when, to their disappointment, nothing appeared within but a parchment scroll, covered with Arabic characters, and an end of a waxen taper.

The alcalde being convinced of Peregil's innocence, discharged him from arrest; nay more, he permitted him to carry

off the Moor's legacy, the box of sandalwood and its contents, as the well-merited reward of his humanity; but he retained his donkey in payment of costs and charges.

Behold the unfortunate little Gallego reduced once more to the necessity of being his own water carrier, and trudging up to the well of the Alhambra with a great earthen jar upon his shoulder.

As he toiled up the hill in the heat of a summer noon, his usual good humor forsook him. "Dog of an alcalde!" would he cry, "to rob a poor man of the means of his subsistence, of the best friend he had in the world!" And then at the remembrance of the beloved companion of his labors, all the kindness of his nature would break forth. "Ah, donkey of my heart!" would he exclaim, resting his burden on a stone, and wiping the sweat from his brow—"Ah, donkey of my heart! I warrant me thou thinkest of thy old master! I warrant me thou missest the water jars—poor beast."

The unlucky Peregil was grieved in flesh and spirit, but one evening his eye rested upon the box of sandalwood, which lay on a shelf with lid half open, as if laughing in mockery at his vexation. Seizing it up, he dashed it with indignation to the floor: "Unlucky was the day that I ever set eyes on thee," he cried, "or sheltered thy master beneath my roof!"

As the box struck the floor, the lid flew wide open, and the parchment scroll rolled forth.

Peregil sat regarding the scroll for some time in moody silence. At length rallying his ideas: "Who knows," thought he, "but this writing may be of some importance, as the Moor

seems to have guarded it with such care?" Picking it up, therefore, he put it in his bosom, and the next morning, as he was crying water through the streets, he stopped at the shop of a Moor, a native of Tangiers, who sold trinkets and perfumery in the Zacatin, and asked him to explain the contents.

The Moor read the scroll attentively, then stroked his beard and smiled. "This manuscript," said he, "is a form of incantation for the recovery of hidden treasure, that is under the power of enchantment. It is said to have such virtue that the strongest bolts and bars, nay the adamantine rock itself, will yield before it!"

"Bah!" cried the little Gallego, "what is all that to me? I am no enchanter, and know nothing of buried treasure." So saying, he shouldered his water jar, left the scroll in the hands of the Moor, and trudged forward on his daily rounds.

That evening, however, as he rested himself about twilight at the well of the Alhambra, he found a number of gossips assembled at the place, and their conversation, as is not unusual at that shadowy hour, turned upon old tales and traditions of a supernatural nature. Being all poor as rats, they dwelt with peculiar fondness upon the popular theme of enchanted riches left by the Moors in various parts of the Alhambra. Above all, they concurred in the belief that there were great treasures buried deep in the earth under the tower of the seven floors.

These stories made an unusual impression on the mind of the honest Peregil, and they sank deeper and deeper into his thoughts as he returned alone down the darkling avenues. "If, after all, there should be treasure hid beneath that tower: and

if the scroll I left with the Moor should enable me to get at it!" In the sudden ecstasy of the thought he had well nigh let fall his water jar.

Bright and early, he repaired to the shop of the Moor, and told him all that was passing in his mind. "You can read Arabic," said he; "suppose we go together to the tower, and try the effect of the charm; if it fails we are no worse off than before; but if it succeeds, we will share equally all the treasure we may discover."

"Hold," replied the Moslem; "this writing is not sufficient of itself; it must be read at midnight, by the light of a taper singularly compounded and prepared, the ingredients of which are not within my reach. Without such a taper the scroll is of no avail."

"Say no more!" cried the little Gallego; "I have such a taper at hand, and will bring it here in a moment." So saying he hastened home, and soon returned with the end of yellow wax taper that he had found in the box of sandalwood.

The Moor felt it and smelt of it. "Here are rare and costly perfumes," said he, "combined with this yellow wax. This is the kind of taper specified in the scroll. While this burns, the strongest walls and most secret caverns will remain open. Woe to him, however, who lingers within until it be extinguished. He will remain enchanted with the treasure."

It was now agreed between them to try the charm that very night. At a late hour, therefore, when nothing was stirring but bats and owls, they ascended the woody hill of the Alhambra, and approached that awful tower, shrouded by trees and ren-

dered formidable by so many traditionary tales. By the light of a lantern, they groped their way through bushes, and over fallen stones, to the door of a vault beneath the tower. With fear and trembling they descended a flight of steps cut into the rock. It led to an empty chamber damp and drear, from which another flight of steps led to a deeper vault. In this way they descended for several flights, leading into as many vaults one below the other, but the floor of the fourth was solid; and though, according to tradition, there remained three vaults still below, it was said to be impossible to penetrate further, the residue being shut up by strong enchantment. The air of this vault was damp and chilly, and had an earthy smell, and the light scarce cast forth any rays. They paused here for a time in breathless suspense until they faintly heard the clock of the watchtower strike midnight; upon this they lit the waxen taper, which diffused an odor of myrrh and frankincense and storax.

The Moor began to read in a hurried voice. He had scarce finished when there was a noise as of subterraneous thunder. The earth shook, and the floor, yawning open, disclosed a flight of steps. Trembling with awe they descended, and by the light of the lantern found themselves in another vault, covered with Arabic inscriptions. In the center stood a great chest, secured with seven bands of steel, at each end of which sat an enchanted Moor in armor, but motionless as a statue, being controlled by the power of the incantation. Before the chest were several jars filled with gold and silver and precious stones. In the largest of these they thrust their arms up to the elbow, and at every dip hauled forth handfuls of broad yellow pieces of Moorish gold, or bracelets and ornaments of the same precious metal, while occasionally a necklace of oriental pearl would stick to their fingers. Still they trembled and breathed short while cramming their pockets with the spoils; and cast many a fearful glance at the two enchanted Moors, who sat grim and motionless, glaring upon them with unwinking eyes. At length, struck with a sudden panic at some fancied noise, they both rushed up the staircase, tumbled over one another into the upper apartment, overturned and extinguished the waxen taper, and the pavement again closed with a thundering sound.

Filled with dismay, they did not pause until they had groped their way out of the tower, and beheld the stars shining through the trees. Then seating themselves upon the grass, they divided the spoil, determining to content themselves for the present with this mere skimming of the jars, but to return on

some future night and drain them to the bottom. To make sure of each other's good faith, also, they divided the talismans between them, one retaining the scroll and the other the taper; this done, they set off with light hearts and well-lined pockets for Granada.

As they wended their way down the hill, the shrewd Moor whispered a word of counsel in the ear of the simple little water carrier.

"Friend Peregil," said he, "all this affair must be kept a profound secret until we have secured the treasure, and conveyed it out of harm's way. If a whisper of it gets to the ear of the alcalde, we are undone!"

"Certainly," replied the Gallego, "nothing can be more true."

"Friend Peregil," said the Moor, "you are a discreet man, and I make no doubt can keep a secret: but you have a wife."

"She shall not know a word of it," replied the little water carrier, sturdily.

"Enough," said the Moor, "I depend upon thy discretion and thy promise."

Never was promise more positive and sincere; but, alas! what man can keep a secret from his wife? Certainly not such a one as Peregil the water carrier, who was one of the most loving and tractable of husbands. On his return home, he found his wife moping in a corner.

Honest Peregil was moved by the distress of his spouse. His heart was as full as his pocket, and not to be restrained. Thrusting his hand into the latter he hauled forth three or four broad gold pieces, and slipped them into her bosom. The poor woman

stared with astonishment, and could not understand the meaning of this golden shower. Before she could recover her surprise, the little Gallego drew forth a chain of gold and dangled it before her, capering with exultation, his mouth distended from ear to ear.

"Holy Virgin protect us!" exclaimed the wife. "What hast thou been doing, Peregil? Surely thou hast not been committing murder and robbery!"

The idea scarce entered the brain of the poor woman than it became a certainty with her. Overcome by the horrors conjured up by her imagination, she fell into violent hysterics. What could the poor man do? He had no other means of pacifying his wife, and dispelling the phantoms of her fancy, than by relating the whole story of his good fortune. This, however, he did not do until he had exacted from her the most solemn promise to keep it a profound secret from every living being.

The honest Gallego retired to his sheepskin mat, and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down. Not so his wife; she emptied the whole contents of his pockets upon the mat, and sat counting gold pieces of Arabic coin, trying on necklaces and earrings, and fancying the figure she should one day make when permitted to enjoy her riches.

On the following morning the honest Gallego took a broad golden coin, and repaired with it to a jeweler's shop in the Zacatin to offer it for sale, pretending to have found it among the ruins of the Alhambra. The jeweler saw that it had an Arabic inscription, and was of the purest gold; he offered, however, but a third of its value, with which the water carrier was

perfectly content. Peregil now bought new clothes for his little flock, and all kinds of toys together with ample provisions for a hearty meal, and returning to his dwelling, set all his children dancing around him, while he capered in the midst, the happiest of fathers.

The wife of the water carrier kept her promise of secrecy with surprising strictness. For a whole day and a half she went about with a look of mystery and a heart swelling almost to bursting, yet she held her peace, though surrounded by her gossips. It is true, she could not help giving herself a few airs, apologized for her ragged dress, and talked of ordering a new basquina all trimmed with gold lace and bugles, and new lace mantilla. She threw out hints of her husband's intention of leaving off his trade of water carrying, as it did not altogether agree with his health. In fact she thought they should all retire to the country for the summer, that the children might have the benefit of the mountain air, for there was no living in the city in the sultry season, even though one might hire a house with a garden.

The neighbors stared at each other, and thought the poor woman had lost her wits; and her airs and graces and elegant pretensions were the theme of universal scoffing and merriment among her friends, the moment her back was turned.

If she restrained herself abroad, however, she indemnified herself at home, and putting a string of rich oriental pearls round her neck, Moorish bracelets on her arms, and an aigrette of diamonds on her head, sailed backwards and forwards in her slattern rags about the room, now and then stopping to admire herself in a broken mirror. Nay, in the impulse of her simple vanity, she could not resist, on one occasion, showing herself at the window to enjoy the effect of her finery on the passers-by.

As the fates would have it, Pedrillo Pedrugo, the meddlesome barber, was at this moment sitting idly in his shop on the opposite side of the street, when his ever-watchful eye caught the sparkle of a diamond. In an instant he was at his loophole reconnoitering the slattern spouse of the water carrier, decorated with the splendor of an eastern bride. No sooner had he taken an accurate inventory of her ornaments, than he posted off with all speed to the alcalde. In a little while the hungry alguazil was again on the scent, and before the day was over the unfortunate Peregil was once more dragged into the presence of the judge.

"How is this, villain!" cried the alcalde, in a furious voice. "You told me that the infidel who died in your house left nothing behind but an empty coffer, and now I hear of your wife flaunting in her rags decked out with pearls and diamonds. Wretch that thou art! prepare to render up the spoils of thy

miserable victim, and to swing on the gallows that is already tired of waiting for thee."

The terrified water carrier fell on his knees, and made a full relation of the marvelous manner in which he had gained his wealth. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the inquisitive barber, listened with greedy ears to this Arabian tale of enchanted treasure. The alguazil was dispatched to bring the Moor who had assisted in the incantation. The Moslem entered half frightened out of his wits at finding himself in the hands of the harpies of the law. When he beheld the water carrier standing with sheepish looks and downcast countenance, he comprehended the whole matter. "Miserable animal," said he, as he passed near him, "did I not warn thee against babbling to thy wife?"

The story of the Moor coincided exactly with that of his colleague; but the alcalde affected to be slow of belief, and threw out menaces of imprisonment and rigorous investigation.

"Softly, good Señor Alcalde," said the Mussulman, who by this time had recovered his usual shrewdness and self-possession. "Let us not mar fortune's favors in the scramble for them. Nobody knows anything of this matter but ourselves; let us keep the secret. There is wealth enough in the cave to enrich us all. Promise a fair division, and all shall be produced; refuse, and the cave shall remain forever closed."

The alcalde consulted apart with the alguazil. The latter was an old fox in his profession. "Promise anything," said he, "until you get possession of the treasure. You may then seize upon the whole, and if he and his accomplice dare to murmur, threaten them with the fagot and the stake as infidels and sorcerers."

The alcalde relished the advice. Smoothing his brow and turning to the Moor, "This is a strange story," said he, "and may be true, but I must have ocular proof of it. This very night you must repeat the incantation in my presence. If there be really such treasure, we will share it amicably between us, and say nothing further of the matter; if ye have deceived me, expect no mercy at my hands. In the meantime you must remain in custody."

The Moor and the water carrier cheerfully agreed to these conditions, satisfied that the event would prove the truth of their words.

Towards midnight the alcalde sallied forth secretly, attended by the alguazil and the meddlesome barber, all strongly armed. They conducted the Moor and the water carrier as prisoners, and were provided with the stout donkey of the latter to bear off the expected treasure. They arrived at the tower without being observed, and tying the donkey to a fig tree, descended into the fourth vault of the tower.

The scroll was produced, the yellow waxen taper lighted, and the Moor read the form of incantation. The earth trembled as before, and the pavement opened with a thundering sound, disclosing the narrow flight of steps. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the barber were struck aghast, and could not summon courage to descend. The Moor and the water carrier entered the lower vault, and found the two Moors seated as before, silent and motionless. They removed two of the great jars, filled with golden coin and precious stones. The water carrier bore them up one by one upon his shoulders, but though a strong-backed

little man, and accustomed to carry burdens, he staggered beneath their weight, and found, when slung on each side of his donkey, they were as much as the animal could bear.

"Let us be content for the present," said the Moor; "here is as much treasure as we can carry off without being perceived, and enough to make us all wealthy to our heart's desire."

"Is there more treasure remaining behind?" demanded the alcalde.

"The greatest prize of all," said the Moor, "a huge coffer bound with bands of steel, and filled with pearls and precious stones."

"Let us have up the coffer by all means," cried the grasping alcalde, motioning them back towards the opening.

"I will descend for no more," said the Moor, doggedly; "enough is enough for a reasonable man—more is superfluous."

"And I," said the water carrier, "will bring up no further burden to break the back of my poor donkey."

Finding commands, threats, and entreaties equally vain, the alcalde turned to his two adherents. "Aid me," said he, "to bring up the coffer, and its contents shall be divided between us." So saying he descended the steps, followed with trembling reluctance by the alguazil and the barber.

No sooner did the Moor behold them fairly earthed than he extinguished the yellow taper; the pavement closed with its usual crash, and the three worthies remained buried beneath it.

He then hastened up the different flights of steps, nor stopped until in the open air. The little water carrier followed him as fast as his short legs would permit.

"What hast thou done?" cried Peregil, as soon as he could recover breath. "The alcalde and the other two are shut up in the vault."

"It is the will of Allah!" said the Moor devoutly.

"And will you not release them?" demanded the Gallego.

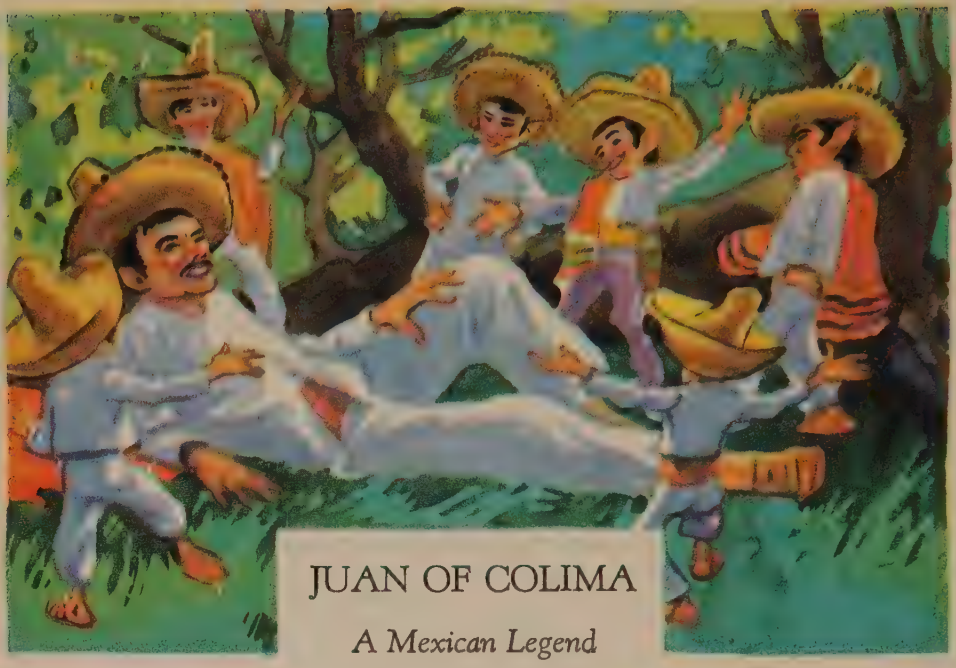
"Allah forbid!" replied the Moor, smoothing his beard. "It is written in the book of fate that they shall remain enchanted until some future adventurer arrive to break the charm. The will of God be done!" So saying, he hurled the end of the waxen taper far among the gloomy thickets of the glen.

There was now no remedy, so the Moor and the water carrier proceeded with the richly laden donkey toward the city, nor could honest Peregil refrain from hugging and kissing his

long-eared fellow laborer, thus restored to him from the clutches of the law; and, in fact, it is doubtful which gave the simple-hearted little man more joy at the moment, the gaining of the treasure or the recovery of the donkey.

The two partners in good luck divided their spoil amicably and fairly, except that the Moor, who had a little taste for trinketry, made out to get into his heap the most of the pearls and precious stones and other baubles, but then he always gave the water carrier in lieu magnificent jewels of massy gold, of five times the size, with which the latter was heartily content. They took care not to linger within reach of accidents, but made off to enjoy their wealth undisturbed in other countries. The Moor returned to Africa, to his native city of Tangiers, and the Gallego, with his wife, his children, and his donkey, made the best of his way to Portugal. Here, under the admonition and tuition of his wife, he became a personage of some consequence, for she made the worthy little man array his long body and short legs in doublet and hose, with a feather in his hat and a sword by his side, and laying aside his familiar appellation of Peregil, assume the more sonorous title of Don Pedro Gil: his progeny grew up a thriving and merry-hearted, though short and bandy-legged generation, while Senora Gil, befringed, belaced, and betasselled from her head to her heels, with glittering rings on every finger, became a model of slattern fashion and finery.

As to the alcalde and his adjuncts, they remained shut up under the great tower of the seven floors, and there they remain spellbound at the present day.



JUAN OF COLIMA

A Mexican Legend

IN A little Mexican village in the province of Colima, between the great volcano of that name and the Pacific Ocean, there lived two cousins, Juan and José. Both were peons, which means they were of the laboring class. Juan was a woodcutter, humpbacked and poor, but he was always jolly and ready to help others. José, on the other hand, was stingy and had saved much money. In fact, men hinted that he did not care how he came by wealth, just so that he got it.

One day when he was out in the forest chopping down a tree, Juan accidentally stepped in the path of the falling tree which crashed down so close to him that one great branch

Adapted from "The Hunchback of Colima," from *Myths and Legends Beyond Our Borders*, by Charles M. Skinner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

threw him to the ground and knocked him senseless. When he came to himself it was growing dusk and he thought he heard voices close by. Propping himself on his elbow, he could see a group of elves dancing near the fallen tree, and as they danced they chanted, over and over again, the Spanish words: *Lunes, Martes, Miercoles—tres.*[1]

Juan wondered why they did not sing the rest, so he called out, "Why don't you sing more words?"

"We don't know them," called back the little men.

"Here is what you should say: *Jueves, Viernes, Sabado—seis.*"[2]

The elves were delighted to learn another line for their song and repeated it again and again, dancing around Juan meanwhile, until one of them cried out, "Let us pay Juan for being so kind to us. Why not take off his hump?"

No sooner said, than done. Juan went home as straight a man as was to be found in all Colima. His neighbors said it was the blow from the falling tree that had done it, but Juan knew better. However, he did carry home a hump on his back just the same, for the little men filled a goatskin bag with gold and gave it to him. When he reached his hut and emptied the treasure before his wife, she hardly knew whether she was more pleased with the gold or with the straight, strong man that Juan had become.

They at once set about building a house and Juan set up a shop, that he might not go so far to his work any more. Men wondered where all Juan's wealth came from, and none more

[1] Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—three.
[2] Thursday, Friday, Saturday—six.

than José. But Juan always laughed and said the elves had given him his gold, and because he laughed when he told the truth, nobody believed it really was the truth. Still, José at last was convinced, for he had secretly questioned Juan's wife and she had told the whole tale.

"Elves! There are no elves," he said to himself. "Yet even so, it is worth looking into a bit." So he went to the wood, lay down under a tree, and pretended to sleep. When the moon rose, out came the little people and this time they danced to a song of two verses:

Lunes, Martes, Miercoles—tres;
Jueves, Viernes, Sabado—seis.

"Why don't you sing the rest of it?" called out José suddenly, sitting up.

"We don't know any more. What is it?" asked the elves.

"You should end with: *Domingo—siete.*"[1]

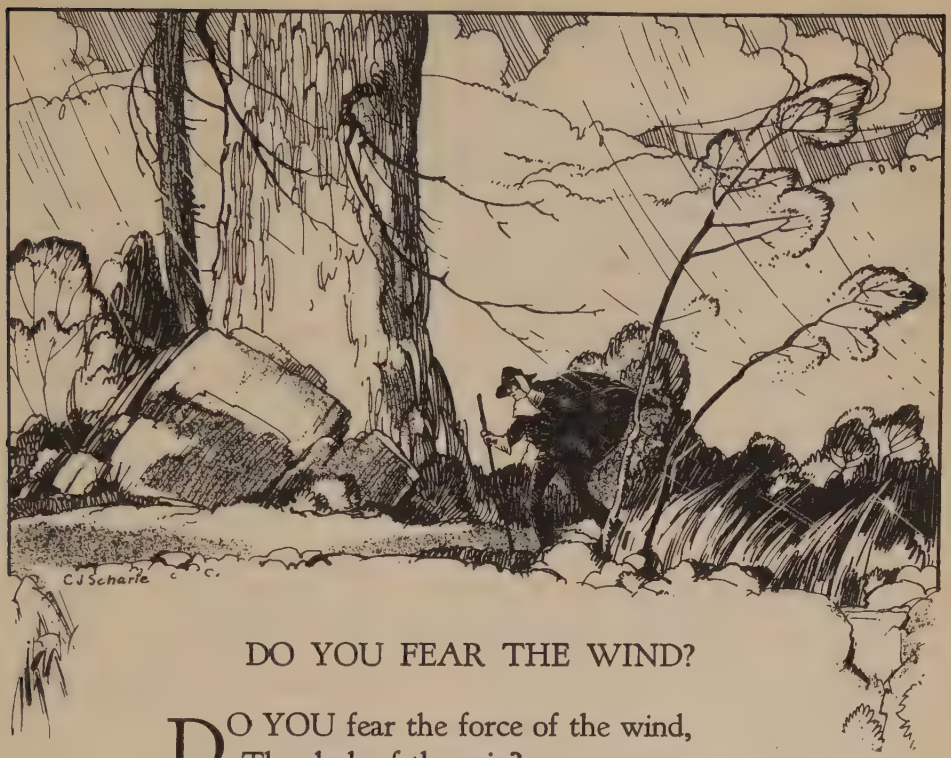
The elves tried it, then cried out angrily, "Why, you have spoiled it for us! That doesn't rhyme!" And they fell upon José and scratched and cuffed him soundly.

"Where is my gold?" José called, beating off the little men.

"So that is it," they answered. "You came for gold, and not to serve us." And for that sign of meanness and covetousness they put Juan's old hump upon José's back and he was forced to wear it ever after.

That is why, when people make needless and foolish remarks, the Mexican is likely to murmur as a warning, *Domingo—siete.*

[1] Sunday—seven.



DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?

DO YOU fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane:
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheeks will tan,
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy;
But you'll walk like a man!

HAMLIN GARLAND

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WHEN THE LITTLE BLOND SHARK WENT VISITING

PADRAIC COLUM

KAPU-KAPU was the father and Ho-lei was the mother of the Little Blond Shark—Ka-ehu-iki, he was called. He asked his parents' permission to go visiting; his mother was fearful on account of the dangers he might encounter, but his father reassured her, saying that no dangers would befall their child while he went visiting his relatives and making a tour through the wide ocean.

Kapu-kapu gave him permission to go, and he gave his child, too, advice that would last him until he came to where Ka-moho-ali'i was—Ka-moho-ali'i, the King of All the Sharks. And the Little Blond Shark asked his father to tell him the names of the King-sharks in the waters around, so that he might call on them and pay his respects to them. Kapu-kapu then chanted their names:

Ka-panila, the King-shark of Hilo,
And Kaneilehia, the King-shark of Kau;
Mano-kini, the King-shark of Kohala,
Ka-pu-lena, the King-shark of Hamakua,
And Kua, the King-shark of Kona.

And when he had heard these names Ka-ehu-iki, the Little Blond Shark, started off.

The first one he called on was the King-shark of Hilo. "Is the stranger on a journey for pleasure?" said Ka-panila to him when he appeared at his cave at Hilo. "For pleasure, and to

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obtain instruction and some knowledge of the world," said the Little Blond Shark.

This reply pleased Ka-panila, and he bade the youthful stranger enter his cave. Ka-ehu-iki came within, and the two talked and ate together. "I am now setting forth," said the Little Blond Shark; "but would you, my lord and my chief, consent to add dignity to my tour by being my companion on the way?"

The King-shark of Hilo consented, and in the morning the two started off together. They came to Kau. At first the King-shark of Kau treated them distantly, but in a while he was made friendly by the manners and the address of the Little Blond Shark. And when they started off in the morning, Kaneilehia of Kau had consented to accompany them.

They went on to Kona, to Kohala, and to Hamakua. The Little Blond Shark introduced the Kings to each other, and he prevailed upon each of them to join in the tour he was making.

And so they went on, a friendly and a fine-looking company of sharks, full of good will for everyone and everything and admired by all who saw them. Mano-kini of Kohala was the one who had been the hardest to win over. But he agreed to go with them when he heard that it was their youthful leader's intention to proceed to Tahiti. "Muli-wai-lena, the Yellow River of Tahiti!" he said; "I will go until I bathe in it." But he warned the rest that they would have to be careful in going through the channel near Hana, for the rough King Kau-huhu's general kept guard there.

"Perhaps he is warlike only when one approaches him in a warlike way," said the Little Blond Shark.

"Whether we approach him in a warlike or a peaceable way he will try to bar our passage," said Mano-kini.

"Very well," said the Little Blond Shark; "but I on my part will not forget that I am the offspring of Kapu-kapu, the guard of Panau, who never turned his back on a battle offered him. I will not forget that," said the Little Blond Shark.

At these words the Kings who were with him looked at each other and nudged each other. "The high blood will show, the high blood will show," they said.

When they entered the channel at Hana they were met by a line of ocean battlers, the rough guards of the rough King Kau-huhu. The guards challenged Ka-ehu-iki and his party. The Little Blond Shark told them that they were on a journey of pleasure, and that they were going to no nearer place than Tahiti.

"You're not going through King Kau-huhu's channel, anyway," said one of these rough ones.

"Why should we not?" asked the Little Blond Shark with dignity.

"If you attempt to cross this way, it will be war—do you hear that?" said the head guardsman.

"It is singular to hear you speak in such a way," said the Little Blond Shark. "You could not be more truculent if we had come here to make war."

"War it will be," said King Kau-huhu's head guardsman, "if any of you attempt to come in on these borders."

Then the Little Blond Shark called his companions, each by his name, his title, and his kingship, and spoke to them. "There

is but one way," he said, "and that is the way that is marked out by our own strength and bravery. You remain outside the channel," he said to his friends, "and if I should fail in this, the way is open for your return to your native waters."

Having said this, the Little Blond Shark went forward and challenged King Kau-huhu's head guardsman. The great shark mocked at him, saying that a battle with such an undersized crab would only be a pastime for him. The Little Blond Shark went towards him. The guardsman made ready. As he did so Ka-ehu-iki shot forward and seized him by the fins; he held the fins fast. The great shark went this way and that way, and up and down, but Ka-ehu-iki went this way and that way with him, and up and down, without ever letting go his hold. He bit and bit at the great shark, and at last he bit through him. Then all the watching sharks saw the channel's great guardsman float away dead.

They were all amazed at the strength and bravery shown by the Little Blond Shark. They went to him and praised him and told him they would have him for their leader. Then they went to the cave where that rough shark, King Kau-huhu, lived.

Instead of welcoming his visitors King Kau-huhu looked at them angrily. And the words he said were so cold and distant that Ka-ehu-iki was moved to say to him:

"Well indeed does your angry name befit you, King Kau-huhu; in no other royal cave that we have come to have we had such an unfriendly reception."

Kau-huhu was made more and more angry by the address of the Little Blond Shark, and he immediately challenged the

youngster to battle. Ka-ehu-iki called his companions, each by his name, his title, and his kingship, and he said to them: "Stay near and watch the battle. If I am overcome, the way is open for your return to your native waters, and if I am victor we will celebrate my day together."

Kau-huhu was impatient for battle; without waiting for the Little Blond Shark to take up a position, he rushed out at him, coming into the open with his jaws extented as if to take in everything in the ocean. Ka-ehu-iki slipped out of his way; then he caught at his fins and held them until Kau-huhu was wearied out. And then the Little Blond Shark bit through the surly King and left him to float off dead.

He called to his companions; they came forward and congratulated him on his victory; then they went through the channel making their way to the cave of Ka-moho-ali'i, the King of All the Sharks.

When they came before his cave they sent a respectful message to him within, informing the King of All the Sharks that they were on a peaceful tour of sight-seeing, and begging permission to wait upon him.

The guard came back, and Ka-ehu-iki and his friends were brought within a splendid cave where they were entertained and given a magnificent banquet. Then they were taken before the King of All the Sharks.

Ka-moho-ali'i appeared before them, a most impressive figure; he was all overgrown with barnacles, and sea-mosses were streaming down from him. All the visiting sharks admired their great and venerable King.

Ka-ehu-iki addressed him, introducing each of his companions by his name, his title, and his kingship. He explained the object of his journey. And then he prayed that Ka-moho-ali'i might adopt him as his grandchild. The King of All the Sharks was pleased with the appearance of the Little Blond Shark and with all he said, and he freely agreed to adopt him as his grandchild. He had Ka-ehu-iki anointed as a King is anointed.

"Ka-moho-ali'i sets the seal of his approval on you with this anointing," said the attendant, "and he grants you power second to none in all this broad ocean, from north to south, from east to west, and wherever your travels may take you, and none may triumph over you from one horizon to the other, even to

the borders of Tahiti. And those who might challenge you will know by these presents that quietness will be their safety and contentions will be their death."

They rested until next day in Ka-moho-ali'i's cave; at parting, the King of All the Sharks gave the youthful leader his blessing. Ka-ehu-iki replied: "O King of the Sharks of this wide ocean, we leave our humble and hearty thanks with you for the good will you have shown us, and we shall carry as far as the sacred crossroad of Nu'u-mea-lani and back the memory of your royal kindness to us."

Then they went to call upon Ka-ahu-pahau, the Queen-shark of the waters. By a circuitous route they were taken to her cave and they were presented to the Queen and all her court. Almost immediately they were asked to join a bathing-party that the Queen was taking to Wai-mano; they went, and they greatly enjoyed the waters there.

Afterwards they went back to the royal cave, where they were entertained by various games—kilu and puili. And there Ka-panila, the King-shark of Hilo, for the Queen's entertainment, chanted the legends of Hawaii that were known from the most ancient times.

At the end of ten days, when they were making ready to start on their journey, the Queen presented the youthful leader with her own ivory wreath; with this in his possession he would be recognized and accepted by the guardian-sharks of all the royal domains. She begged him to take a competent pilot with their party, one who knew the way to Tahiti and the way back. Ka-ehu-iki agreed to do this; Kua of Kona, who was originally

from Tahiti, who knew its waters, was the one chosen for pilot.

Under the guidance of Kua they came into the waters of Tahiti. They bathed in Muli-wai-lena, the Yellow River of Tahiti; they met and they conversed with their giant relatives. And everywhere they went the ivory wreath presented to Ka-ehu-iki by the Queen-shark won friendship for them.

They bathed in Muli-wai-lena, the Yellow River of Tahiti, for the last time, and then they started for their home waters. When they were near the islands they were met by a very degraded shark who thought that Ka-ehu-iki and all his company were of the same kind as himself. He proposed to the Little Blond Shark that they should go and attack human beings when they were surf-riding.

"Indeed," said Ka-ehu-iki, "and may we know who it is who makes this fine proposal?"

"I am Pehu," said this offensive shark.

"From where do you come, Pehu?" asked Ka-ehu-iki.

"From Hono-ko-kau," the fellow said. "Let us go and catch crabs," said he then, meaning by that that he would have them go and catch human beings.

The Little Blond Shark pretended to fall in with the fellow's proposals. He said to him: "We know how to come on these human beings. Follow us to the place where they are surf-riding." Pehu then followed them, and they all went on.

But Ka-ehu-iki said to Ka-panila, the King-shark of Hilo, who was beside him: "This degraded fellow would bring trouble upon Ka-ahu-pahau, the Queen-shark of these waters who was so hospitable to us, for if any man-eating took place here she

would be blamed for it. We will have to do something to bring his career to an end." He went back to Pehu and said to him: "Follow us to the place that the surf-riders start from. You go shoreward while we remain seaward. We will watch for you, and when we give you the signal you can seize on one of the human beings." Pehu agreed to this, and then Ka-ehu-iki said to Ka-panila: "Let us lead this Pehu to his death. Let us crowd in on him when he comes near the shallow place and force him in on it." All Ka-ehu-iki's companions agreed to do it.

That day the surf was breaking strong, and there were many human beings at the outer surf-line. The sharks all went in a quiet manner until they were close to where the human beings took the bursting wave. Pehu said, "Let us make a seizure

now." "No," said Ka-ehu-iki, "wait until they take the surf. Then let us all rush in together. We will be in the swell of the surf, and when I cry out to you, that will be the time to make the seizure." Pehu went on then, but he waited for the signal from Ka-ehu-iki.

Presently the surf rose, and two human beings rode on it shoreward. The sharks swam with them. And when they were near the shallows the Little Blond Shark gave the word to his companions. They crowded in on Pehu. He heard the signal that he waited for. He leaped forward and sunk his head in a coral crevice, and his tail stood up in the air. Then Ka-ehu-iki and his companions went back into the deep water.

When the human beings who were surf-riding caught a glimpse of the sharks they were greatly terrified, and they fled ashore. Later on they came back; they took the carcass of Pehu and they burned the degraded shark to ashes.

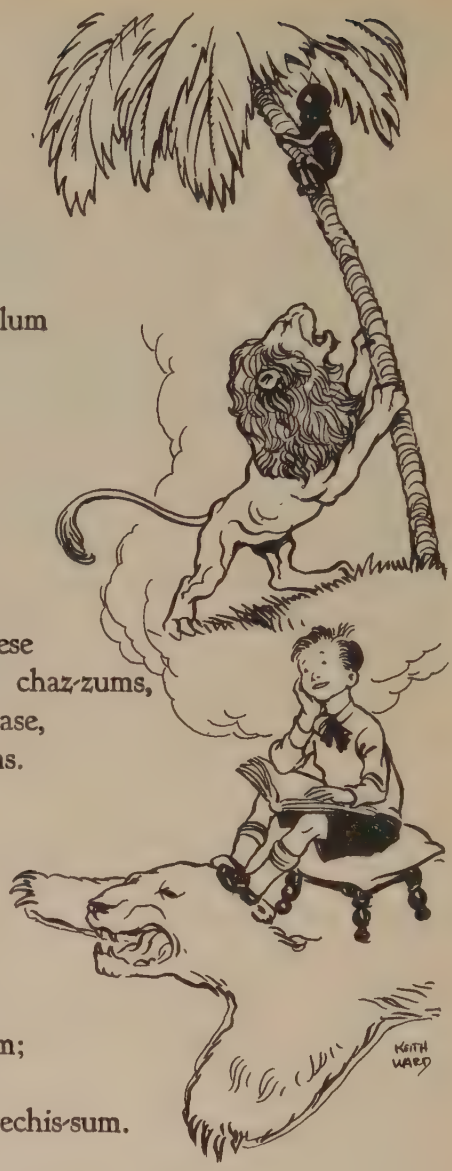
The Little Blond Shark and his companions went then to their home waters. Ka-panila of Hilo went with Ka-ehu-iki to Panau, where his parents were. You may be sure that Kapu-kapu was delighted to see his son so well-grown, so polished, too, by his travels, and so well commended by the Kings who had consented to join in his tour. He made a feast to welcome him home. For his mother and father it was a proud occasion when Ka-ehu-iki conveyed to them the royal greetings that had been given him for them, and the kind remembrances of so many distinguished sharks. Ka-panila told Kapu-kapu and Ho-lei of the great receptions that had been given them, and of Ka-ehu-iki's victories in battle. It was a tale that went on for many days.

SAGE COUNSEL

THE lion is the beast to fight;
He leaps along the plain,
And if you run with all your might,
He runs with all his mane.
I'm glad I'm not a Hottentot,
But if I were, with outward cal-lum
I'd either faint upon the spot
Or hie me up a leafy pal-lum.

The chamois is the beast to hunt;
He's fleeter than the wind,
And when the chamois is in front,
The hunter is behind.
The Tyrolese make famous cheese
And hunt the chamois o'er the chaz-zums,
I'd choose the former if you please,
For precipices give me spaz-zums.

The polar bear will make a rug
Almost as white as snow;
But if he gets you in his hug,
He rarely lets you go.
And Polar ice looks very nice,
With all the colors of a pris-sum;
But, if you'll follow my advice,
Stay home and learn your catechis-sum.



SIR ARTHUR THOMAS QUILLER-COUCH

THE BLACK DWARF

RETOLD BY GERALD FRIEDLANDER

THERE once lived long, long ago, in some happy land, a Jew named Samuel. He was most pious, but, as so often happens with the good, he was unfortunately very poor. He had an aged mother to keep, as well as a charming wife and two sons. He dealt in cheap second-hand old clothes. His scanty earnings barely sufficed to enable him to make both ends meet. It often happened that the family had neither meat nor vegetables from Sunday to Friday. He generally managed, however, to find sufficient money to procure a substantial meal of fish, meat, and wine for the Sabbath. His object was to honor the holy Day of Rest in accordance with the good old Jewish custom.

In spite of his extreme poverty he was always ready to share his frugal fare with those less fortunate than himself. Jew and Gentile were always welcome at his table. He was a man of principles which he strove to put into practice. One of his rules was never to spend quite as much as he earned. Another was never to lose heart, so much so that he was wont to exclaim on sundry occasions: "If God should help me and make me a man of means, I will help others to get on in the world."

It happened one Friday morning, when he was going his usual round, that he saw himself all of a sudden confronted by a dwarf with a very long black beard. The little man was dressed

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in a smart black suit. He was closely examining the bundle of old clothes on Samuel's arm.

"What have you got there?" asks the dwarf.

Samuel replies: "Old clothes for sale."

"What is the price of this suit on top, which I see is black?" queries the dwarf.

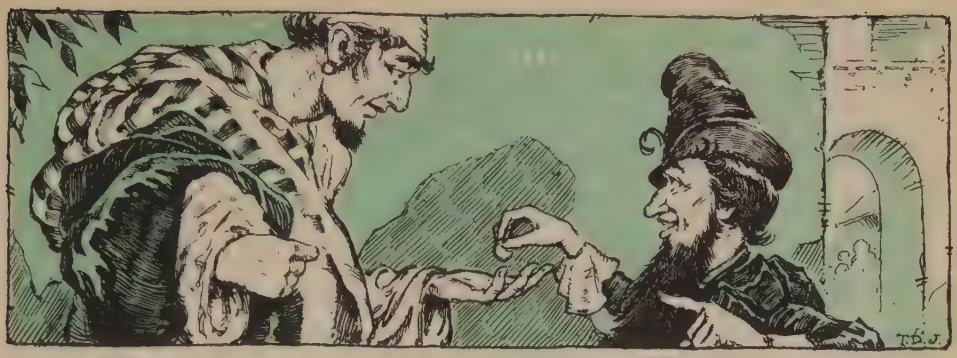
Samuel answers: "The price is ten shillings. I cannot afford to take less, but if it should please the good God to help me and to make me a man of means, I promise to give you an entire suit free of charge."

"So be it," cries the dwarf; "I agree to purchase this suit for ten shillings. I am sorry to tell you that I do not happen to have all that money about me just now. I will, however, give you half a crown as a deposit. One day I will call on you and pay you the balance. Meanwhile please be good enough to keep the suit for me, for it is now mine. Do you agree?"

"Most gladly," replies Samuel, who put forth his hand to receive the half crown.

The next moment the dwarf was no longer to be seen. "Well, I never!" said Samuel. "I have never seen such a funny little fellow, all in black, with such a long beard, and then to disappear just as suddenly as he crossed my path. Very strange! Most peculiar!"

Samuel looked hither and thither for him, but all in vain. "He must be lost in the crowd of passers-by," he said to himself. He then reminded himself that he knew neither the name nor the address of the dwarf, but he remembered that he had promised to call for the suit and to pay the balance. As an



honest man, Samuel naturally refused various offers which were made to him by several of his customers who desired to purchase the little black suit. His reply to each one was, "It is sold already." One customer even offered to pay twenty shillings for it, but in vain, for he was not to be tempted.

It was still early in the day when he had lost sight of the dwarf. Normally he would continue to work till an hour before the Sabbath came in. That day, however, he began to feel tired and worn out before noon. The bundle of clothes on his arm seemed to him to grow heavier and heavier every minute. "I must get home quickly," he said to himself; "I must not lose a moment, for I cannot stand the strain. My poor arm will break."

When at last he reached his house he cast down the bundle, which fell on the floor with a heavy thud. He told his wife what had happened to him, and the reason of his early return. "I sold," he added, "the old black suit for ten shillings; it cost me only four shillings, because it was so small. I have done a good stroke of business today, thank God! I feel most grateful to our Heavenly Father for His never-failing mercies."

Now, there are times when a modest and unassuming man finds genuine consolation in forgetting for a while his daily occupation. Such a man loves to shut his eyes on the real world as he knows it and to think for a moment of another world, and to dream of things that might come to pass if kind fortune would but smile on him. As an offering of thanksgiving Samuel resolved to spend the coming Sabbath with greater joy than was his usual wont. He told his wife that for once in a while he would do the shopping and buy the food for the Sabbath. "I shall also invite as many poor people as I can find," he added: "they shall share our meal this evening."

Away he went after he had had a good rest, and came to the butcher. He ordered a large rib of beef to be sent to his home. "I will pay," said he, "for it now." He tendered the half crown to pay his bill. This was the piece of money which he had received from the dwarf. The butcher took the coin, and lo! it was a sovereign, a real golden coin. He naturally gave Samuel the correct change. The latter observed that he was receiving much more than he expected, so he said, "Do not give me more than I am entitled to receive."

"Leave that to me," said the honest butcher.

Samuel then went to the baker's shop and bought bread. "How much do I owe you?" he asks.

"Tenpence," replies the baker.

"Good," says Samuel. He opened his purse and took out a shilling, which he placed in the baker's hand.

The baker beheld a sovereign in his palm and exclaimed: "I must give you nineteen shillings and twopence change."

Samuel took the money, and although he marveled greatly, he said nothing. The same miracle happened in all the shops he visited, with the result that not only did he obtain the best of everything he needed for the Sabbath meal, but he also found his pockets full of change. The dwarf's half crown had suddenly made him a wealthy man. The miracle was by no means exhausted. For he found on his return home, when he began to empty his pockets, that as soon as he had emptied them, lo! and behold, they were full again. This pleasant experience kept him very busy for a long time.

At last the hour of the Sabbath came near and he had to hurry to get to the Synagogue in time. Whilst on his way he was delighted to think that he had filled a large box with the coins. When he came to the House of Prayer he thanked the Almighty Father of Mankind with heartfelt gratitude for the great wealth so suddenly bestowed upon him. "Make me worthy, O Lord," he said, "to use this wealth aright, so that I may find grace in Thine eyes and in the eyes of all who see me." After the conclusion of Divine Service he sought out the poor people and was very happy to take all of them home with him.

After the termination of the Holy Sabbath he began to count his money. He was again exceedingly surprised to see golden coin in the box which he had filled with silver coin. "This is simply marvelous!" he exclaimed. He then went to the corner of the room where the old clothes were piled up. He was about to take up the black suit belonging to the dwarf in order to pack it up, when it seemed to him to be slightly moving.

"This is perchance due to the wind," said he. But he found

that the windows and the door were shut. He now put his hand on the black coat and he was startled to find it warm, and at the same moment he felt his own hand being very gently gripped by another hand. He tried to release his own hand, but he could not do so until he had lifted up the entire suit, which seemed to shape itself upon the figure of the dwarf, who now stood before him dressed in the black suit.

"Peace be unto you, good Samuel!" cries the dwarf; "you surely recognize me, do you not? I have just come in for a moment, as I promised, to fetch my suit. I thought I might as well try it on now I am once here. See how excellently it fits me. I could almost imagine it was made to order and cut to measure. I am very well satisfied with my purchase, and I am now quite ready to pay you the small balance I owe you."

"Stay!" whispers Samuel, with a slight tremor in his voice, "what is the meaning of all this? The half crown you gave me last Friday morning has grown into a fortune. At last I am wealthy—see, there is more money here in this box than I ever expected to possess. Take it back, good little friend; it is really yours."

"Nay," interrupted the dwarf, "I lend you all this money as long as you remain modest, pious, and charitable. It is your wealth as long as you know how to use it as it should be used, and as long as you do not suffer it to be abused by yourself or by your children. If it be squandered or hoarded it will disappear." The words were barely uttered before the dwarf had vanished, and Samuel felt the empty suit of black clothes falling across his arm.

He seemed almost stupefied, and passing his hand over his eyes he began to ask himself: "Am I dreaming? Truly our life is but a dream, and we feel most happy when we dream. All this business is very strange. I wonder how it will all end?" He then sat down in order to think matters over. Innumerable plans arose in his mind; he resolved to do this and to do that with his money; above all, he made up his mind to engage at once competent teachers to instruct his children, whose education had hitherto been somewhat neglected by reason of his dire poverty. He also resolved to find a more comfortable dwelling appropriate to the position in life in which his wealth now placed him. He then arose and filled his purse and set out to distribute its contents among the poor folk in the streets. On his return home he

determined to assemble his family and tell them all about his newly acquired wealth and the plans he had formed.

After he had told them all that had befallen him, his mother turned to him and expressed her great surprise that he should have allowed himself to be trapped and misled by the Evil One. She said: "O my dear son, know that the dwarf is Satan, and all that he has given you is accursed. Go and give away all the money to the poor, and we will be quite content to live as hitherto. Were we not all quite happy, even though we were sometimes hungry? Does not our Holy Bible tell us to avoid witchcraft and magic? Is not all this miracle but a piece of magic? All that has befallen you, dear son, is the work of witchcraft. Do you not see that I am right? Speak, dear Samuel."

"Yes, dear mother," cried he in fear, "I have ever striven to honor you and to obey you. I shall not fail now in doing my duty. I see, of course, the serious mistake I have made in having traffic with Satan. I will not trust him again, and as for his wealth, I do not want it; let him take it away. And now I will do exactly as you have bidden me."

Samuel's wife and the two little sons were too astonished to say a word. They also began to fear that the Evil One had bewitched them. Meanwhile Samuel was betaking himself to his storeroom where the money was, and when he came there a fresh surprise awaited him. The box was quite empty—the money had vanished. He immediately ran back to his family and told them that a new miracle had taken place.

"I came," says he, " to the storeroom to take the money to the

poor, and lo! the gold had disappeared, the box is empty, and I cannot explain what it all means."

"Did I not tell you," exclaims his mother, "that the Evil One had tricked you? First of all he gives you silver, then he changes it into gold, and finally he takes it all away again."

"Look!" cried the children in terror. "Who is that strange little black man at the door?"

They all turned toward the door, and there stood the black dwarf, with a kind smile across his little face.

"Do not be afraid of me, good friends!" said he. "I am neither Satan nor a friend of the Evil One."

"Who are you, then?" said the old lady.

"I am one of God's little messengers," he replies, "sent by the Holy One, blessed be He, to reward the honest and industrious. Your beloved father, dear children, is a pious and charitable man. And you, good woman, his mother, do not for a moment believe that he would have traffic with the Evil One. 'Tis true I gave him great wealth, and 'tis true I have taken it away again because you had no faith in the power of God to hear the cry of those in need. I will at once restore all the money if you all agree to use it properly. Now do you agree?" And they all said "Yes."

He then called to the younger of the two sons and said to him: "Just sit on my knee whilst I bless you." The little boy came to him and sat on his knee. He kept quite still whilst the dwarf was blessing him. After a while he began to play with the long black beard of the dwarf, when all of a sudden it fell off.

"Oh, dear me! What have I done?" he cried.

"Never mind," said the dwarf, "a new one will soon grow again." Whilst they were all looking at the dwarf, lo! a new beard grew there and then.

"Keep my beard," said he, "as a memento. It will remind you of a good friend, and now I must be off; so farewell till we meet again." The dwarf vanished and they all gathered round Samuel, asking him to see if the money had been restored. They all went to the storeroom, and sure enough the box was full of golden coins.

The rich Samuel then took a large house, and his family came to live there as soon as it was ready for them. One room was set apart, as it was to be used as a Synagogue. On the walls the following inscriptions were to be read: "Be diligent, honest, and true"; "Remember the poor"; "Fear evil and love the good"; "Seek peace and pursue it"; "Love God and thy fellow-creature." Samuel put the beard of the dwarf in a small cabinet in an adjoining room, the key of this room being entrusted to his wife's care.

Samuel and his family gathered together in their Synagogue every morning and night to praise their Heavenly Father and to thank Him for His loving-kindness. They did not forget the dwarf's instructions. The poor were always received most kindly in their house. Every deserving case was dealt with in a sympathetic manner.

His wealth became the talk of the town. In time he received a summons from the king to come to his court. His genuine modesty and consideration for others endeared him to all who met him. The king counted him among his friends and fre-

quently consulted him. "Let me serve you, most gracious sire!" said Samuel to the king, "and also the country where I live, and you will make me the happiest of men." He was variously employed on different occasions, and his ability enabled him to discharge his difficult tasks with complete success. The more he gave away in charity, the richer he grew. He never accepted any remuneration for the services he so gladly rendered on behalf of his king and country. His disinterestedness marked him out among his fellow-citizens.

As the years went by the sons grew up. They did not by any means come up to the standard expected by their parents. In time the elder son, Mark, left home and went abroad. His father had given him a large fortune on his departure, but he had soon squandered every penny of it. He wrote home to his father asking for further help. Samuel sent him the same sum he had originally given him, and he wrote to warn him that he was not carrying out the agreement which the dwarf had stipulated. He added: "Money is to be used and not abused. Unless you mend your ways you will not prosper." Within a year this son met his death whilst engaged in wicked frivolity.

Dan, the other son, remained at home, but his conduct was so very unsatisfactory that his mother took it so much to heart with the result that she became seriously ill and ultimately died. Her death was followed by the passing away of the aged grandmother. Samuel now sent for his son and said to him: "Alas! my son, your evil conduct has brought your dear mother to her grave. I know that my days are also numbered. I shall soon be with her and you will be alone in the world. You will inherit

all my wealth. I bid you remember how it all came to me in one day; it may also depart in one day. You gamble, you have evil companions who follow you for the sake of gain. You despise the poor, and I grieve to think you forget God. Repent, my son, now whilst the opportunity presents itself. It may be too late tomorrow, since there is no man alive who knows when he may be called from this earth. I cannot help you if you will not help yourself. Now go, and see if you cannot change your conduct."

With these words ringing in his ears, the lad left his father's presence and at once betook himself to his evil companions. He told them of the interview which he had just had with his father. They persuaded him to think that all would eventually be well, since he was the only son and heir. They even reminded him that one day he would possess the immense fortune of his rich father. Within the next few weeks the father died.

With the death of Samuel, the glory and honor of his name passed away. The immense wealth, of which everybody was speaking, also seemed to vanish. Dan found life unbearable in his father's large house. He allowed it to be neglected, and the doors were shut. The poor knocked in vain and went away unanswered. Dan gambled day and night. He became more reckless than ever. Ill-fortune seemed to dog his footsteps. Failure and disappointment were marked across his path. "Might-have-been," said his father's friends, when they saw him pass.

The lucky star of Samuel had set, never to rise again. At last Dan resolved to actually risk all he possessed in a last mad gamble

to regain all his previous losses. He again lost and found himself penniless. Remorse began to touch his heart. He hurried home and threw himself upon his bed. He wept till he could weep no more. He then began to think of the many charitable deeds of his father. He also remembered the black dwarf. "To him will I make my last appeal," said he to himself; "he helped my father and he will surely not refuse to assist me."

He sprang off his bed and ran to the little Synagogue in the house. He had not been there for such a long time — it all seemed so strange. He began to pray for help, and promised to behave better in the future if his prayer were answered. In the stillness of the holy place he seemed to hear his mother's voice whispering in his hot ears: "Work, work." "Ah!" cried he, "am I to work and help myself? What's the use of praying?" He then felt a key being pressed into his closed hand. He took it and left the Synagogue. He thought that the key might fit a room where, unknown to him, a portion of his father's wealth might be stored. He tried to fit the key in the various locks in the different rooms, but it did not fit any lock. At last he found a door at the end of a passage. He tried the handle and found it locked. He then put the key, which he held in his hand, in the lock, and it fitted exactly.

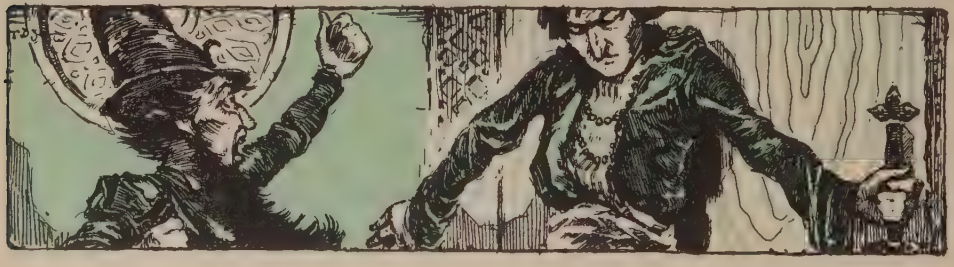
He unlocked the door and entered a large room. At one end there was a cabinet. His eyes gazed around looking for the piles of gold, but all in vain. On the wall facing the door he saw something gleaming, but when he came nearer he recognized the dwarf's face with the long black beard. He quickly turned round to escape the piercing look of his penetrating eyes, and he

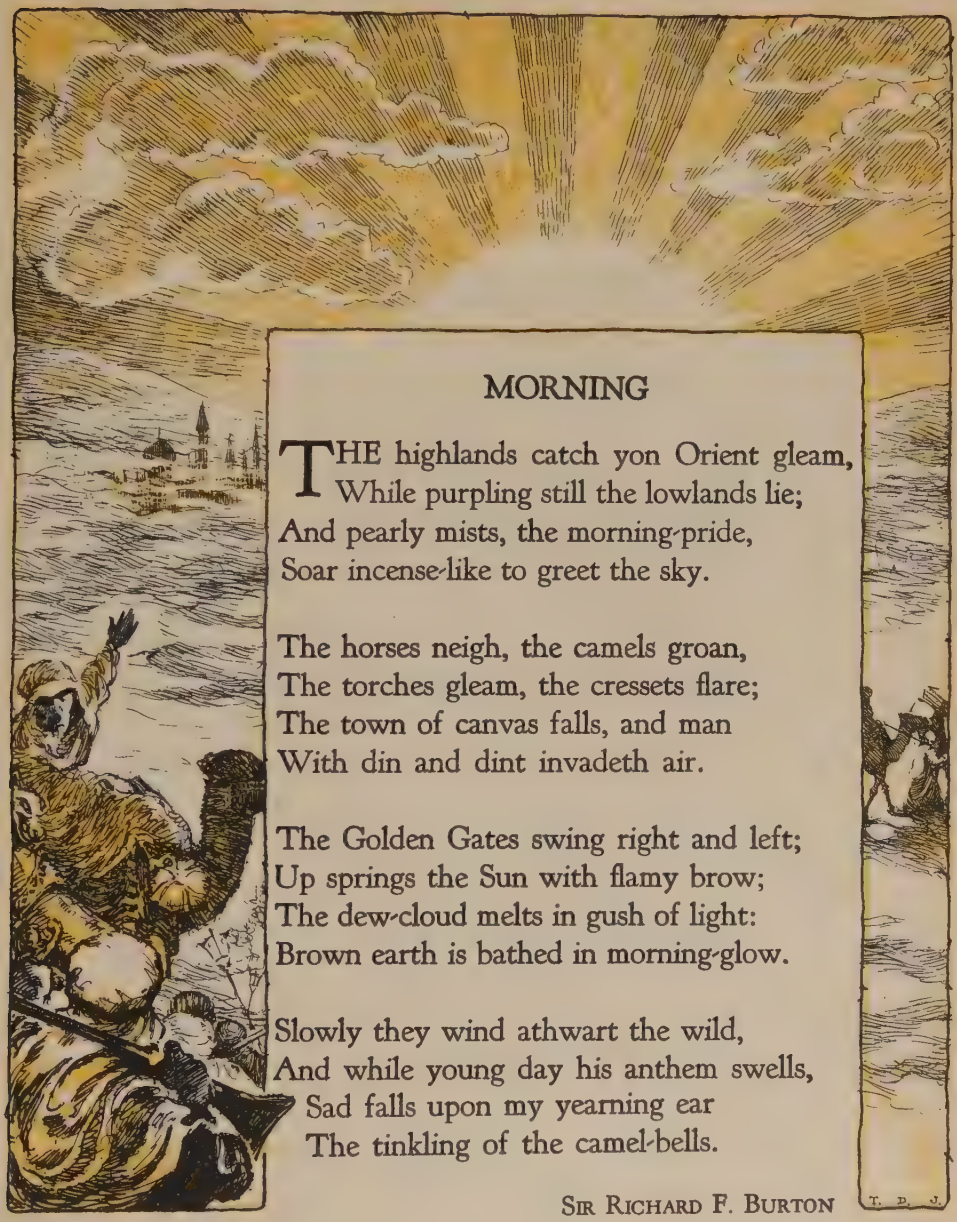
heard shrill laughter coming from the cabinet. He went nearer, and saw in it the black beard of the dwarf which he had pulled off when he was a little boy. He put his fingers in his ears to deaden the mocking laughter. He turned round again and saw on the wall opposite a fiery inscription which read: "Reap the reward of folly." The letters almost burnt his eyes.

"Away! Away!" he cried in terror, and he ran to the entrance. He found the door closed and locked.

"What is this," he shrieked, "here in my hand?" He looked and exclaimed: "It is half a crown. Well, this is lucky! I was just now penniless, and now I am like my wonderful father—with a lucky half crown to start my fortune."

"Not quite so quick, wicked spendthrift!" cried a little voice. "See, I am your dead father's old and true friend. You have squandered all his fortune which I lent him. I now come to you to demand the return of all the wealth I lent. This half crown which I just placed in your hand is to remind you that you do not even possess this very small amount. Reap the harvest you have sown." Without another word the dwarf—for he it was who was speaking—snatched away the half crown and vanished. Dan fell to the ground in a faint, and at that moment the house of Samuel shook and fell in.





MORNING

THE highlands catch yon Orient gleam,
While purpling still the lowlands lie;
And pearly mists, the morning-pride,
Soar incense-like to greet the sky.

The horses neigh, the camels groan,
The torches gleam, the cressets flare;
The town of canvas falls, and man
With din and dint invadeth air.

The Golden Gates swing right and left;
Up springs the Sun with flamy brow;
The dew-cloud melts in gush of light:
Brown earth is bathed in morning-glow.

Slowly they wind athwart the wild,
And while young day his anthem swells,
Sad falls upon my yearning ear
The tinkling of the camel-bells.

SIR RICHARD F. BURTON

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMAD AND THE FAIRY PERI BANU

From *The Arabian Nights*

IN DAYS of yore and times long gone before, there was a sultan of India who had three sons. The eldest was called Prince Husayn, the second, Prince Ali, and the youngest, Prince Ahmad. Moreover he had a niece, named Princess Nur al-Nihár[1], the daughter of his younger brother who, dying early, left his only child in her uncle's charge. The sultan busied himself with diligence about her instruction and took all care that she should be taught to read and write, sew and embroider, sing, and deftly touch all instruments of mirth and merriment. This princess also in beauty and loveliness, and in wit and wisdom, far excelled all the maidens of her own age and in every land. She was brought up with the princes, her cousins, in all joyance; and they ate together and played together.

The sultan had determined in his mind that when she reached marriageable age he would give her in wedlock to one of the neighboring royalties; but her uncle perceived that the three princes, his sons, were all deeply in love with her. Wherefore was the sultan sore troubled, thinking: "An I give the Lady Nur al-Nihár in wedlock to any one of her cousins, the other twain will be dissatisfied and murmur against my decision." Therefore, since he would not make them all unhappy

Abridged from *The Thousand Nights and a Night*, translated by Richard F. Burton. Printed in Benares, 1787.

[1]Light of the Day.

by wedding her to a stranger he determined to let the decision lie with the princes themselves.

Calling his three sons before him, he said, "Go ye and travel to distant countries, each one separating himself from the others; and do ye bring me back the thing most wondrous and marvelous of all the sights ye may see upon your way, and he who shall return with the rarest of curiosities shall be husband to the Princess Nur al-Nihár. Consent ye now to this proposal and all things shall be furnished according to your needs, for travel as well as for purchase of the rarity ye shall search after."

The three princes, who were ever submissive and obedient to their sire, consented with one voice to this proposal, each hoping to be the fortunate winner of the Princess Nur al-Nihár. Then the three princely brothers forthright made themselves ready for their journey, and took leave of their father. Early the following morning, well mounted and equipped, they rode forth from the palace. They traveled the same road until they reached a place where it branched off in three different directions. Here they alighted at a khan, or inn, and ate their evening meal. They determined that in the morning each should choose a different road for his adventure and that a year from that day they would meet at that selfsame place and proceed together to the palace of their father. Wherefore, the next morning, bidding each other farewell and success, each took his appointed way.

Prince Husayn, the eldest brother, who had heard recounted the wonders of the land of Bishangarh, and for a long while had wished to visit it, took the road which led thither. After three

months' travel he arrived at his destination. He lodged at a khan built specially for merchants who came from far lands, and there he learned that the city contained a large central market where men bought and sold all manner of rarities and wondrous things. Prince Husayn repaired to this bazaar and found the shops stocked with all kinds of merchandise. There were linens of finest tissue from India; silken goods and brocaded stuffs and finest satins from Persia and Egypt; in the China warehouses stood glass vessels of all kinds, while in other shops were displayed carpets and rugs of all descriptions. When he came to the shops of the goldsmiths, Prince Husayn was astonished at beholding such quantities of wrought gold and silver, and pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones for sale. Along the length of one street were ranged hosts of flower-sellers, and all the folk wore wreaths or garlands, or carried nosegays in their hands, so that the whole place seemed one huge garden, and the scented air was heavy with perfume.

Prince Husayn was presently tired, when one of the merchants, with kindly courtesy, invited him to be seated in his store. He had not been seated long before he saw a crier come that way, offering for sale a carpet some four yards square, and crying, "This is for sale; who giveth me its worth; to wit, thirty thousand gold pieces." The prince called to the crier and desired to see the carpet. When he had examined it well, said he, "A carpet such as this selleth for a few bits of silver. What

special virtue hath it that thou demand therefor the sum of thirty thousand gold coins?"

The crier made answer, "My lord, if thou thinkest I price this carpet at too high a value, know that I have orders to raise the price to forty thousand gold pieces ere I part with it. Know also that whoever sits upon this piece of carpeting and wishes himself in any other place, shall at once find himself transported thither."

"Truly," thought Prince Husayn, "no greater treasure could I find." And, turning to the crier he continued, "If indeed this carpet has the properties attributed to it, I shall not think the price too high."

"Sir," answered the crier, "an thou doubt my words, I pray thee put them to a test. Sit now upon this square of tapestry with me and at thy wish it shall transport us to that khan where thou dwellest."

Prince Husayn assenting, the man spread the carpet on the ground behind the shop and seated himself beside the prince

upon it, and then, at the mere wish of Prince Husayn the twain were at once transported into the prince's room at the khan. As he wanted no more convincing proof of the virtue of the carpet, the forty thousand coins were at once counted out as payment for the Flying Carpet, together with twenty thousand more as reward to the crier.

In this manner Prince Husayn became the possessor of the Flying Carpet, and was overjoyed that he had obtained so great a rarity, which he doubted not must win him the Princess Nur al-Nihár. Therefore he spent his days in seeing the fairs and festivals of Bishangarh, and when the time to join his brothers arrived, he spread his carpet, and bringing his steed and servants upon it also, wished himself at the khan where the three roads met. And there he awaited his brothers.

Prince Ali, the second brother, joined a caravan and journeyed towards Persia, or Iran-land, while Prince Ahmad wended his way to Samarkand. When the year was near its end the three brothers met as they had planned. Prince Husayn displayed his carpet; Prince Ahmad brought forth a Magical Apple, the mere scent of which could cure any illness, and Prince Ali showed an ivory tube through which might be seen anything the possessor desired to see, no matter how far distant it lay. But scarce had Prince Husayn looked through the Magical Tube than he cried aloud, for he had willed to see the Princess Nur al-Nihár, and had beheld her like to breathe her last. Aghast, the brothers seated themselves upon the Magical Carpet and were instantly conveyed to the apartment of the Princess, where they found themselves standing at her bedside.

Prince Ahmad at once put the fruit to her nostrils and in less than a second the cure was complete. She sat erect, as if waking from a refreshing sleep, and after greeting the princes, begged that they would retire, as she desired to dress.

The princes then fared forth to greet their father, the sultan, who was filled with satisfaction to see them again and to hear of the wonderful recovery of the princess, who was as dear to him as if she had been his daughter. Then the three brothers produced each one the wonderful thing he had brought: Prince Husayn the Flying Carpet; Prince Ali the Spying Tube, and Prince Ahmad the Magical Apple. The sultan, having heard all the princes had to say, realized how each gift had played a part in the recovery of the Princess, so said to them, "All three of your gifts had a like part and can claim equal merit in healing the Princess Nur al-Nihár; for it were impossible to have made her whole if any one of the three were wanting. Nor can I assign preference to any one of these gifts. My purpose was to marry the lady to him who should produce the rarest of rarities. Yet I cannot choose. So needs must I fix upon some other plan whereby I may adjudge one of you to be the winner."

Thereupon the sultan decided that each of the princes should procure him a bow and arrow, and he who should shoot the farthest, should win the princess. To this they agreed, and adjourned to a great plain where the contest was held. Prince Husayn shot first and his arrow traveled far indeed, yet the arrow of Prince Ali outdistanced him. But when Prince Ahmad drew bow, his arrow sped from sight, and though all searched diligently, it could in no wise be found. Though it was believed

he had shot the farthest, and therefore deserved the princess, as his arrow could not be found, the sultan decreed that Prince Ali had won the Princess Nur al-Nihár, and a few days later the marriage was celebrated with great pomp.

Prince Husayn, unable to bear the sight of the princess being given to another, did not wait for the nuptials, but left the court, renouncing his right of succession. He took refuge with a famous dervish, and remained in agreeable solitude the remainder of his life.

Prince Ahmad, urged by a similar motive, went forth to search for his arrow. He went so far that at last he began to think his search in vain, when he came to some craggy rocks, and among them he found, to his astonishment, his arrow, laid flat upon a rock. Wondering by what mysterious means his arrow had traveled so far and how it might be lying flat and not sticking into the ground, he turned, to see before him a hollow. This he followed into a subterranean passage. After going some distance he came to an iron door, which opened at once to his touch, revealing a narrow staircase. With his arrow in his hand he walked down it and soon saw a light ahead, and presently entered a square where stood a beautiful palace. From the great door a lovely maiden, garbed in queenly robes, and decked with costliest jewels, walked with stately gait, whilst round her ranged her attendants like stars about a moon of the fourteenth night.

Seeing this vision of beauty, Prince Ahmad greeted her with the salaam, and she returned it, saying, "Welcome, Prince Ahmad! I am pleased to have sight of thee."

The sultan's son, marveling greatly to hear her name him by name, thanked her for her welcome, but begged to know how she knew who he was. "Prince," said the lady, "let us go into the hall, and there will I give answer to thine asking."

So they went thither, Prince Ahmad following to a great room with walls and roof of exquisite workmanship, adorned with gold and lapis lazuli and paintings whose like was nowhere to be found in the world. When they were seated the lady explained that she was Peri Bánú[1] and that she it was who had sold Prince Husayn the Flying Carpet at Bishangarh, Prince Ali the tube at Shiraz, and to himself the Magical Apple at Samarkand. She also explained that when the princes shot their arrows, she it was who, seeing that his arrow would not out-

[1]Peri is a beautiful female spirit or fairy; Bánú is a lady of high degree.

fly that of Prince Husayn, had caused it to fly among the rocks at the entrance to her father's domain and there lie flat near the iron door. The lady also told of her father, a powerful djinn, adding, "I have full sanction of my parents to marry as I list, and beseech thee, therefore, to accept me as thy wife."

So charmed was the prince with the fairness of the lady and so captivated by her dignity and graciousness of manner, that he clean forgot his love for his cousin, the Princess Nur al-Nihár, and made answer, "O my lady, O fairest of the fair, naught else do I desire save that I may serve thee all my life long." The prince bowed to kiss the hem of her garment, but she prevented him, and gave him her hand, which he kissed. Then they plighted their troth, which stood for the marriage contract in that land.

So they lived happily for many moons, yet after a time the prince's memory awoke and he found himself longing to look again upon his father. Finally one day quoth he to Peri Bánú, "An it be thy pleasure, I pray thee give me command that I may leave thee a few days to see my sire." Though she feared that some sorrow might come from this visit, seeing that the prince grieved for a sight of his father, the Peri Bánú gave her consent and also supplied him with a retinue.

The sultan meantime had searched diligently for his missing son, and when other means failed, the grand vizier fetched a sorceress and desired her to use all her arts to find out where the Prince Ahmad was, but all she could learn was that he was alive and well. This was of some comfort to the sultan. Then, just before noon one day there was a great commotion at the

gates and in rode Prince Ahmad with his horsemen. The sultan rejoiced greatly at the sight and embraced his son with great tenderness. Peri Bánú had begged that Prince Ahmad should not reveal his marriage to the sultan, so the prince told only how he had found his arrow near the rocks and near by had found suitable shelter. After three days the prince bade farewell to his father and returned with his retinue whence he had come.

Each month for several months the prince visited his father for a few days, each time appearing with a richer and more splendid retinue, until the sultan lent ear unto his jealous favorites who whispered that Prince Ahmad had set himself up in a rival kingdom and was planning to conquer his father's domain. At last the sultan sent for the sorceress and bade her find out the mystery of Prince Ahmad. She followed Ahmad and his train when they left the court as far as the bleak rocks, but there they vanished.

Now when the moon had waxed and waned, on the day before the prince would leave home upon his monthly visit, the sorceress betook her to the rocks and when he rode forth she crouched low upon the ground, feigning illness. There Prince Ahmad found her and, being a most compassionate prince, he carried her back to Peri Bánú, begging that she give care and shelter to the aged woman.

At once Peri Bánú saw that the woman was pretending. Nevertheless she had the woman cared for, saying, "O my lord, I am pleased to see thy pitiful kindness towards this ancient dame but she practiceth deceit upon thee and I ween some enemy hath plotted against me and thee. Howbeit, go now in peace upon

thy journey." Whereupon the prince again took leave of Peri Bánú, and rode forth to visit his father.

No sooner was the prince gone than the old woman rose up from the bed on which she had been laid and declared herself so much better that now she could depart.

Hastening back to the palace, she told the sultan such tales that he was led to believe that his son and the fairy were plotting to take from him his throne. The sorceress counseled the sultan to ask from his son some gift that only a fairy might grant and thus prove her tale true.

Wherefore, when Prince Ahmad craved audience with his father upon the following day, the sultan revealed to him that the prince's marriage was known to him and added, "This day will I make a trial of thy interest by asking thee to obtain for me from the fairy, thy wife, a pavilion that closed might be carried in a man's hand, and which when opened would extend over my whole army."

Albeit the prince was astounded by such a request from his father, and sore troubled thereby, since he had at all times refrained from asking gifts from Peri Bánú, yet he freely confessed his marriage and told why it had been kept secret, adding, "I will ask my wife according to thy demand, yet cannot promise aught." Therewith he took his departure.

When he had come again to the palace of Peri Bánú, straightway she saw that something was amiss, and questioned him until

he confessed the request of the sultan. "I will speedily set thy mind at rest," answered the fairy, and at once sent one of her handmaidens to the treasurer to ask for such a pavilion as the sultan desired. The handmaiden fared forth and straightway returned with a small roll that she placed in Prince Ahmad's hand. Scarce had he thought that the fairy was making mock of him when she commanded her servants to set up the tent upon the plain, and when they had done this, so immense was it that it might cover an army nigh twice the size of that of the sultan. Then the servants again folded it into the tiny roll.

Prince Ahmad at once set forth for the court with the pavilion, which he presented to the sultan, his father, who could not conceal his amazement at the wonder of it. Yet so did this gift arouse his jealousy, that he consulted the sorceress again, and she told him to ask for water from the fountain of lions.

Wherefore, the following morning he summoned his son and made request for a bottle of water from the fountain of lions, which cured all manner of illness. Sadly the prince betook himself again to Peri Bánú and told of the new demand made by the sultan, and she straightway made answer, "Methinks the sultan, thy sire, would put both me and thee to the test by requiring such boons as those suggested to him by the sorceress. Yet an thou do as I say, little danger lies in this adventure. In the hall of yonder castle which riseth on that mountain is a fountain sentineled by four lions, fierce and ravening; and they watch the path that leadeth thereto, a pair standing on guard whilst the other two take their turn to rest, and thus no living thing hath power to pass by them. Yet will I aid thee that thou mayst gain thy goal."

Then the fairy gave him a ball of thread that would roll ahead and show him the way, and also a sheep cut into four quarters. She told him that when he had come to the gates, the two lions that were on guard would roar and rouse the other two, but he must throw to each one a quarter of the sheep and then quickly step forward, fill his phial, and make his escape.

All this he did, and when he had gone from the fountain but a little distance he looked back and saw the lions coming after him. When he made to draw his sword, they retired a little way and nodded their heads and wagged their tails as if to assure the prince he might ride on safely, and so two leaped ahead and led the way, and the second twain followed at a distance until he was within sight of the palace gates, when they turned and went back whence they had come.

Prince Ahmad bore the phial to the sultan, his father, but although the latter was pleased with the gift, yet did he fear the power of his son, and so called the sorceress secretly to him and sought her counsel. Wherefore, in the morning he again summoned his son and said, "My son, wonderful indeed are the gifts thou hast given me. Yet would I make one last request. I have a desire to see a man of size and stature no more than three feet high, with beard full twenty ells in length, who beareth on his shoulder a quarter staff of steel, thirteen score pounds in weight, which he wieldeth with ease and swingeth around his head even as it were a cudgel of wood."

Thereupon the prince took his leave and returned to the palace where he greeted Peri Bánú, who at once knew by his dejected manner that the sultan had again made demand upon him for some singular gift. When at last she prevailed upon the prince to tell of his father's demand, he repeated his father's words, adding, "I cannot imagine where there is such a man in the world, and if there be one, how I can prevail upon him to accompany me to the court of the sultan, my sire."

"Nay," answered Peri Bánú, "that need trouble thee no longer. Know that such a man is my brother Shabbar, and that when I summon him, he will gladly do as I ask him." Whereupon the fairy ordered a gold chafing dish to be set with a fire in it and upon this she poured a rare incense so that there arose a thick cloud of smoke. In a few moments there appeared a little man, no more than three feet high, with beard full twenty ells in length, mustaches curling up about his ears, eyes like live coals, while on his shoulders he bore the heavy bar of iron.

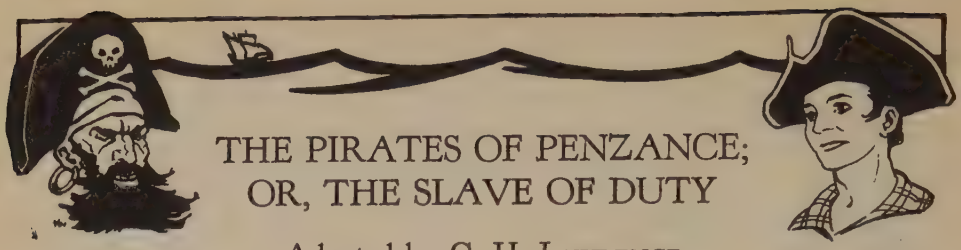
Had not the fairy prepared him for her brother's appearance, Prince Ahmad had been frightened, so terrible seemed the little man, yet right friendly was he when his sister, having welcomed him, said, "This mortal that sitteth by my side is my husband." She then explained what the sultan had desired of his son and at once Shabbar agreed to go with the prince to the court of the sultan.

When they entered the city, people fled right and left at sight of Shabbar so that they two entered the palace without hindrance, even the guards fleeing as for their lives. They proceeded at once to the throne room, where Shabbar marched fiercely up to the sultan, without waiting to be presented, saying, "O sultan, thou hast expressed a wish to see me, and lo, I am here. Say what thou wouldst have me do!"

The sultan, instead of answering, held up his hands before his face, that he might not behold that frightful figure, and turning his head, would have fled. Filled with anger at this rudeness of the sultan after having come so far at his desire, Shabbar raised his staff of steel and smote him but one blow, ere Prince Ahmad could interfere. The sultan lay where he fell and the prince had but time to intercede for the vizier who had always been his friend, and had given the sultan good advice. "These others, then, must have given him bad advice," replied Shabbar, and he smote all the flatterers and favorites of the sultan, who, rendered motionless by fear, failed to escape. He then demanded of the vizier the sorceress, and when she was brought, her also did he smite with his bar, so that none were left but those who wished Prince Ahmad well.

Then said he, "All the city will I treat as I have these who lie before me, unless they at once proclaim my brother-in-law, Prince Ahmad, as sultan of all this land." All the people swore fealty to Prince Ahmad, whom they truly loved, and he was proclaimed Sultan of India. Shabbar then had his sister brought to the court with great pomp.

To his brother Ali and his wife, Princess Nur al-Nihár, the new sultan assigned a large province to rule over and would have done the same for Prince Husayn, had not the latter expressed preference for his hermit life. But Prince Ahmad and Peri Bánú, with Shabbar as their guardian, lived long and happily as rulers of all the Indies.



THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE; OR, THE SLAVE OF DUTY

Adapted by C. H. Lawrence

AROUND their campfire, in a secluded nook on the Cornish coast, loafed as unsavory a pirate crew as ever scuttled a ship. But each ruffian, for all his blustering swagger, wore his too-black beard and heavy scowl with a strange air of trying to conceal eyes that could be kindly and a mouth that longed to smile.

Suddenly their snatches of song and rough laughter were interrupted by a huge rascal, heavier of beard and scowl than the rest, who strode up to a handsome, beardless young pirate. Clapping the youth on the shoulder the Pirate King, for it was indeed he, boomed, "Congratulations, Frederic! From today you rank as a full-blown member of our band."

"I thank you for your kind wishes," said Frederic sadly. Then he added firmly, "But today I leave you forever. As a child I was apprenticed to you through an error and all these years I have been honor bound to you. Today I am of age, and at twelve o'clock I am free to go."

"Error? What error?" cried a pirate, as the King fell back, aghast.

"That I cannot tell," answered Frederic, with a noble gesture of resignation, "for it would reflect on Ruth."

From the Operetta by Gilbert and Sullivan.

Scarcely had he spoken when a figure whose skirts alone proclaimed her a woman, pushed its way into the group. It was Ruth, the pirates' maid of all work.

"If he will not tell, I will," Ruth cried. "As Frederic's nurse maid, I was commissioned by the child's father to apprentice him to a pilot when he was eight, but being slightly deaf I misunderstood and apprenticed him to a pirate instead. In atonement, I followed him and joined the pirate band to watch over my charge. Oh, Frederic," she wept, "can you forgive your Ruth?"

Her sobs touched Frederic's heart and he freely forgave her, but added that while he loved the pirates one and all, their calling disgusted him, and as at that hour his obligation ceased, he would leave them.

"But once I leave you," he warned them, "I will feel in duty bound to devote myself to your extermination."

The pirates wept at losing him, but they agreed that Frederic must follow the dictates of his conscience. "There is but little temptation to remain with us," a pirate said gloomily. "I don't know why, but we do not seem to make piracy pay."

This was all too true. As pirates they were dismal failures. Since his hour of quitting the band had not yet arrived, Frederic felt it his duty to explain to them that the trouble was their tender-hearted way of treating captives. Besides, they made it a practice never to capture an orphan, because, being orphans themselves, they sympathized with that sad state. As a result, everyone they captured claimed to be an orphan, and thus they never held anyone captive or had any booty.

"Why, the last three ships we caught," Frederic reminded them, "were manned entirely by orphans, and we had to let 'em go."

Hardly a credit to the trade of Morgan and Teach were these simple, trusting hearts that masqueraded in wild dress and black looks. But when Frederic pleaded with them to give up piracy and join him in a decent occupation, the King, who never tired of playing the pirate, sang,

It is, it is, a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King.

And he led his men away, singing:

Oh, better far to live and die
Under the brave black flag I fly.

Scarcely had the pirate band departed when girlish laughter was heard in the distance. Interested and curious, Frederic climbed upon a high rock and was astounded to see a bevy of beautiful maidens approaching. As he had seen no woman except Ruth since he was eight years old, to him even the plainest was lovely!

He turned to Ruth who had lingered near and cried scornfully "Oh, false one! you have deceived me——

> You told me you were fair as gold
> And now I see you're plain and old.

In his disillusionment Frederic bade her begone. Then not wishing to be seen in his pirate's clothing by the approaching girls he hid in the nearby pirate cave. But to Frederic's consternation when the young girls reached the beach they began to take off their shoes and stockings. This was too much for the modest chap. Blushing furiously he rushed upon them, crying, "Stop, ladies, I pray!"

With horrified shrieks the girls hid their bare feet and then demanded to know who he was.

"I am a pirate," stammered Frederic, ashamed and still blushing.

The frightened girls drew away from him, but Frederic begged them not to shun him, assuring them that he had renounced his vile profession. He then asked their assistance, but at first not one of them would take pity on him. Finally the youngest and daintiest of all, golden-haired Mabel, stepped shyly up to him and, turning on her sisters, stamped her little foot.

Oh, sisters, deaf to pity's name, for shame!
It's true that he has gone astray, but, pray,
Is that a reason good and true why you
Should all be deaf to pity's name?

Mabel drew Frederic towards the rocky cliff and there they sat and talked. The youth straightway lost his heart to the beautiful and sympathetic maiden and neither of them paid any attention to the chiding of her sisters. Suddenly Frederic sprang to his feet in alarm, for he remembered it was time for the pirates to return. Too late! Even as the frightened girls turned to flee, each found herself seized by a grinning pirate. With loud laughter the pirates sang:

Now here's a first-rate opportunity
To get married with impunity.

With that they started to carry the girls away, and strangely enough the maidens did not struggle nearly as hard as one might have expected.

But even as they gained the edge of their pirate lair, Mabel rushed upon the Pirate King and cried, "Hold, monsters! Ere you proceed against our will to wed us all, bear in mind that our father is a Major General!"

The startled pirates paused, and in that moment they saw approaching a splendid figure in a bright uniform and gold lace, who strode with majestic tread into their midst.

"Yes, yes, I am a Major General!" he announced with dignity. Taking advantage of their momentary awe he proceeded to tell them of his extensive educational qualifications and that:

In matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major General!

Imagine his distress when he realized that the fierce-eyed men before him were the famous Pirates of Penzance, and that they proposed to marry his daughters with or without his consent. Hastily recalling the pirates' peculiar weakness, the Major General put on a sorrowful air and explained that he was an orphan.

This announcement was received with howls of disgust by the pirates, but their sympathy for the poor orphan prevailed in the end. So the King in a most kindly manner proclaimed:

You may go, for you're at liberty;
Our private rules protect you:
An honorary member of our band
We do elect you.

Then Major General Stanley was permitted to leave with his daughters and with them went Frederic. As the ex-pirate looked back he saw the King surrounded by his crew on a high rock, bravely waving the Black Flag.

Major General Stanley took Frederic with him to his home and accepted him as a future son-in-law. But the Major General was sad. His conscience troubled him. He had deceived the pirates. He was *not* an orphan! In vain he humbled himself before the tombs in the ruined chapel adjoining his castle, trying to find peace of mind.

His daughters attempted to comfort him, and Frederic did his best to point out that since the General had but lately bought Tremorden Castle, the occupants of those tombs were not his

ancestors at all. Nevertheless the General contended that they were his "ancestors by purchase," and as such must suffer to think he had deceived the pirates so shamefully.

Frederic, in the meantime, had planned to lead a troop of policemen against the pirates. So when other means of distracting the Major General failed, Frederic sent for his troop, and their marching feet and brave display aroused the Major General from his sorrow. They were a gallant and courageous looking company as they lined up for the Major General's blessing. Unfortunately, Mabel mentioned some of the dangers that beset their path. Sadly they said:

> Such expressions don't appear
> Calculated men to cheer
> Who are going to meet their fate
> In a highly nervous state.

In fact, it took great encouragement to persuade them to go on their mission. But they marched away at last and the Major General and his daughters entered their castle. Frederic was preparing to follow the policemen, when a voice called softly to him from the darkness.

"Who calls?" he demanded.

"Your late commander," came the guarded reply; and before Frederic realized what had happened the Pirate King and Ruth sprang forward, each clapping a pistol to his head. There was nothing to do but listen quietly while they explained what had brought them to him. And a most wonderful tale they unfolded to the startled Frederic.

It seemed that after Frederic had quit them they lay and sobbed upon the rocks for very sorrow. Then one of the pirates had discovered that according to his indenture or contract Frederic was bound to them until his twenty-first birthday. Interpreting that statement literally, the King explained to Frederic that he was "only five and a little bit over."

At first Frederic was impatient of such nonsensical talk but the Pirate King soon persuaded him that counted by birthdays he was only a little boy of five, because his birthday came but once in four years, as it fell on the twenty-ninth of February. To prove this point Frederic's indenture papers were produced and even he had to join in their uproarious laughter at the idea that despite the fact that he was a man grown, he was, by birthdays, but five and a quarter. However, when he realized that he had been apprenticed until his twenty-first *birthday* he quickly sobered. As a matter of duty he would again have to become a member of the pirate band instead of leading an expedition against it!

Poor Frederic! Much as he abhorred their calling, his duty lay clear. More, he felt constrained to tell the King of Major General Stanley's falsehood in claiming to be an orphan.

"What," cried the King, "to save his contemptible life he dared play on our credulous simplicity? Our revenge shall be swift and terrible. We will gather our band and attack Tremorden Castle this very night!" And off he dashed into the night, followed by Ruth.

Left behind, Frederic sank hopelessly on a stone, wondering what to do. He looked up to see Mabel standing before him.

"My Frederic in tears!" she exclaimed, wondering. "It cannot be his lion heart quails at the coming conflict."

"No, Mabel, no," Frederic replied. "A terrible disclosure has just been made. I——" words almost failed him—"I was born in leap year!" And he explained to the mystified Mabel the whole horrid truth of his being bound to the pirates until his twenty-first birthday.

In vain she pleaded with him to forget duty and honor and remain with her—but Frederic fled after the Pirate King in order to escape temptation.

Mabel instantly realized the danger her father and sisters were in, so she hurriedly summoned the Sergeant of Police and explained matters to him. This new complication perplexed him greatly. Sadly he shook his head as he said, "A policeman's lot is not a happy one." He was preparing to do his duty when a sound warned him of the approach of the pirate crew. Silently the policemen went into hiding.

Cautious steps were heard and shadowy forms came creeping through the ruins of the chapel. Led by Frederic, Ruth, and the King, the pirate band approached, singing softly as they came:

> With cat-like tread, upon our foe we steal;
> In silence dread our cautious way we feel!
> No sound at all, we never speak a word;
> A fly's footfall would be distinctly heard!

All around the unsuspecting pirates lay the police, awaiting the command to attack. A light flickered in the entrance to

the castle and the pirates fled to cover. All unaware of the hidden pirates and policemen the sleepless, unhappy Major General came out into the still night to wrestle with his guilty conscience. He had told a lie. There was no getting away from it. A few moments later the Major General's lovely daughters came in search of their father, lighting their way with tapers that scarce pierced the darkness.

Instantly the Pirate King sprang up and ordered his men to seize the Major General. The pirates dashed forward at the instant the Sergeant of Police led his men to the attack. Then ensued a wild battle. The policemen fought bravely but they were forced to give ground before the savage onslaught of the pirates. One after another they were brought to the ground. When all were overcome the pirates stood over the policemen with drawn swords. But the Sergeant proved himself a man of spirit and resource. As he lay beneath Ruth's broad foot, while she waved her sword victoriously above him, he shouted boldly:

> To gain a brief advantage you've contrived;
> But your proud triumph will not be long-lived.

"Don't say you're orphans," interrupted the Pirate King. "We know that game!"

But the vanquished foe had a stronger claim. The Sergeant boldly demanded that they yield in the name of the ruler of England, Queen Victoria. This put a different face on the situation! What man, even a pirate, could have his loyalty doubted? With one accord they allowed the police to rise and to a man

they knelt before them as the Pirate King proclaimed humbly:

> We yield at once with humbled mien,
> Because, with all our faults, we love our Queen!

The policemen seemed satisfied with this humble surrender, but the Major General, enraged by the scare the pirates had given him, demanded that they all be haled off to prison. Then Ruth stepped forward.

"Stop!" said she, sternly. "These men are members of no common throng. They are all noblemen, belonging to the House of Lords, peers of the realm, who have gone wrong."

Major General Stanley was deeply touched. "In that case," he declared, "they are all pardoned," and at once declaimed:

> I pray you pardon me, ex-Pirate King!
> Peers will be Peers, and youth will have its fling!
> Resume your rank and legislative duties,
> And take my daughters, all of whom are beauties!

At once the ex-pirates rushed to claim the maidens they had once tried to steal, nor did the maidens seem loth to accept them. So Frederic, the slave of duty, forsook piracy for good and claimed Mabel as his bride.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

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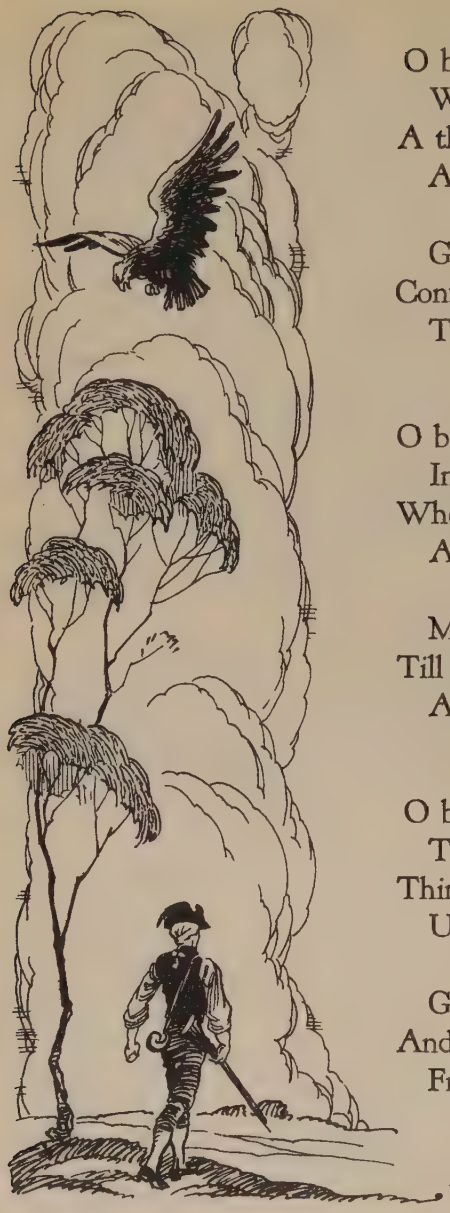


O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

KATHARINE LEE BATES

THE CRAB FAMILY

ILSIEN NATHALIE GAYLORD

OF ALL the big ocean's smaller children, the crabs behave the very worst. They are fierce little fighters, always ready for a battle with anyone. At least most of them are. They are "smart as whips." Such tricks as they play on the other poor little sea-folk!

You will find little hermit fellows on almost any beach. Up in Alaska, over in Maine, in sunny Florida waters, on English beaches, in the tropics, and even deep down in the ocean the hermit crabs find a home.

Of one thing about these hermits you may be sure. Wherever they choose to live, all the other little sea-folk there will just have to stand back and let them do exactly as they please. A hermit crab always insists on that. If any little sea fellow objects, then he must stand up and fight about it. Usually he ends down in the hermit's stomach.

You must surely look for one of these peppery little gentlemen the next time you are on the beach. He will probably be bumping and tumbling along the sand in the shallow water, peering into this shell and that. Of course he is out house hunting as usual. A hermit crab spends much of his time looking for different houses to live in. He has no stout shell of his own to cover his soft body, and so he has to steal someone else's house. He well knows that all sorts of big sea-folk would pounce on him if he were not all covered up by a shelly coat.

From *Little Sea-Folk*. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

So up and down the beach he goes, or across the rock-pool floor, peeping into all sorts of shells. There is a report about him that he doesn't care whether they are "for rent" or not. If he finds one he likes, and some little shell person is living in it, out he jerks the little fellow and eats him up.

Even worse things than that he does, so people say. Sometimes he finds a shell with another little hermit crab in it. Then there is trouble, big trouble. They fight and tug and pull until one or the other is beaten. If the little robber hermit is the victor, he pops himself out of his old shell and into the one he has just stolen. Perhaps, after all that fighting and trouble, he is not very comfortable there. Then off he goes to find another house which fits better.

A hermit crab starts his house hunting when he is just a tiny fellow. How proud and happy he is with his first home. Usually it is an old whelk or periwinkle shell. That does quite well for a while. But by and by the little hermit isn't happy any more. His house has begun to pinch. That is because he has grown bigger.

More and more it pinches until something must be done about it. Then off he goes to find a larger home. Of course the hermit keeps on growing and so again and again he has to change into larger houses. At last it is almost a habit with him to hunt for new shell homes and move into them.

A hard time the little hermits have with the big sea-folk. The large fishes are always gobbling them down, shell and all. Even their very own cousins, the big crabs, keep a sharp watch for any little hermit they can find. This danger everywhere about them has made the poor hermit crabs use all sorts of schemes to protect themselves.

One little fellow lets a bright red sponge grow all over his shell. He well knows how safe that makes him, for live sponges taste very badly indeed. Fishes cannot bear even the smell of them. So of course they will not touch a hermit crab who is all covered with one. Fortunately the little hermit does not dislike the smell of his bright sponge.

Another clever little hermit lets a sea anemone ride on his shell. The anemone has stinging threads in its body, and it throws them out at whatever comes near. The threads paralyze the very small sea-folk, and sting the mouths of fishes. Of course the fishes do not like that at all. So they let any little

hermit well alone who carries a sea anemone around with him.

In another way the anemone helps too. As it grows larger and larger, it finally covers the hermit's shell all up. After a while it absorbs it. Then the little hermit is surely happy, for he can stretch and grow all he wishes, in the soft body of the anemone. That means that he will never need to go house hunting again.

Some of the little hermits have bright red bodies, and others are pale and shiny. One little fellow has black tiptoes. Usually you will see the hermit's feet and part of his body sticking out of his shell. That will be when he is walking or eating. But when danger is near, he pops away back into his shell house and shuts the door.

What do you suppose he uses for a door? He uses one of his feet. It grows very large and hard and thick, and just fits into the opening. Not many enemies can get past that great claw-door.

There are some southern hermit crabs who are dreadful thieves. People call them robber crabs. That is because they are always stealing cocoanuts. Right up the trees they crawl, and with their sharp claws pick open the cocoanuts and eat them. These hermits are big fellows, two feet long. They have burrows at the foot of the trees, and they live in the ocean only part of the time.

But the hermit crabs are not the only curious ones in the family. On English beaches in the wet sand lives the funny masked crab. He has a shell of his own which grows on his back and covers it. And in his shell are wrinkles which make it look like a funny face, or a mask. No two faces are alike.

Some are solemn and some are smiling. Others are cross and ugly. Really it seems as if the whole family had dressed up in comic masks for a frolic. Everyone who sees these funny faces has to laugh at them, for they are so ridiculous.

Then down in Florida lives another queer little crab—"the 'fraid one," children call him. Poor little fellow! He just had no peace at all, until one day he happened to think of something. He would hide under an empty shell. Then the big sea-folk—wicked creatures!—could not find him and eat him up. And so, ever since, the little 'fraid one has held an empty shell over his back, like a big umbrella. To do it he has to grab it fast with two of his legs. Just think of always having to hold two legs up over one's head. But the little crab had much rather do that than go without his safe umbrella. Of course the big sea creatures do not care about empty shells, and they never guess that a fat little morsel of a fellow is hiding under this one.

Another timid little crab thought of a different place to hide. It slipped into a shell where an oyster was living. The oyster really has two shells, one on each side of his body. But they are hinged together, and they open like a money purse when the oyster wants to eat. If danger comes near, he snaps his two-sided shell fast together. The little crab who hides in the oyster shell is a wee thing. It measures only about an inch. The oyster is ever so much larger, really almost like a giant beside the little crab. Of course that makes the wee crab feel very safe; and the oyster seems to like having a little lodger live with him.

Most crabs have a stout shell covered with spines and knobs. But this little crab has smoothed away all his prickles, so as not

to hurt the oyster's soft body. It has made its shell very thin, too, for of course it does not need a stout one of its own any more. The thick oyster shell protects it far better than its own ever did.

A dainty pink-and-white little lady is this oyster crab. Usually it is only the lady crabs who slip into the oyster shells to live. The gentlemen oyster crabs prefer to stay outside, where they can swim around as they wish. They are even smaller than their little crab wives, and they dress in a suit of brown. Perhaps now and then you have seen one of these wee pink-and-white lady crabs in your oyster stew at the table.

There are other tiny crabs, too, who "room" with the big sea-folks. Some of the little "pea" crabs live in the shells of the sea urchins. Others take lodging with the hermit crabs in their stolen shell houses. But most of the crabs depend on their own shells to protect them. Usually the color and shape of a crab's shell is like the rock and sand and seaweed around it.

Imagine this prickly fellow among the rocks or coral. As long as he keeps still, he looks just like a piece of the coral. On the Florida rocks, and even farther north, is where he lives.

Another queer crab person lives on the sand in the water. When he wants to sleep he folds his legs close to his body. Then he looks exactly like a small round stone. He is called the box crab, and he can be found from the Middle States down to Florida. On the Pacific coast from Washington to Mexico live other kinds of boxlike crabs. Some of them are great fellows nearly a foot broad. Although they look like big stones or rough shells, they are not any better hidden than the kelp crab.

He is a tiny fellow, only about two inches square. His color is yellow-green, and it just matches the seaweed where he lives. You will find him all along the California coast, in the seaweed on the rocks. He isn't a 'fraid little crab at all, for he knows what sharp eyes it takes to spy him there in the kelp.

Little squatty toad crabs too live in shallow water on both the northern Pacific and Atlantic coasts. They belong to the family of "spider" crabs, as people call them. They do make you think of spiders, with their long legs and small fat bodies. Except for the hermits, these funny spider crabs are the smartest ones in all the family. They are lazy folk, always sitting around in some corner and taking a nap. However, long ago they found that was a dangerous thing to do. The fishes think that nothing tastes as good as a little spider crab. Of course the crabs

couldn't stand that. So they had to think of some trick to deceive the fishes.

The trick is to dress all up in seaweed and sponges and anemones. Then the fishes never suspect that a fat little spider crab is anywhere around. To dress up like that is hard work. First the little crab tears off a bit of seaweed. Then he holds it in his mouth for awhile. That is to make it gluey, so it will stick on his back. Often the seaweed does not stay the first time the crab holds it against him. Then he has to chew it again. Perhaps several times he has to try patiently to make it stick. Finally it is fastened on. Then he begins with a new piece, and so on and on, until at last he is all covered up.

They are clever little fellows, these spider crabs. There is no deceiving them. People have changed them from one place to another to see what they would do. One was put where no seaweed was growing. Only sponges were there.

It did not take the little crab long to notice that no seaweed grew anywhere near. So he hurried fast to pull off all of his own seaweed and throw it away. Then he patiently set to work to cover himself with the sponges. Another little fellow changed his green seaweed for red. He did that because he was put where only red seaweed grew.

Down in the warm ocean where the coral grows, lives another little crab. He too knows very well indeed how to take care of himself. In each front claw he holds a stinging anemone. If you should go too near him, he would wave the anemones at you.

That is what he does when an enemy starts toward him.

As you know, most of the ocean folk are very careful about swimming too close to an anemone's stinging threads. Sharply the little crab eyes whatever comes near him, ready for any signs of danger. A regular ocean cowboy he is, with a weapon in each hand.

He makes a gay picture, this little fighter crab there on his coral. Around his legs are bands of purple, and his body is yellow and pale rose. The anemones are green and the coral is pink. Perhaps sometimes he is mistaken for a bright anemone or a part of the coral. That would help to protect him, for of course the big sea people cannot eat such things.

Indeed that is probably why the little crab wears just those colors, for Nature never wastes color. There is always a good reason for its being wherever it is, on the flowers, birds, animals, shells, and on all these little sea-folk. In some way it helps either to hide them from their enemies or else it warns their enemies to let them alone.

. . . . . .

The "blue" crab lives on the Atlantic coast, where it is muddy. His body is green, his spines red-tipped, and his feet are blue. He is the soft-shelled crab which we like to eat.

A big red-brown crab with yellow legs lives on our western coast. He is at least four or five inches long, and seven inches across. People like to eat him too. All the way from Alaska to Mexico live the little shore crabs. One is purple and the other is yellow. Only about an inch wide are these little fellows, and there are hundreds of them. You cannot miss finding them.

But loveliest of all the family is the orchid crab. It has a

purple back, edged with rose. Its body and legs are yellow, its claws rose-red. You will find it in the warm south, in southern Florida and the West Indies. Very often these showy crabs live somewhat back from the water, in burrows at the roots of trees. There their rosy claws look like bright petals dropped from some flower.

Perhaps some of you have already seen the fiddler crabs. They are such queer fellows. One claw is very large, and they are always waving it around. The other little claw generally goes too, like a fiddle and its bow. That is why people call them the fiddler crabs.

Farther and farther away from the ocean these crabs are learning to live. To do it they have followed back up the rivers which empty into the sea. Now some of them can get along nicely with water that is almost all fresh. They have to press back up the waterways to find a place to live, for there are hundreds upon hundreds of these little fiddler crabs on the Atlantic beaches.

. . . . . .

Little dwarfs and great giants too there are in the crab family. The wee dwarfs are hairy little fellows, just about a quarter of an inch wide. They dress in striped red suits with white dots. Only where the water is warm can they live, from the Middle Atlantic States down to Florida.

THE SPARROW-KING'S REWARDS

Korean Folk Tale

IN THE province of Chullado, in Southern Korea, lived two brothers. One was very rich, the other very poor. For in dividing the inheritance, the elder brother, instead of taking the father's place and providing for the younger children, kept the whole property to himself, allowing his younger brother nothing at all, and reducing him to a condition of abject misery. Both men were married; but Nahl Bo, the elder, had no children, while Hyung Bo had several children. The elder brother lived in a fine, large compound, with warm, comfortable houses; the younger had built himself a hut of broom straw, the thatch of which was so poor that when it rained the folk within were deluged. The room was so small, too, that when Hyung Bo stretched out his legs in his sleep his feet were apt to be thrust through the wall.

They had no money for the comforts of life, and were glad when a stroke of good fortune enabled them to obtain the necessities. Hyung Bo worked whenever he could get work, but

Adapted from *Korea: Fact and Fancy*, by Dr. Horace N. Allen. Seoul, Korea: Methodist Publishing House.

rainy days and dull seasons were a heavy strain upon them. The wife did plain sewing, and together they made straw sandals for the peasants and vendors. At fair time the sandal business was good, but then came a time when no more food was left in the house, the string for making the sandals was all used up, and they had no money for a new supply. Then the children cried to their mother for food, till her heart ached for them, and the father wandered off in a last attempt to get something to keep the breath of life in his family.

Not a kernel of rice was left. The famine became so serious in the little home that at last the mother commanded her son to go to his uncle and tell him plainly how distressed they were, and ask him to loan them enough rice to subsist on till they could get work, when they would surely return the loan.

The boy did not want to go. But the mother commanded him to go, and he obeyed. He found his uncle sitting on the little veranda under the broad, overhanging eaves.

The man gruffly demanded, "Who are you?" "I am your brother's son," he said. "We are starving at our house, and have had no food for three days. My father is away now trying to find work, but we are very hungry, and only ask you to loan us a little rice till we can get some to return you."

The uncle's eyes drew down to a point, his brows contracted, and he seemed very angry, so that the nephew began looking for an easy way to escape in case he should come at him. At last Nahl Bo looked up and said: "My rice is locked up, and I have ordered the granaries not be opened. The flour is sealed and cannot be broken into. If I give you some cold victuals,

the dogs will bark at you and take the food from you. Get out, and let me never see you here again." So saying, he caught the poor boy by the collar and threw him into the outer court. Returning home, the boy tried to conceal from his mother how badly he had been used and made light of the matter.

Their fortune had turned, however, for the father returned with a bale of fagots he had gathered on the mountain, and with the sale of these, food was purchased. Bright and early then next morning both parents went forth in search of work. The wife secured employment winnowing rice. The husband overtook a boy bearing a pack, but his back was so blistered he could with difficulty carry his burden. Hyung Bo adjusted the saddle of the pack frame to his own back, and carried it for the boy, who, on their arrival at his destination in the evening, gave his helper some cash, in addition to his lodging and meals.

With the spring came the birds from the south country, and they seemed to have a preference for the home of this poor family—as indeed did the rats and insects. The birds built their nests under the eaves. They were sparrows and as they made their little mud air castles, Hyung Bo said to his wife: "I am afraid to have these birds build their nests there. Our house is so weak it may fall down, and then what will the poor birds do?" But the little visitors seemed not alarmed, and remained with the kind people, apparently feeling safe under the friendly roof. By and by the little nests were full of fledglings.

One day, when the little birds were taking their first lesson in flying, Hyung was lying on his back on the ground, and saw a huge roof-snake crawl along and devour several little birds

before he could arise and help them. One bird struggled from the reptile and fell, but, catching both legs in the fine meshes of a reedblind, they were broken, and the little fellow hung helplessly within the snake's reach. Hyung hastily snatched it down, and with the help of his wife he bound up the broken limbs, using dried fishskin for splints. He laid the little patient in a warm place, and the bones speedily united, so that the bird soon began to hop around the room, and pick up food laid out for him. Soon the splints were removed, however, and he flew away, happily, to join his fellows.

The autumn came; and one evening—it was the ninth moon—as the little family were sitting about the door, they noticed the bird with the crooked legs singing to them.

"I believe he is thanking us and saying good-by," said Hyung, "for the birds are all going south now."

That seemed to be the truth, for they saw their little friend no longer, and they felt lonely without the occupants of the now deserted nests. The birds, however, were paying homage to the king of birds in the birdland beyond the frosts. And as the king saw the little crooked-legged bird come along, he demanded an explanation of the strange sight. Thereupon the little fellow related his narrow escape from a snake, and his rescue and subsequent treatment by a very poor but very kind man.

His bird majesty was much entertained and pleased. He thereupon gave the little cripple a seed engraved with fine characters in gold, denoting that the seed belonged to the gourd family; this the bird was to give his benefactor in the spring.

The winter wore away, and the spring found the little family almost as destitute as when first we described them. One day they heard a familiar bird song, and, running out, they saw their little crooked-legged friend with something in its mouth that looked like a seed. Dropping its burden to the ground, the little bird sang to them of the king's gratitude, and of the present he had sent, and then flew away.

Hyung picked up the seed with curiosity, and on one side he saw the name of its kind, on the other, in fine gold characters, was a message saying: "Bury me in soft earth, and give me plenty of water." They did so, and in four days the little shoot appeared in the fine earth. They watched its remarkable growth with eager interest as the stem shot up, climbed all over the house, blossomed, and soon four small gourds began to form. They grew to an enormous size, and Hyung could scarcely keep

from cutting them. His wife prevailed on him to wait till the frost had made them ripe, however, as then they could cut them, eat the inside and make water-vessels of the shells, which they could then sell, and thus make double profit.

He waited till the ninth moon, then got a saw and sawed open the first huge gourd. He worked so long that when his task was finished he feared he must be in a swoon, for out of the open gourd stepped two beautiful boys, with a table of jade set with dainty cups. Hyung staggered back and sought assurance of his wife, who was fully as dazed as was her husband. The surprise was somewhat relieved by one of the handsome youths stepping forward, placing the table before them, and announcing that the bird king had sent them with these presents to the benefactor of one of his subjects—the bird with broken legs.

The next gourd was opened as was the first, and out tumbled all manner of household furniture, clothing, and rolls upon rolls of fine silk and satin cloth, linen goods, and the finest cotton. The satin alone was far greater in bulk than the gourd had been, yet, in addition, the premises were literally strewn with costly furniture and the finest fabrics. They barely examined the goods now, their amazement having become so great that they could scarcely wait until all had been opened, and the whole seemed so unreal that they feared delay might be dangerous. Both sawed away on the next gourd, when out came a body of carpenters, all equipped with tools and lumber, and, to the utter and complete amazement of Hyung and his wife, the men began putting up a house as quickly and quietly

as thought, so that before they could arise from the ground they saw a fine house standing before them, with courts and servants' quarters, stable, and granaries. Simultaneously, a great train of bulls and ponies appeared, loaded down with rice and other products as tributes from the district in which the place was located. Others came bringing money tribute, servants, male and female, and clothing.

They felt sure they were in dreamland now, and that they might enjoy the exercise of power while it lasted, they began commanding the servants to put the goods away, the money in the *sahrang,* or reception room, the clothing in the *tarack,* or garret over the fireplace, the rice in the granaries, and animals in their stables. Others were sent to prepare a bath, that they might don the fine clothing before it should be too late. The servants obeyed, increasing the astonishment of the pair, and causing them literally to forget the fourth gourd in their amazed contemplation of the wondrous miracles being performed, and the dreamy air of satisfaction and contentment with which it surrounded them.

Their attention was called to the gourd by the servants, who were then commanded to carefully saw it open. They did so, and out stepped a maiden, as beautiful as were the gifts that had preceded her. Never before had Hyung looked on anyone who could at all compare with the matchless beauty and grace of the lovely creature who now stood so modestly and confidingly before him. He could find no words to express his boundless admiration, and could only stand in mute wonder and feast himself upon her beauty.

The maid said: "I am sent by the bird king to be your daughter." So they gladly welcomed the maiden and conducted her to apartments set aside for her.

When Nahl Bo heard of the wonderful change taking place at his brother's establishment, he went himself to look into the matter. He found the report not exaggerated, and began to upbraid his brother with dishonest methods, which accusation the brother stoutly denied, and further demanded where, and of whom, he could steal a house, such rich garments, fine furniture, and have it removed in a day to the site of his former hovel. Nahl Bo demanded an explanation, and Hyung Bo frankly told him how he had saved the bird from the snake and had bound up its broken limbs, so that it recovered; how the bird's return brought him a seed engraved with gold characters, instructing him how to plant and rear it; and how, having done so, the four gourds were borne on the stalk, and from them, on ripening, had appeared these rich gifts. The ill-favored brother even then persisted in his charges and a quarrel ensued, during which the elder brother took his departure in a rage, fully determined to use the secret of his brother's success for all it was worth in securing rich gifts for himself.

Going home he struck at all the birds he could see. After killing many, he succeeded in catching one, and, breaking its legs, he took fishskin and bound them up in splints, laying the little sufferer in a warm place, till it recovered and flew away, bandages and all. The result was as expected. The bird being questioned by the bird king concerning its crooked legs, related its story, dwelling, however, on the man's cruelty in killing so many birds and then breaking its own legs. The king understood thoroughly, and gave the little cripple a seed to present to the wicked man on its return in the spring.

Springtime came, and one day, as Nahl Bo was sitting cross-legged in the room opening on the veranda off his court, he

heard a familiar bird song. Dropping his long pipe, he threw open the paper windows, and there, sure enough, sat a crooked-legged bird on the clothesline, bearing a seed in its mouth. This the bird dropped and flew away. Nahl Bo rushed out, secured the seed, planted it carefully, and felt that his fortune was made.

The vines were most luxurious. They grew with great rapidity, till they had well-nigh covered the whole of his large house and out-buildings. Instead of one gourd, or even four, as in the brother's case, the new vines bore twelve gourds, which grew and grew till the great beams of his house fairly groaned under their weight, and he had to block them in place to keep them from rolling off the roofs. He had to hire men to guard them carefully, for now that the source of Hyung Bo's riches was understood, everyone was anxious for a gourd. They did not know the secret, however, which Nahl Bo concealed through selfishness, and Hyung through fear that everyone would take to killing and maiming birds as his wicked brother had done.

At last, when the gourds were ripe, shutting out everyone but a carpenter and his assistant, Nahl Bo prepared for the great surprise which he knew must await him, in spite of his most vivid dreams.

The carpenter insisted upon the enormous sum of 1,000 cash for opening each gourd, and as he expected to be of princely wealth in a few moments, Nahl Bo agreed to the exorbitant price. Whereupon, carefully bracing a gourd, the men began sawing it through. It seemed a long time before the gourd fell in halves. When it did, out came a party of rope dancers such as perform at fairs and public places. Nahl Bo was un-

prepared for any such surprise as this, and fancied it must be some great mistake. They sang and danced about as well as the crowded condition of the court would allow, and the family looked on complacently, supposing that the band had been sent to celebrate their coming good fortune. But Nahl Bo soon had enough of this. He wanted to get at his riches, and seeing that the actors were about to stretch their ropes for a more extensive performance, he ordered them to cease and take their departure. To his amazement, however, they refused to do this, until he had paid them 5,000 cash for their trouble. "You sent for us and we came," said the leader. "Now pay us, or we will live with you till you do." There was no help for it, and with great reluctance and some foreboding, he gave them the money and dismissed them.

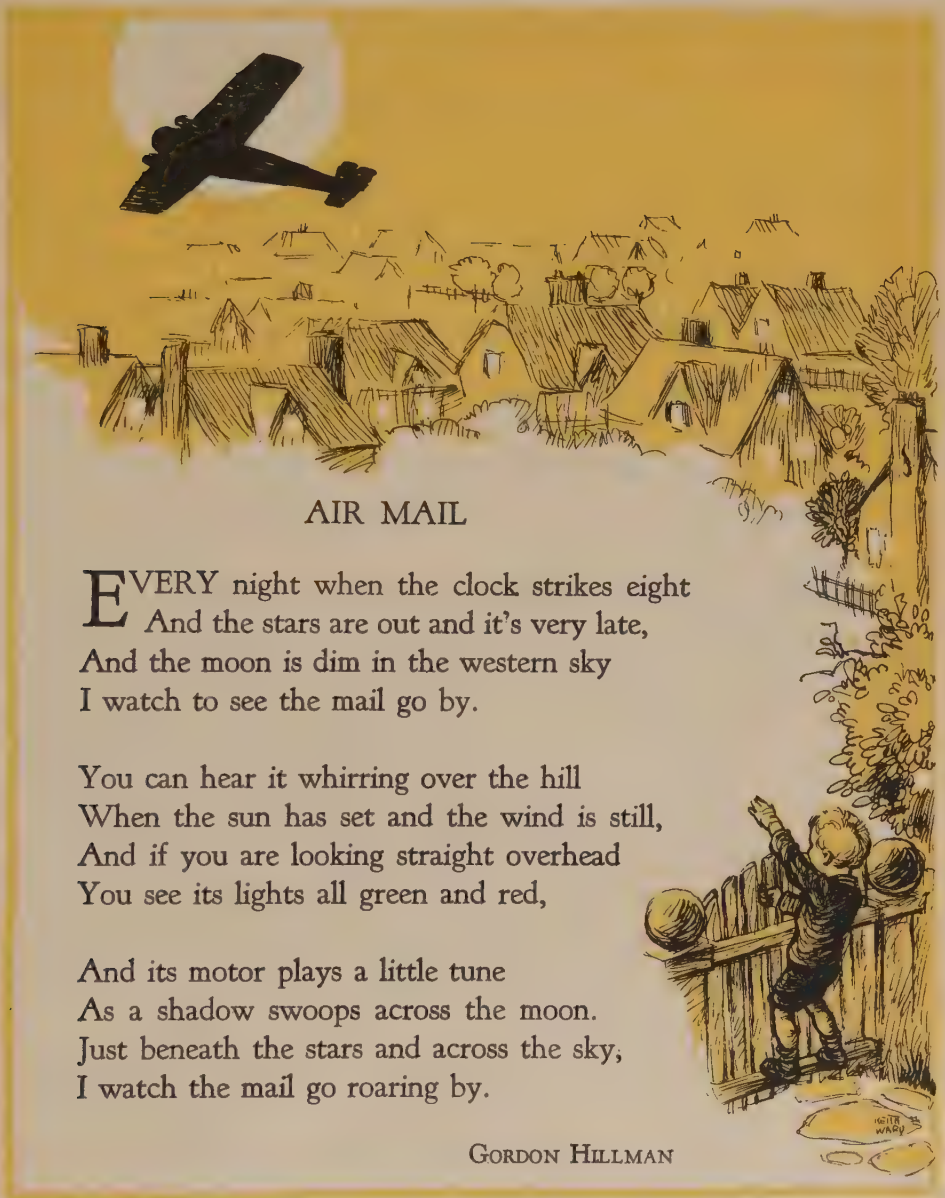
Number two was opened with no better results, for out came a body of Buddhist priests, begging for their temple, and promising many sons in return for offerings of suitable merit. Although disgusted beyond measure, Nahl Bo still had faith in the gourds, and to get rid of the priests, lest they should see his riches, he gave them also 5,000 cash.

As soon as the priests were gone, one by one all the other gourds were opened, with still poorer results. Dancing girls, acrobats, jesters, and other performers came and demanded great fees before they would depart; officials demanding tribute and soothsayers insisting that their palms be crossed with gold, followed the entertainers. A giant who threatened Nahl Bo and had to be bought off with much gold was the fruit of the eleventh gourd that the carpenters opened.

The carpenter did not relish the sport any longer; it seemed to be getting entirely too dangerous. He thereupon demanded the balance of his pay, which they finally agreed to give him, providing he would open the last remaining gourd. The desperate people hoped to find this last gourd in sufficiently good condition that they might cook or make soup of it, since they had no food left at all and no money, while the other gourds were so spoiled by the tramping of the feet of their unbidden guests, as to be totally unfit for food.

The man did as requested, but had only sawed a very little when the gourd split open as though it were rotten, while a most awful stench arose, driving everyone from the premises. This was followed by a gale of wind, so severe as to destroy the building, which, in falling, took fire from the *kang,* and while the once prosperous man looked on, the last of his remaining property was swept forever from him.

The seed that had brought prosperity to his honest, deserving brother had turned prosperity into ruin for the cruel, covetous Nahl Bo, who now had to subsist upon the charity of the brother whom he had formerly treated with such unkindness.



AIR MAIL

EVERY night when the clock strikes eight
And the stars are out and it's very late,
And the moon is dim in the western sky
I watch to see the mail go by.

You can hear it whirring over the hill
When the sun has set and the wind is still,
And if you are looking straight overhead
You see its lights all green and red,

And its motor plays a little tune
As a shadow swoops across the moon.
Just beneath the stars and across the sky,
I watch the mail go roaring by.

GORDON HILLMAN

By permission of the author and courtesy of *The Christian Science Monitor*.

IN THE ENGINE

GEORGE CLARENCE HOSKIN

MR. JACK THOMPSON is the engineer. Everybody calls him "Jack." He is a fine big fellow, and as we climb up in the cab he just smiles and says: "Now don't get frightened sonny; this old iron horse won't run away. She's just as gentle as she can be."

He tells us to sit over on the other side, the fireman's side of the cab, for he never lets anyone sit with him. He says that "Old Twenty-three-fourteen"—that's the engine number, 2314—is the finest engine in the world, and he seems to feel right at home with her.

There are only two small seats in the cab, one on each side of the big boiler; and when we take our places we can see only straight ahead, to the rear, and to one side. The fireman (his name is Tom) has just room enough to lean up against our seat.

But Tom doesn't get much time to sit down. On this road, coal is used to make steam, and he shovels coal all the time—first one shovelful to the right of the big fire box, then one to the left, then one straight ahead. He leaves the door of the fire box closed just a few minutes, then does the same thing again. When he opens the fire-box door the fire roars and the heat almost burns our faces.

For the first few miles of our exciting ride we feel as though we will be glad when the engine stops so we can get off. But our fright is soon forgotten as we become more used to the

From *The Iron Horse*. New York: Harper & Brothers.

peculiar rocking, rumbling, and tremendous speed, for we seem to just hardly touch the rails, we go so fast. Then there are so many things to see, and how they go flying past us!

We have always thought the rails were perfectly smooth as we have seen them many times, but we are soon convinced that there are nothing but low places and high spots, and we seem to touch only the high ones.

Tom gives the bell rope one pull, and the bell begins to ring. We can see the engine up there by the bell. He pulls the rope again to make the bell stop ringing.

There are little and big levers, and things to be turned and pulled and pushed, and every once in a while Tom does something with some of them.

But Jack just sits there still and looks straight ahead. He never looks around to see what is going on behind him. He leaves all that for Tom. Jack has one hand on a lever he calls the throttle. That is the lever that lets the steam into the cylinders to make the engine go.

Then there is a queer-looking little round box, all bolts and iron, on the top of an iron pipe, with a little short lever sticking out sideways at the top of the box. That is the air-brake control. His other hand is on that lever.

There is another big lever that stands up out of the floor, called the reverse lever. After the train begins to run fast, Jack moves this lever so that it leans way forward. When he wants to back the train, he leans it the other way.

While we are looking at these things, we hear a peculiar hissing noise, which seems to come from a small whistle in the

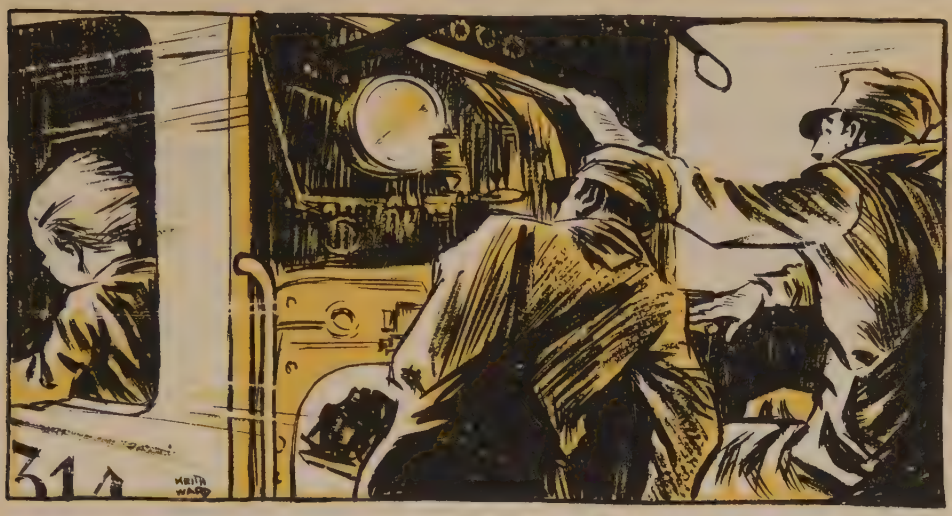
top of the cab. We are told that it is the air whistle and is operated by the trainmen back in the train. That is the way they speak to the engineer and tell him what they want him to do. You remember when we were in the coach we saw the small rope hung along the top of the car. That rope is connected with the air brakes in such a way that when it is pulled, it blows the little whistle in the cab. We will learn more about it and its signals.

The little whistle said, "S-s-s, s-s-s, s-s-s, s-s-s." That means that the man who has been looking after the brakes back in the train has pulled the little rope in the top of the car four times, and that has made the little whistle blow four times, which is asking the engineer to test the air brakes.

Jack just takes hold of that air-brake lever and pushes it round to one side, and it makes a big noise like, "Sh——sh." Then a little engine on the outside of the big boiler, right near our seat, says, "Ch-ch, ch-ch, ch-ch, ch-ch." It is pumping the tank full of air again. When the little air whistle blows four times while the train is standing, it means that the brakes are to be applied or released.

We lean out of the window and look back at the big long train behind us. There is the conductor, back about four cars. He waves his hand at the fireman, which means to go ahead. The fireman says, "High ball" to the engineer. That is what the trainmen call the signal to go ahead. Sometimes they say, "Out of town."

Jack reaches up in the top of the cab and pulls a lever down; the whistle of the engine says, "Too-o-ot, too-o-ot," which



means, "All right, we will go." Then he pulls the throttle back a little and we begin to move. At first we move very slowly, then faster and faster and faster. The farther he pulls the throttle back the faster we go, and then he leans the reverse lever farther forward.

We look out straight ahead of the engine. There are those shining rails running far ahead of us, so far that they look just like a thread. How fast we are going now!"

When we are on the outside of a curve, it seems as if we are going to run right off into the fence; but "Old 2314" just keeps poking her big nose right round and round, until we are on the straight track again. It is a queer sensation at times, and it seems sometimes as though only the wheels on the outside of the curve are touching the rails.

And away we go, puffing, roaring, rumbling, swinging, teetering, bouncing, and screaming, until it seems the big engine

will burst all to pieces. Sometimes your head is bumped up against the side of the cab as the old iron horse rocks from side to side.

While we are busy watching the houses and the fields and the bridges and the poles go sweeping past us, the engine whistle gives one long blast, and, sure enough, there is a small town just ahead of us.

But there is another train on the side track, and we are going to see what its number is. Up in the little box by the side of the smokestack of the other engine is 1-16.

Just before our engine gets even with the other engine, our whistle says, "———— — — ." The other engine says "— —" and then again, "———— — —." Our engine says "— —." And we wonder what it is all about and what all that whistling means.

If you were to ask an engineer why he calls his engine "she," he would tell you that it is because it takes two or three men to handle her.

We pull into the station and stop and we ask Tom what the whistles mean. He says that when our engine said, "———— — —," it was telling the other train that there was another section of our train coming, and to look out for it. When the other engine answered, "— —," it was saying "All right! we understand that there is another section of your train coming." Then the other engine also told us that there was another section of its train following, and we answered its signal. If either of the trains had not replied, "— —," when the other train said, "———— — —," the train would have repeated

the signal, and they could not have gone on until they received the answer.

This sets us to thinking, and we do not notice that we are moving until we are rattling over the switches out near the edge of the town.

Just as we are beginning to go fast again the little air whistle in the top of the cab says, "S-s-s, s-s-s, s-s-s," and our big whistle answers, "— — —." Tom says the conductor back in the train is telling Jack that he must stop at the next station, just a small place where we are not scheduled to stop regularly, to let off some passengers. Jack said to the conductor, with his whistle, "Yes, I will stop at the next station."

We are soon there, but I guess we are going too fast, for we have run way past the little station, and just as we come to a stop the air whistle says, "S-s-s, s-s-s, s-s-s," and Jack pulls the whistle lever three times in answer. Tom says the conductor is telling the engineer to back up. Jack, with his three short blasts of the whistle, says, "Yes, I will back up."

So, you see, three short blasts of the whistle when the train is in motion means to stop at the next station; and three short blasts when the train is standing still is the signal to back.

We are now moving ahead again, and we go over bridges and pass crossings and a number of other interesting things, and sure enough we can now tell when we shall cross a road, long before we get to it, by what the whistle says. Tom has also pointed out to us the signpost on the right side of the track, which tells us when we are approaching a road crossing, also the station whistling post. There are several other different

kinds of signposts, including railroad crossings, yard limits, bridges, and tunnels.

Soon the whistle tells us that we are approaching another regular stop, for we hear one long blast. As we round a curve we see quite a large town. After a brief stop we are on the move again. When we are out about a mile the air whistle says, "S-s-s, s-s-s," and Jack answers, "Too-o," puts on the brakes, and stops quickly. We look back toward the rear of the train and see two men get off. Tom says they forgot to get off at their station, so we had to stop and let them off.

Two short blasts of the air whistle, while the train is moving, means, "Stop at once." One short blast of the engine whistle, while the train is moving, is the answer, "We will stop at once." It also tells the trainmen to apply the hand brakes.

Every time we approach a station, just before we get even with the depot, we notice that Jack gives four short blasts of the whistle, and we ask Tom what it means. He tells us that is the engineer calling for a signal from the station operator.

We have often seen that tall post, with a ladder up its side, standing just in front or near the station, with a big arm sticking out each side at the top. The station operator uses that signal, called a "semaphore," to tell the engineer whether or not he has any orders for him.

When the engineer says, "— — — —," the operator, if he has no orders, pulls down the right-hand arm. If he has orders for that or any other train, he leaves the arm extended out straight. The conductor must go and get two copies of the orders from the operator, signing for them—one for himself and

one for the engineer. If the orders are for some other train, he must get two little green "clearance" cards telling him that the orders are for some other train.

The conductor lets the trainmen read his orders and the engineer lets the fireman read his. This is so all the trainmen will know what the orders are, and they will all be on the watch to see that no mistakes are made.

All train orders and telegrams are very important. Away back at division headquarters is the chief dispatcher, who tells all the trains where they are to meet or pass other trains, or where they are to run slow, or pick up or set out cars; and all the trainmen must know about all the work of the train, so none of the work will be neglected or forgotten. The conductor signs his name to all the orders before they are delivered to him, then he is held responsible for doing what the orders tell him to do with his train.

We will visit the train dispatcher's office tonight when we get to our destination and learn more about this very important part of the great railroad's work.

Four short blasts of the whistle is the way the engineer calls or asks for a signal from any station or trainman. If he is given a signal that is not clear, or does not get a signal when he should get one, he calls for it by blowing his whistle, "— — — —."

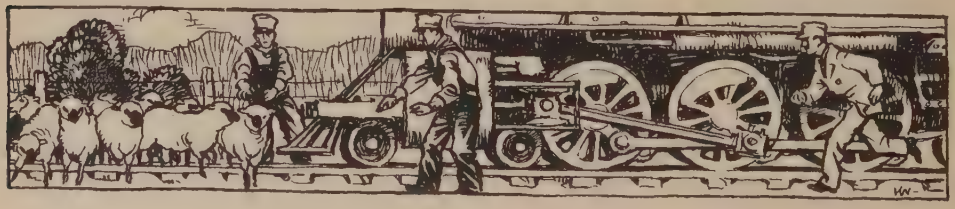
Sometimes there are messages or orders that are not so important as to require the conductor's signature. These are delivered by the operator to the trainmen by being fastened to a large hoop. As the train passes, the operator holds up the hoop and

the trainman catches the hoop, removes the paper, and throws the hoop back. This is done when the train does not stop.

Riding in the cab of the engine is certainly interesting. We can see so much, and we just want to look out ahead all the time. We see a bridge away off about a mile. As we approach, it seems to get larger and larger, until we go right through it with a great roar and rattle.

We are enjoying our ride very much .... Now we see a cow out on the track ahead of us. Jack applies the brakes and whistles, "— — — — — — — — — —," but she gets out of the way before we come to her.

The engineers never let the trains strike any live stock if they can help it, and the trainmen always inform the proper officials when there is any stock on the track, so it can be removed and the track kept clear. Engineers are always afraid of sheep on the track. The noise of the train frightens them and they just huddle close together in the middle of the track. Then, if the train cannot stop, when the engine hits them their wool gets under the wheels and is always sure to make the train jump the track. It is different when a train hits hogs. They do not cause the train to leave the track, but they make the wheels and track so greasy that the engine must use sand on the rails to pull the train.



SHON AP SHENKIN

KENNETH MORRIS

SHON AP SHENKIN[1] stood by the farmyard gate; and thinking he was: was there something in the sunlight now, and was there a tune in the air with the birds or something, that he could make a l'l song of them whatever? Then the pigs set up a squealing and a pother, meaning to say supper-time it was with them; and out from the old yellow-washed farmhouse came Gwenno, his wife, with the pail in her hand to fill their trough.

"Shoni," said she, "for shame upon you loafing there, and me toiling all day and slaving all night to keep a loaf on the board and the dirt from the floor here!"

"Yes, sure," said he; "what is on you now?"

"What is on me?" said she; "and the pigs themselves crying out that but for me they shouldn't have bite nor sup nor support for their lawful ambitions!"

They were certainly crying out about something; and Shon ap Shenkin was all for a bit of peace, with that l'l song in the air and all; and he wasn't going to argue, with his wife *and* the pigs against him.

"What is it, indeed, now?" said he.

"Well you do know what it is. Bronwen Cow is after her meandering up the mountain, and in the Field of the Pool of

From *The Secret Mountain and Other Stories*. London: Faber & Gwyer. Used by permission of the author.

[1] Literally translated this would be *John, son of Jenkin*, as there is no *J* in Welsh. This story is similar to our tale of Rip Van Winkle.

Stars she will be; and she knowing well that I will be waiting to milk her. Such spiteful ways you do teach the creatures, woe is me!"

"Well, well; not much for me to go and fetch her, after all," said Shon. And with that, off with him.

In the farm kitchen old Catrin, Shon's mother, was in her chair by the hearth. "Where is Shon *bach*[1]?" said she, when Gwen came in.

"Fetching Bronwen from the Field of the Pool of Stars he is," said Gwen.

"Uneasy is my heart for that news you are telling me; and this the Eve of May, and the faery night of all the nights in the year."

Shon went up through the long Field of the Stream; and the beauty of the world was delighting him; and the song in the air was coming nearer to him, but he not catching it yet. He went up through the long green Field of the Hollow, and through the gate in the hedge, and into the Field of the Pool of Stars; and there, in his deed, was Bronwen Cow in front of him. But perverse she was, and walking on, for all his calling her; and the more he called, the more she went, and the more he must follow: she put seven hedges between her and the farm before he could come near her. And all the while the song in the air was coming nearer to *him;* and it the loveliest song in the world or Wales, he thought.

And just as he came up with her, lo, there was the root and source and fountain of the song in front of him and plain for his vision; a bird on the blossoming hawthorn, no bigger

[1]A Welsh word, meaning little; with a proper name, a term of endearment.

than the druid wren, but its feathers aglimmer whitely like sunlight on the mountain snow; with every flirt of its wings shaking out a ripple of song to travel out till you could know the mountains were laughing in their deep hearts for pleasure of it; and in his deed to God he must stop a minute and listen.

And listening, every sorrow he had known was converted into joy with the richness and pleasantness of the singing.

But wonder was on the world that day, whatever! As he listened, he was aware of a song on his south that was better than the one he was listening to; and turning, saw a bird among the rushes there, crested and crowned and as blue as heaven, and shining like a jewel, and making song to bring the stars

leaning out of the sky to listen. Never could he turn to go back while that song might be there for his hearing. And wondering he saw what the power of the song was: for earth and sky were changed about him, and the mountains he saw were better than any he had seen formerly; and it was a greater joy for him to be alive than any other joy he had known; and he had little thought for Bronwen Cow, or for Gwenno his wife, or Pant Shon Shenkin, his farm.

And then a third bird came, colored like the rainbow; with a better song than either of the others had; and it seemed to him, listening to her, that the ancient flame-robed Kings of Wonder were around him, and that the vast mountains were their palaces, and he himself their friendly companion; and if there was anyone called Shon ap Shenkin, he was not remembering that one; instead, he was remembering the ages of the world and antiquity, and delighting in the beauty beyond time. . . .

Then the three birds flew away; and the stars were shining: an hour or more he must have been listening, though not five minutes it seemed. In the dimness he thought he saw Bronwen Cow descending to the farm before him; and happy he was as he turned to follow her, knowing that now the whole world of song was open to him, and never again would he be at a loss for the words of beauty to sing. "It was as if I had listened to the Birds of Rhianon," said he. They were three faery birds that were in Wales at one time; you could be hearing them for a hundred years, and think it was an hour or less you had listened. . . .

There was firelight and candlelight in the farm kitchen, and the door was open; but when he had but looked in through the door, he stopped, there on the threshold; for what he saw and heard was not what he expected. A very old man was on the settle by the fire; and opposite him a young man that might be his grandson; and there were three children on the hearth between them; and moving about the kitchen a woman that had the voice and the look of Gwen with her, only there was something strange with her too.

"Indeed," she was saying, "for shame that you don't go out after Bronwen Cow; and she in her meandering out upon the mountain!"

"Let you him be," said the old man. "Were you never hearing what befell the great-grandfather of my grandfather?"

"Ah, tell us the story!" said the children all at once.

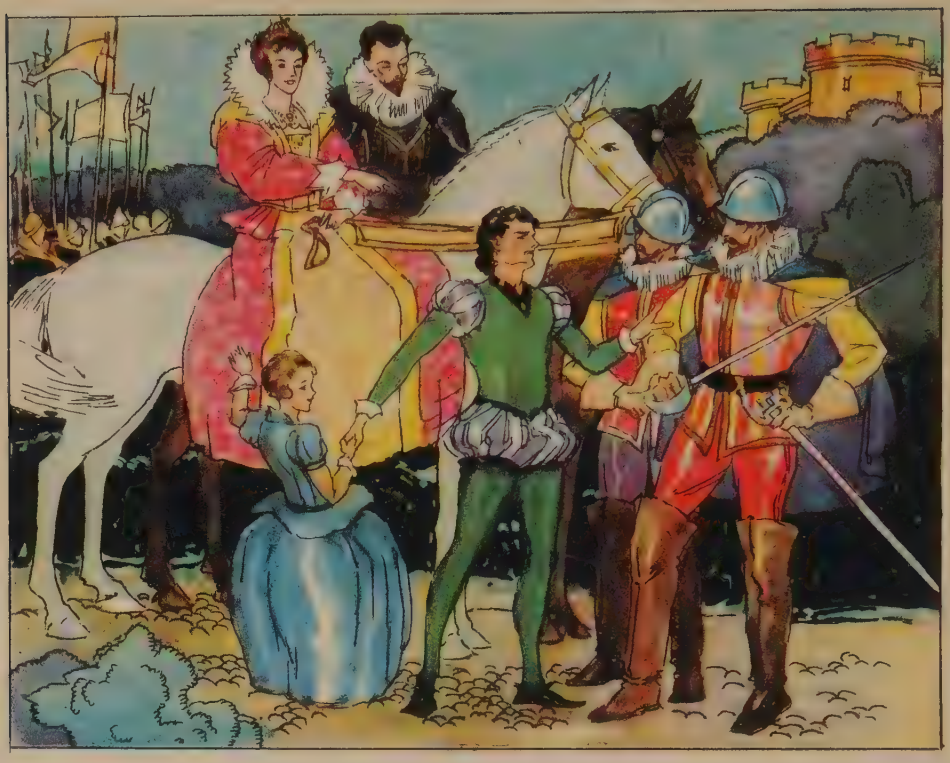
"Three hundred years ago it was," said the old man, "and the Eve of May it was; and a cow from this farm strayed out upon the mountain; and the great-grandfather of my grandfather——"

"What was his name?" cried the children.

"Shon ap Shenkin was his name," said the old man.

"There's somebody at the door," said the woman. "Come you in, and welcome to you!" said she.

No one came, and no one was there when they looked. "It was the wind sighing," said the young man. Then the grandfather rose slowly from his seat by the fireside, went forward and told them the story of Shon ap Shenkin. "They do say it was the Birds of Rhianon sang to him," said he.



A LEGEND OF KENILWORTH CASTLE

GRACE GREENWOOD

IT WAS the evening of the day set for Queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth. Great multitudes of people had been for many hours assembled on the walls, in the chase, and park and gardens, to witness the splendid sight. But her majesty had been detained till twilight at Warwick to receive the homage of her subjects, and now it was announced that the

grand entrance would be made by torchlight. At length the great bell of the castle tolled, and a single rocket shot up into the air. Then all held their breath and listened. At first, they could only hear a dull, sea-like sound in the direction of Warwick Castle; but it came nearer and grew louder, till they could distinguish the tramp of horses, music and shouting, and the clang of armor.

When the Queen entered the royal chase, hundreds of great rockets were sent blazing and hissing into the sky; and such a mighty shout was set up by the multitude that it was almost a wonder it didn't jostle the stars out of their places. Yet they did not seem at all disturbed by the tumult, but stayed quietly in their orbits, and winked at one another, as though making fun of the Earl's fireworks. The whole music of the castle burst forth; then there was a round of artillery and a tremendous discharge of blunderbusses. The stately procession, illuminated by two hundred great wax torches, borne by armed horsemen, moved slowly from the gate of the park.

The Queen, who was young at that time and, though not handsome, was noble and grand looking, came mounted on a milk-white horse. She was dressed in the richest silks, velvet, and lace, and from head to foot she seemed almost blazing with costly jewels. Beside the Queen rode the Earl of Leicester, on a jet-black steed. The Earl was gorgeously dressed, and glittered all over with gold and gems, and might have been mistaken for a King had he not ridden bareheaded like the rest of the courtiers.

After the Queen and the Earl followed a glittering long

train of noblemen and ladies, guards, pages, knights, gentlemen, and soldiers—a long and splendid cavalcade. On either side stood a line of people, closely packed together, all bowing and shouting their loyal welcomes.

As the Queen was approaching the outer tower she checked her horse to speak to one of her ladies; when suddenly there broke, or rather slid, through the line of soldiers, a little girl, who flung herself at her majesty's feet and grasped her robe, crying: "A boon! Great Queen, a boon!"

A rude soldier strode forward and lifted his broadsword over the head of the child; when, quick as a flash, a boy, scarcely larger than the girl, leaped out of the crowd and snatched the sword from the soldier's hand, saying boldly:

"Thou art a cowardly knave!"

The man turned upon him in rage, caught back the sword, and might have killed him with it, had not the Queen cried:

"Hold, villain! By my faith, I think the lad is right! Wouldst butcher babes like these? Then art thou one of King Herod's men, and none of ours. Stand back!"

Then, turning her eyes on the little girl, who stood trembling at her side, she looked at her a moment in silent surprise. And well she might; for the child was as beautiful as an angel. She could scarcely have been more than ten years of age. She was very fair and delicate, with a tender, appealing face, and her voice was sweet, but mournful, like the sound of a wind-harp. She had large, dark eyes, with long heavy lashes; but her eyebrows were a shade lighter; and her hair, which was soft and wavy, was of a rich, golden hue. Now tears were flashing in

her eyes; and in her simple white frock she looked, as she stood there under the torchlight, so like a radiant little seraph that the stern Queen spoke softly to her, almost as though in fear, saying:

"Who art thou? and what wouldst thou with me?"

"My name is Rosamond Vere," answered the child; "and I come to put this petition into your own hands, and to beseech your majesty to grant the prayer of a poor motherless little girl, who will pray to God for you every night and morning as long as she lives."

The Queen smiled graciously and took the paper, but said:

"This is no time or place to read petitions, child. Come to the castle tomorrow, at the hour of twelve, and we will give thee audience. But tell me, who is thy brave young champion? By my soul, he hath a right gallant spirit!"

"I do not know, your majesty. I never saw him before," said Rosamond.

The boy of whom they spoke had gone back among the spectators; but on hearing these words he stepped modestly forward. He was a handsome lad, with deep, dark, beaming eyes, and a sort of grand look about his forehead, which made him seem, for all his plain, peasant dress, nobler than any young lord or duke in all that cavalcade.

The Queen smiled on him, and said:

"Well, young rash-head, what art thou called?"

"William Shakespeare, may it please your majesty."

"Marry, a good name, and an honest—and thou art a brave lad. Doubtless we shall hear of thee when thou art a man.

But now away with ye both; for it is late for such chicks to be abroad."

Then she loosened the reins of her horse and rode forward with Leicester; and all the procession moved on again. They passed through the tower, over the bridge, and entered the castle with another peal of music and discharge of artillery, and such a terrific irruption of rockets that some of the country-women shrieked with fright, thinking that the castle and all the great folks in it were being blown into atoms; some even fancying that they saw the Queen on her white horse riding straight up into the air.

Rosamond Vere went away to Warwick with some friends, and William Shakespeare went home to Stratford with his father and mother. They drove in a rough little wagon; for in those days only kings and nobles had carriages. William sat on a bag of wool behind his parents. His head was full of the splendors he had seen, and his heart beat high and fast with pride because of the Queen's praise. He was greatly excited; but he was tired also; and when they reached home, he was found fast asleep on the wool-bag.

The next day, when little Rosamond presented herself at the castle, she was at once admitted and conducted to an ante-room, where she had a few minutes to wait. She met there an elegant young courtier, one Sir Walter Raleigh, who kindly instructed her how to conduct herself before the Queen. Above all things, he told her, she must remember never to turn her back on her majesty; but, when she was dismissed, to go out backwards, and Rosamond promised to do as he bade her.

Just at twelve she was summoned by the Lord Chamberlain to the great hall, where the Queen was holding court. She was seated on a throne, under a canopy of state. She wore her crown, and a dress of rich velvet, soft blue like the sky. It was covered with white lace so fine that it looked like light clouds, and was looped up with great diamonds, that shone like stars.

After having been conducted to the foot of the throne, Rosamond knelt there, and looked up timidly into her majesty's face. Alas! it was clouded with a frown.

"And so," exclaimed the Queen, "thou art the daughter of that Walter Vere who lately conspired with other traitors to set our prisoner, Mary of Scotland, free! He hath deserved death; and death he shall have!"

"Oh, have mercy, gracious madam!" cried Rosamond, "my poor father had a tender heart; and the Queen of the Scots moved it by her tears and her beauty. Oh, she is so beautiful, if your grace would see her, you would have pity on her also."

Queen Elizabeth blushed deeply, for she knew in her heart that she was envious of Mary Stuart's beauty; and she said, more sternly than before:

"Thy father hath acted traitorously, and must abide his sentence. Go, child!"

But Rosamond, instead of rising, took from her bosom a small package and placed it in the Queen's hand. It was a paper containing a ring. On the paper was written the name of Walter Vere, and a verse of Scripture, signed "Anne R." On the ring was engraved a crest, the arms of the Boleyns.

Queen Elizabeth turned pale as she examined these, and

hastily asked: "Where got you this? And this? Speak, girl!"

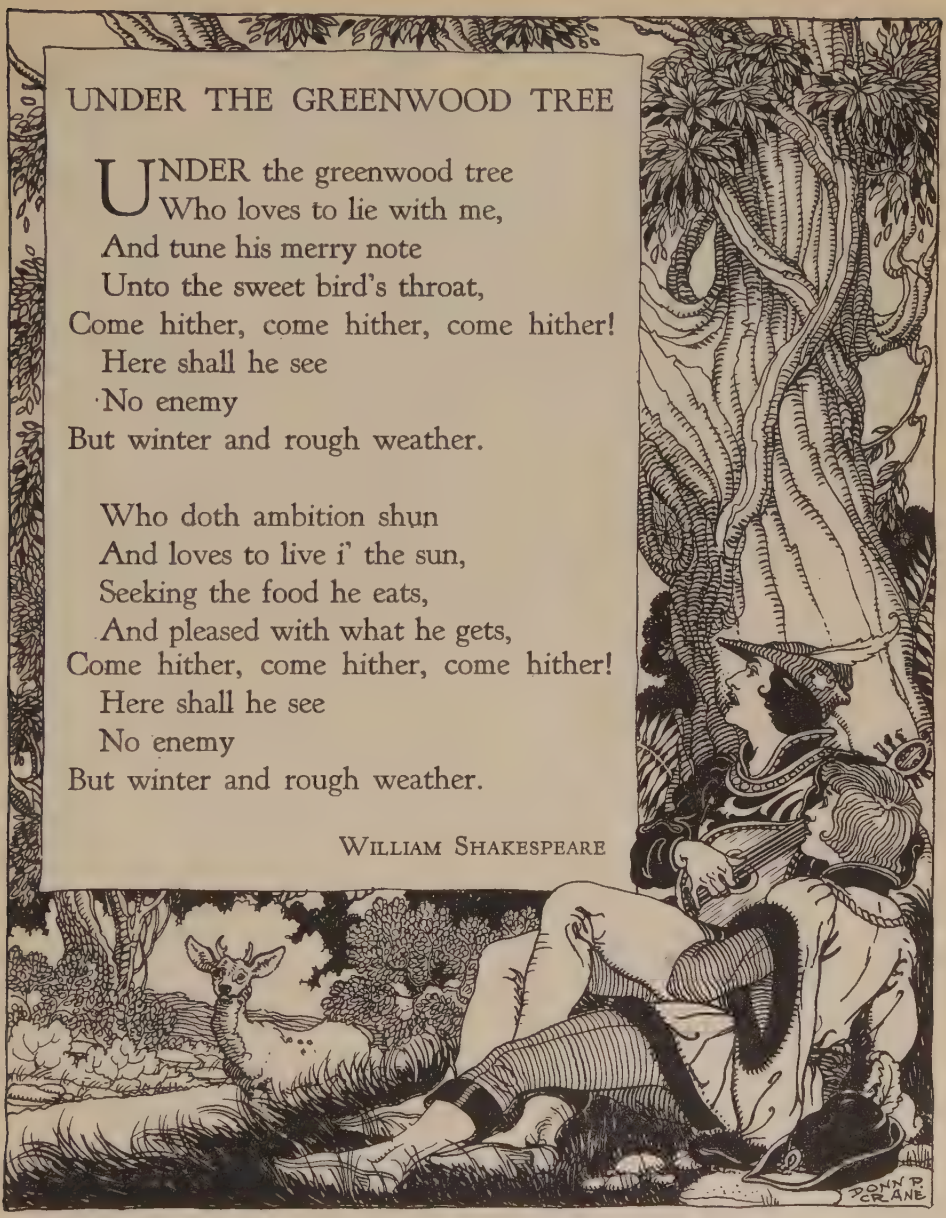
"My father," answered Rosamond, "was an officer in the Tower at the time the Queen, your mother, was imprisoned there. He was good to her; and the night before she was beheaded she gave him these mementos."

Elizabeth's face softened, and a tear shone for a moment in her cold, gray eye, but did not fall; then she spoke:

"For *her* memory's sake we grant thy prayer. We forgive thy father; but let him see to it how he again braves our ire."

She then wrote an order for the immediate liberation of Walter Vere, stating that she had granted him a full pardon. This paper she was about to give into the hands of an officer, to be conveyed by him and duly delivered in London, but Rosamond begged that she might carry this paper herself; and the Queen, kindly assenting, placed her under the charge of the officer, requesting him, with her own lips, to be kind to the child. She extended her beautiful hand to Rosamond, who kissed it fervently, but was too much overcome with joy and thankfulness to speak a word more. She rose up so bewildered, and in such haste to set out on her journey, that she quite forgot Sir Walter Raleigh's injunctions, and, turning her back on the Queen, actually ran out of the hall, much to the merriment of the gay court.

The rest of Rosamond's story is soon told. She went to London and freed her father, who never got into any trouble of the kind again. She grew to be a beautiful woman, married a country gentleman, and lived for many years far from the great world, happy and beloved, because good and loving.



UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

OLD PIPES AND THE DRYAD

FRANK R. STOCKTON

A MOUNTAIN brook ran through a little village. Over the brook there was a narrow bridge, and from the bridge a footpath led out from the village and up the hillside to the cottage of Old Pipes and his mother.

For many, many years Old Pipes had been employed by the villagers to pipe the cattle down from the hills. Every afternoon, an hour before sunset, he would sit on a rock in front of his cottage and play on his pipes. Then all the flocks and herds that were grazing on the mountains would hear him, wherever they might happen to be, and would come down to the village—the cows by the easiest paths, the sheep by those not quite so easy, and the goats by the steep and rocky ways that were hardest of all.

But now, for a year or more, Old Pipes had not piped the cattle home. It is true that every afternoon he sat upon the rock and played upon his familiar instrument; but the cattle did not hear him. He had grown old, and his breath was feeble. The echoes of his cheerful notes, which used to come from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley, were heard no more; and twenty yards from Old Pipes one could scarcely tell what tune he was playing. He had become somewhat deaf, and did not know that the sound of his pipes was so thin and weak and that the cattle did not hear him. The cows, the sheep, and the goats came down every afternoon as before; but this was because

From *The Queen's Museum and Other Fanciful Tales*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

two boys and a girl were sent up after them. The villagers did not wish the good old man to know that his piping was no longer of any use; so they paid him his little salary every month, and said nothing about the two boys and the girl.

Old Pipes's mother was, of course, a great deal older than he was, and was as deaf as a gate—posts, latch, hinges, and all—and she never knew that the sound of her son's pipe did not spread over all the mountain side and echo back strong and clear from the opposite hills. She was very fond of Old Pipes, and proud of his piping; and as he was so much younger than she was, she never thought of him as being very old. She cooked for him, and made his bed, and mended his clothes; and they lived very comfortably on his little salary.

One afternoon, at the end of the month, when Old Pipes had finished his piping, he took his stout staff and went down the hill to the village to receive the money for his month's work. The path seemed a great deal steeper and more difficult than it used to be; and Old Pipes thought that it must have been washed by the rains and greatly damaged. He remembered it as a path that was quite easy to traverse either up or down. But Old Pipes had been a very active man, and as his mother was so much older than he was, he never thought of himself as aged and infirm.

When the Chief Villager had paid him and he had talked a little with some of his friends, Old Pipes started to go home. But when he had crossed the bridge over the brook and gone a short distance up the hillside, he became very tired, and sat down upon a stone. He had not been sitting there half a minute, when along came two boys and a girl.

"Children," said Old Pipes, "I'm very tired tonight, and I don't believe I can climb up this steep path to my home. I think I shall have to ask you to help me."

"We will do that," said the boys and the girl, quite cheerfully; and one boy took him by the right hand and the other by the left, while the girl pushed him in the back. In this way he went up the hill quite easily, and soon reached his cottage door. Old Pipes gave each of the three children a copper coin, and then they sat down for a few minutes' rest before starting back to the village.

"I'm sorry that I tired you so much," said Old Pipes.

"Oh, that would not have tired us," said one of the boys, "if we had not been so far today after the cows, the sheep, and the

goats. They rambled high up on the mountain, and we never before had such a time in finding them."

"Had to go after the cows, the sheep, and the goats!" exclaimed Old Pipes. "What do you mean by that?"

The girl, who stood behind the old man, shook her head, put her hand on her mouth, and made all sorts of signs to the boy to stop talking on this subject; but he did not notice her, and promptly answered Old Pipes.

"Why, you see, good sir," said he, "that as the cattle can't hear your pipes now, somebody has to go after them every evening to drive them down from the mountain, and the Chief Villager has hired us three to do it. Generally it is not very hard work, but tonight the cattle had wandered far."

"How long have you been doing this?" asked the old man.

The girl shook her head and clapped her hand on her mouth as before, but the boy went on.

"I think it is about a year now," he said, "since the people first felt sure that the cattle could not hear your pipes; and from that time we've been driving them down. But we are rested now, and will go home. Good night, sir."

The three children then went down the hill, the girl scolding the boys all the way home. Old Pipes stood silent a few moments and then he went into his cottage.

"Mother," he shouted, "did you hear what those children said?"

"Children!" exclaimed the old woman; "I did not hear them. I did not know there were any children here."

Then Old Pipes told his mother—shouting very loudly to

make her hear—how the two boys and the girl had helped him up the hill, and what he had heard about his piping and the cattle.

"They can't hear you?" cried his mother. "Why, what's the matter with the cattle?"

"Ah, me!" said Old Pipes; "I don't believe there's anything the matter with the cattle. It must be with me and my pipes that there is something the matter. But one thing is certain: if I do not earn the wages the Chief Villager pays me, I shall not take them. I shall go straight down to the village and give back the money I received today."

"Nonsense!" cried his mother. "I'm sure you've piped as well as you could, and no more can be expected. And what are we to do without the money?"

"I don't know," said Old Pipes; "but I'm going down to the village to pay it back."

The sun had now set; but the moon was shining very brightly on the hillside, and Old Pipes could see his way very well. He did not take the same path by which he had gone before, but followed another, which led among the trees upon the hillside, and, though longer, was not so steep.

When he had gone about halfway, the old man sat down to rest, leaning his back against a great oak tree. As he did so, he heard a sound like knocking inside the tree, and then a voice said:

"Let me out! Let me out!"

Old Pipes instantly forgot that he was tired, and sprang to his feet. "This must be a Dryad tree!" he exclaimed. "If it is, I'll let her out."

Old Pipes had never, to his knowledge, seen a Dryad tree, but he knew there were such trees on the hillsides and the mountains, and that Dryads lived in them. He knew, too, that in the summertime, on those days when the moon rose before the sun went down, a Dryad could come out of her tree if any one could find the key which locked her in and turn it. Old Pipes closely examined the trunk of the tree, which stood in the full moonlight. "If I see that key," he said, "I shall surely turn it." Before long he found a piece of bark standing out from the tree, which looked to him very much like the handle of a key. He took hold of it, and found he could turn it quite around. As he did so, a large part of the side of the tree was pushed open, and a beautiful Dryad stepped quickly out.

For a moment she stood motionless, gazing on the scene before her—the tranquil valley, the hills, the forest, and the mountain side, all lying in the soft clear light of the moon. "Oh, lovely! lovely!" she exclaimed. "How long it is since I have seen anything like this!" And then, turning to Old Pipes, she said: "How good of you to let me out! I am so happy and so thankful that I must kiss you, you dear old man!" And she threw her arms around the neck of Old Pipes, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"You don't know," she then went on to say, "how doleful it is to be shut up so long in a tree. I don't mind it in the winter, for then I am glad to be sheltered, but in summer it is a rueful thing not to be able to see all the beauties of the world. And it's ever so long since I've been let out. People so seldom come this way, and when they do come at the right time they either don't hear me or they are frightened and run away. But you, you dear old man, you were not frightened, and you looked and looked for the key, and you let me out; and now I shall not have to go back till winter has come and the air grows cold. Oh, it is glorious! What can I do for you to show you how grateful I am?"

"I am very glad," said Old Pipes, "that I let you out, since I see that it makes you so happy. But I must admit that I tried to find the key because I had a great desire to see a Dryad. But, if you wish to do something for me, you can, if you happen to be going down toward the village."

"To the village!" exclaimed the Dryad. "I will go anywhere for you, my kind old benefactor."

"Well, then," said Old Pipes, "I wish you would take this little bag of money to the Chief Villager and tell him that Old Pipes cannot receive pay for the services which he does not perform. It is now more than a year that I have not been able to make the cattle hear me, when I piped to call them home. I did not know this until tonight; but now that I know it, I cannot keep the money, and so I send it back." And, handing the little bag to the Dryad, he bade her good night, and turned toward his cottage.

"Good night," said the Dryad. "And I thank you over and over and over again, you good old man!"

Old Pipes walked toward his home, very glad to be saved the fatigue of going all the way down to the village and back again. "To be sure," he said to himself, "this path does not seem at all steep, and I can walk along it very easily; but it would have tired me dreadfully to come up all the way from the village, especially as I could not have expected those children to help me again." When he reached home, his mother was surprised to see him returning so soon.

"What!" she exclaimed; "have you already come back? What did the Chief Villager say? Did he take the money?"

Old Pipes was just about to tell her that he had sent the money to the village by a Dryad, when he suddenly reflected that his mother would be sure to disapprove such a proceeding, and so he merely said he had sent it by a person whom he had met.

"And how do you know that the person will ever take it to the Chief Villager?" cried his mother. "You will lose it, and

the villagers will never get it. Oh, Pipes! Pipes! when will you be old enough to have ordinary common sense?"

Old Pipes considered that, as he was already seventy years of age, he could scarcely expect to grow any wiser; but he made no remark on this subject, and, saying that he doubted not that the money would go safely to its destination, he sat down to his supper. His mother scolded him roundly, but he did not mind it; and after supper he went out and sat on a rustic chair in front of the cottage to look at the moonlit village, and to wonder whether or not the Chief Villager really received the money. While he was doing these two things, he went fast asleep.

When Old Pipes left the Dryad, she did not go down to the village with the little bag of money. She held it in her hand and thought about what she had heard.

"This is a good and honest old man," she said; "and it is a shame that he should lose this money. He looked as if he needed it, and I don't believe the people in the village will take it from one who has served them so long. Often, when in my tree, have I heard the sweet notes of his pipes. I am going to take the money back to him." She did not start immediately, because there were so many beautiful things to look at. But after awhile she went up to the cottage, and, finding Old Pipes asleep in his chair, she slipped the little bag into his coat pocket and silently sped away.

The next day Old Pipes told his mother that he would go up the mountain and cut some wood. He had a right to get wood from the mountain, but for a long time he had been content to pick up the dead branches which lay about his cottage. Today,

however, he felt so strong and vigorous that he thought he would go and cut some fuel that would be better than this. He worked all the morning, and when he came back he did not feel at all tired, and he had a very good appetite for his dinner.

Now, Old Pipes knew a good deal about Dryads; but there was one thing which, although he had heard, he had forgotten. This was, that a kiss from a Dryad made a person ten years younger. The people of the village knew this, and they were very careful not to let any child of ten years or younger go into the woods where the Dryads were supposed to be; for, if they should chance to be kissed by one of these tree nymphs, they would be set back so far that they would cease to exist.

A story was told in the village that a very bad boy of eleven once ran away into the woods and had an adventure of this kind; and when his mother found him he was a little baby of one year old. Taking advantage of her opportunity, she brought him up more carefully than she had done before, and he grew to be a very good boy indeed.

Now Old Pipes had been kissed twice by the Dryad, once on each cheek, and he therefore felt as vigorous and active as when he was a hale man of fifty. His mother noticed how much work he was doing, and told him that he need not try in that way to make up for the loss of his piping wages, for he would only tire himself out and get sick. But her son answered that he had not felt so well for years, and that he was quite able to work.

In the course of the afternoon, Old Pipes for the first time that day put his hand in his coat pocket, and there to his amazement he found the little bag of money. "Well, well!" he exclaimed, "I am stupid, indeed! I really thought that I had seen a Dryad; but when I sat down by that big oak tree I must have gone to sleep and dreamed it all; and then I came home thinking I had given the money to a Dryad, when it was in my pocket all the time. But the Chief Villager shall have the money. I shall not take it to him today, but tomorrow I wish to go to the village to see some of my old friends, and then I shall give up the money."

Toward the close of the afternoon, Old Pipes, as had been his custom for so many years, took his pipes from the shelf on which they lay and went out to the rock in front of the cottage.

"What are you going to do?" cried his mother. "If you will not consent to be paid, why do you pipe?"

"I am going to pipe for my own pleasure," said her son. "I am used to it, and I do not wish to give it up. It does not matter now whether the cattle hear me or not, and I am sure that my piping will injure no one."

When the good man began to play upon his favorite instru-

ment, he was astonished at the sound that came from it. The beautiful notes of the pipes sounded clear and strong down into the valley, and spread over the hills and up the sides of the mountain beyond, while, after a little interval, an echo came back from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "what has happened to my pipes? They must have been stopped up of late, but now they are as clear and good as ever."

Again the merry notes went sounding far and wide. The cattle on the mountain heard them, and those that were old enough remembered how these notes had called them from their pastures every evening, and so they started down the mountain side, the others following.

The merry notes were heard in the village below, and the people were much astonished thereby. "Why, who can be blowing the pipes of Old Pipes?" they said. But as they were all very busy no one went up to see. One thing, however, was plain enough: the cattle were coming down the mountain. And so the two boys and the girl did not have to go after them, and had an hour for play, for which they were very glad.

The next morning Old Pipes started down to the village with his money, and on the way he met the Dryad. "Oh, ho!" he cried, "is that you? Why, I thought my letting you out of the tree was nothing but a dream."

"A dream!" cried the Dryad; "if you only knew how happy you have made me, you would not think it merely a dream. And has it not benefited you? Do you not feel happier? Yesterday I heard you playing beautifully on your pipes."

"Yes, yes," cried he. "I did not understand it before, but I see it all now. I have really grown younger. I thank you, I thank you, good Dryad, from the bottom of my heart. It was the finding of the money in my pocket that made me think it was a dream."

"Oh, I put it in when you were asleep," she said, laughing, "because I thought you ought to keep it. Good by, kind, honest man. May you live long, and be as happy as I am now."

Old Pipes was greatly delighted when he understood that he was really a younger man. But that made no difference about the money, and he kept on his way to the village. As soon as he reached it, he was eagerly questioned as to who had been playing his pipes the evening before, and when the people heard that it was himself, they were very much surprised. Thereupon Old Pipes told what had happened to him, and then there was greater wonder, with hearty congratulations and handshakes; for Old Pipes was liked by everyone. The Chief Villager refused to take his money; and although Old Pipes said that he had not earned it, everyone present insisted that, as he would now play on his pipes as before, he should lose nothing because, for a time, he was unable to perform his duty.

So Old Pipes was obliged to keep his money, and after an hour or two spent in conversation with his friends he returned to his cottage.

There was one person, however, who was not at all pleased with what had happened to Old Pipes. This was an Echo-dwarf who lived on the hills on the other side of the valley, and whose duty it was to echo back the notes of the pipes when-

ever they could be heard. A great many other Echo-dwarfs lived on these hills. They all worked, but in different ways. Some echoed back the songs of maidens, some the shouts of children, and others the music that was often heard in the village. But there was only one who could send back the strong notes of the pipes of Old Pipes, and this had been his sole duty for many years. But when the old man grew feeble, and the notes of his pipes could not be heard on the opposite hills, this Echo-dwarf had nothing to do, and he spent his time in delightful idleness; and he slept so much and grew so fat that it made his companions laugh to see him walk.

On the afternoon on which, after so long an interval, the sound of the pipes was heard on the echo hills, this dwarf was fast asleep behind a rock. As soon as the first notes reached them, some of his companions ran to wake him up. Rolling to his feet, he echoed back the merry tune of Old Pipes.

Naturally, he was very angry at being thus obliged to give up his life of comfortable leisure, and he hoped that this pipe-playing would not occur again. The next afternoon he was awake and listening, and, sure enough, at the usual hour along came the notes of the pipes as clear and strong as they ever had been; and he was obliged to work as long as Old Pipes played. The Echo-dwarf was very angry. He had supposed, of course, that the pipe-playing had ceased forever, and he felt that he had a right to be indignant at being thus deceived. He was so much disturbed that he made up his mind to go and try to find whether this was to be a temporary matter or not. He had plenty of time, as the pipes were played but once a day, and he set off early in the morning for the hill on which Old Pipes lived. It was hard work for the fat little fellow, and when he had crossed the valley and had gone some distance into the woods on the hillside, he stopped to rest, and in a few minutes the Dryad came tripping along.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the dwarf; "what are you doing here? and how did you get out of your tree?"

"Doing!" cried the Dryad; "I am being happy; that's what I am doing. And I was let out of my tree by the good old man who plays the pipes to call the cattle down from the mountain, and it makes me happier to think that I have been of service to him. I gave him two kisses of gratitude, and now he is young enough to play his pipes as well as ever."

The Echo-dwarf stepped forward, his face pale with passion. "Am I to believe," he said, "that you are the cause of this great evil that has come upon me? That you are the wicked creature

who has again started this old man upon his career of pipe-playing? What have I ever done to you that you should have condemned me for years and years to echo back the notes of those wretched pipes?"

At this the Dryad laughed loudly.

"What a funny little fellow you are!" she said. "Anyone would think you had been condemned to toil from morning till night, while what you really have to do is merely to imitate for half an hour every day the merry notes of Old Pipes's piping. Fie upon you, Echo-dwarf! You are lazy and selfish; and that is what is the matter with you. Instead of grumbling at being obliged to do a little wholesome work, which is less I am sure than that of any other Echo-dwarf upon the rocky hillside, you should rejoice at the good fortune of the old man who has regained so much of his strength and vigor. Go home and learn to be just and generous, and then, perhaps, you may be happy. Good by."

"Insolent creature!" shouted the dwarf, as he shook his fat little fist at her. "I'll make you suffer for this. You shall find out what it is to heap injury and insult upon one like me, and to snatch from him the repose that he has earned by long years of toil." And, shaking his head savagely, he hurried back to the rocky hillside.

Every afternoon the merry notes of the pipes of Old Pipes sounded down into the valley and over the hills and up the mountain side; and every afternoon when he had echoed them back, the little dwarf grew more and more angry with the Dryad. Each day, from early morning till it was time for him

to go back to his duties upon the rocky hillside, he searched the woods for her. He intended, if he met her, to pretend to be very sorry for what he had said, and he thought he might be able to play a trick upon her which would avenge him well.

One day, while thus wandering among the trees, he met Old Pipes. The Echo-dwarf did not generally care to see or speak to ordinary people; but now he was so anxious to find the object of his search that he stopped and asked Old Pipes if he had seen the Dryad. The piper had not noticed the little fellow, and he looked down on him with some surprise.

"No," he said; "I have not seen her, and I have been looking everywhere for her."

"You!" cried the dwarf, "what do you wish with her?"

Old Pipes then sat down on a stone, so that he should be nearer the ear of his small companion, and he told what the Dryad had done for him.

When the Echo-dwarf heard that this was the man whose pipes he was obliged to echo back every day, he would have slain him on the spot, had he been able. But, as he was not able, he merely ground his teeth and listened to the rest of the story.

"I am looking for the Dryad now," Old Pipes continued, "on account of my aged mother. When I was old myself, I did not notice how very old my mother was; but now it shocks me to see how feeble her years have caused her to become; and I am looking for the Dryad to ask her to make my mother younger, as she made me."

The eyes of the Echo-dwarf glistened. Here was a man who might help him in his plans.

"Your idea is a good one," he said to Old Pipes, "and it does you honor. But you should know that a Dryad can make no person younger but one who lets her out of her tree. However, you can manage the affair very easily. All you need do is to find the Dryad, tell her what you want, and request her to step into her tree and be shut up for a short time. Then you will go and bring your mother to the tree; she will open it, and everything will be as you wish. Is not this a good plan?"

"Excellent!" cried Old Pipes; "and I will go instantly and search more diligently for the Dryad."

"Take me with you," said the Echo-dwarf. "You can easily carry me on your strong shoulders, and I shall be glad to help you in any way that I can."

"Now, then," said the little fellow to himself, as Old Pipes carried him rapidly along, "if he persuades the Dryad to get into a tree—and she is quite foolish enough to do it—and then goes away to bring his mother, I shall take a stone or a club and I will break off the key of that tree, so that nobody can ever turn it again. Then Mistress Dryad will see what she has brought upon herself by her behavior to me."

Before long they came to the great oak tree in which the Dryad had lived, and at a distance they saw that beautiful creature herself coming toward them.

"How excellently well everything happens?" said the dwarf. "Put me down, and I will go. Your business with the Dryad is more important than mine; and you need not say anything about my having suggested your plan to you. I am willing that you should have all the credit of it yourself."

Old Pipes put the Echo-dwarf upon the ground, but the little rogue did not go away. He concealed himself between some low, mossy rocks, and he was so much like them in color that you would not have noticed him if you had been looking straight at him.

When the Dryad came up, Old Pipes lost no time in telling her about his mother, and what he wished her to do. At first the Dryad answered nothing, but stood looking very sadly at Old Pipes.

"Do you really wish me to go into my tree again?" she said. "I should dreadfully dislike to do it, for I don't know what might happen. It is not at all necessary, for I could make your mother younger at any time if she would give me the opportunity. I had already thought of making you still happier in this way, and several times I have waited about your cottage, hoping to meet your aged mother, but she never comes outside, and you know a Dryad cannot enter a house. I cannot imagine whatever could have put this idea into your head. Did you think of it yourself?"

"No, I cannot say that I did," answered Old Pipes. "A little dwarf whom I met in the woods proposed it to me."

"Oh!" cried the Dryad; "now I see through it all. It is the scheme of that vile Echo-dwarf—your enemy and mine. Where is he? I should like to see him."

"I think he has gone away," said Old Pipes.

"No, he has not," said the Dryad, whose quick eyes perceived the Echo-dwarf among the rocks. "There he is. Seize him and drag him out, I beg of you."

Old Pipes saw the dwarf as soon as he was pointed out to him; and running to the rocks, he caught the little fellow by the leg and pulled him out.

"Now, then," cried the Dryad, who had opened the door of the great oak, "just stick him in there and we will shut him up. Then I shall be safe from his mischief for the rest of the time I am free."

Old Pipes thrust the Echo-dwarf into the tree. The Dryad pushed the door shut. There was a clicking sound of bark and wood, and no one would have noticed that the big oak had ever had an opening in it.

"There," said the Dryad; "now we need not be afraid of him. And I assure you, my good piper, that I shall be very glad to make your mother younger as soon as I can. Will you not ask her to come out and meet me?"

"Of course I will," cried Old Pipes; "and I will do it without delay."

Then, the Dryad by his side, he hurried to his cottage. But when he mentioned the matter to his mother, the old woman became very angry indeed. She did not believe in Dryads; and, if they really did exist, she knew they must be witches and sorceresses, and she would have nothing to do with them. If her son had ever allowed himself to be kissed by one of them, he ought to be ashamed of himself. As to its doing him the least bit of good, she did not believe a word of it. He felt better than he used to feel, but that was very common. She had sometimes felt that way herself, and she forbade him ever to mention a Dryad to her again.

That afternoon Old Pipes, feeling very sad that his plan in regard to his mother had failed, sat down upon the rock and played upon his pipes. The pleasant sounds went down the valley and up the hills and mountains, but, to the great surprise of some persons who happened to notice the fact, the notes were not echoed back from the rocky hillside, but from the woods on the side of the valley on which Old Pipes lived. The next day many of the villagers stopped in their work to listen to the echo of the pipes coming from the woods. The sound was not as clear and strong as it used to be when it was sent back from the rocky hillside, but it certainly came from among the trees. Such a thing as an echo changing its place in this way had never been heard of before, and nobody was able to explain how it could have happened. Old Pipes, however, knew very well that the sound came from the Echo-dwarf shut up in the great oak tree. The sides of the tree were thin, and the sound of the pipes could be heard through them, and the dwarf was obliged by the laws of his being to echo back those notes whenever they came to him. But Old Pipes thought he might get the Dryad in trouble if he let anyone know that the Echo-dwarf was shut up in the tree, and so he wisely said nothing about it.

One day the two boys and the girl who had helped Old Pipes up the hill were playing in the woods. Stopping near the great

oak tree, they heard a sound of knocking within it, and then a voice plainly said: "Let me out! Let me out!"

For a moment the children stood still in astonishment, and then one of the boys exclaimed:

"Oh, it is a Dryad, like the one Old Pipes found! Let's let her out!"

"What are you thinking of?" cried the girl. "I am the oldest of all, and I am only thirteen. Do you wish to be turned into crawling babies? Run! run! run!"

And the two boys and the girl dashed down into the valley as fast as their legs could carry them. There was no desire in their youthful hearts to be made younger than they were, and for fear that their parents might think it well that they should commence their careers anew, they never said a word about finding the Dryad tree.

As the summer days went on, Old Pipes's mother grew feebler and feebler. One day when her son was away, for he now frequently went into the woods to hunt or fish, or down into the valley to work, she arose from her knitting to prepare the simple dinner. But she felt so weak and tired that she was not able to do the work to which she had been so long accustomed. "Alas! alas!" she said, "the time has come when I am too old to work. My son will have to hire someone to come here and cook his meals, make his bed, and mend his clothes. Alas! alas! I had hoped that as long as I lived I should be able to do these things. But it is not so. I have grown utterly worthless, and someone else must prepare the dinner for my son. I wonder where he is." And tottering to the door, she went outside to

look for him. She did not feel able to stand, and reaching the rustic chair, she sank into it quite exhausted, and soon fell asleep.

The Dryad, who had often come to the cottage to see if she could find an opportunity of carrying out Old Pipes's affectionate design, now happened by; and seeing that the much-desired occasion had come, she stepped up quietly behind the old woman and gently kissed her on each cheek, and then as quietly disappeared.

In a few minutes the mother of Old Pipes awoke, and looking up at the sun, she exclaimed: "Why, it is almost dinner time! My son will be here presently, and I am not ready for him." And rising to her feet, she hurried into the house, made the fire, set the meat and vegetables to cook, laid the cloth, and by the time her son arrived the meal was on the table.

"How a little sleep does refresh one," she said to herself, as she was bustling about. She was a woman of very vigorous constitution, and at seventy had been a great deal stronger and more active than her son was at that age. The moment Old Pipes saw his mother, he knew that the Dryad had been there. But, while he felt as happy as a king, he was too wise to say anything about her.

"It is astonishing how well I feel today!" said his mother; "and either my hearing has improved or you speak much more plainly than you have done of late."

The summer days went on and passed away, the leaves were falling from the trees, and the air was becoming cold.

"Nature has ceased to be lovely," said the Dryad, "and the night winds chill me. It is time for me to go back into my com-

fortable quarters in the great oak. But first I must pay another visit to the cottage of Old Pipes."

She found the piper and his mother sitting side by side on the rock in front of the door. The cattle were not to go to the mountain any more that season, and he was piping them down for the last time. Loud and merrily sounded the pipes of Old Pipes, and down the mountain side came the cattle, the cows by the easiest paths, the sheep by those not quite so easy, and the goats by the most difficult ones among the rocks; while from the great oak tree were heard the echoes of the cheerful music.

"How happy they look, sitting there together," said the Dryad; and I don't believe it will do them a bit of harm to be still younger." And moving quietly up behind them she first kissed Old Pipes on his cheek and then kissed his mother.

Old Pipes who had stopped playing knew what it was, but he did not move, and said nothing. His mother, thinking that her son had kissed her, turned to him with a smile and kissed

him in return. Then she arose and went into the cottage, a vigorous woman of sixty, followed by her son, erect and happy, and twenty years younger than herself.

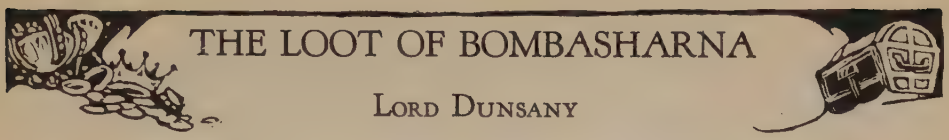
The Dryad sped away to the woods, shrugging her shoulders as she felt the cool evening wind.

When she reached the great oak, she turned the key and opened the door. "Come out," she said to the Echo-dwarf, who sat blinking within. "Winter is coming on and I want the comfortable shelter of my tree for myself. The cattle have come down from the mountain for the last time this year, the pipes will no longer sound, and you can go to your rocks and have a holiday until next spring."

Upon hearing these words the dwarf skipped quickly out, and the Dryad entered the tree and pulled the door shut after her. "Now, then," she said to herself, "he can break off the key if he likes. It does not matter to me. Another will grow out next spring. And although the good piper made me no promise, I know that when the warm days arrive next year, he will come and let me out again."

The Echo-dwarf did not stop to break the key off the tree. He was too happy to be released to think of anything else, and he hastened as fast as he could to his home on the rocky hillside.

The Dryad was not mistaken when she trusted in the piper. When the warm days came again he went to the oak tree to let her out. But, to his sorrow and surprise, he found the great tree lying upon the ground. A winter storm had blown it down, and it lay with its trunk shattered and split. And what became of the Dryad, no one ever knew.



THE LOOT OF BOMBASHARNA

LORD DUNSANY

THINGS had grown too hot for Shard, captain of pirates, on all the seas that he knew. The ports of Spain were closed to him; they knew him in San Domingo; men winked in Syracuse when he went by; the two Kings of the Sicilies never smiled within an hour of speaking of him; there were huge rewards for his head in every capital city, with pictures of it for identification—*and all the pictures were unflattering.* Therefore Captain Shard decided that the time had come to tell his men the secret.

Riding off Teneriffe one night, he called them all together. He generously admitted that there were things in the past that might require explanation: the crowns that the Princes of Aragon had sent to their nephews the Kings of the two Americas had certainly never reached their Most Sacred Majesties. Where, men might ask, were the eyes of Captain Stobbud? Who had been burning towns on the Patagonian seaboard? Why should such a ship as theirs choose pearls for cargo? Why so much blood on the decks and so many guns? And where was the *Nancy,* the *Lark,* or the *Margaret Belle?* Such questions as these, he urged, might be asked by the inquisitive, and if counsel for the defence should happen to be a fool, and unacquainted with the ways of the sea, they might become involved in troublesome legal formulae. And Bloody Bill, as they rudely called Mr. Gagg, a member of the crew,

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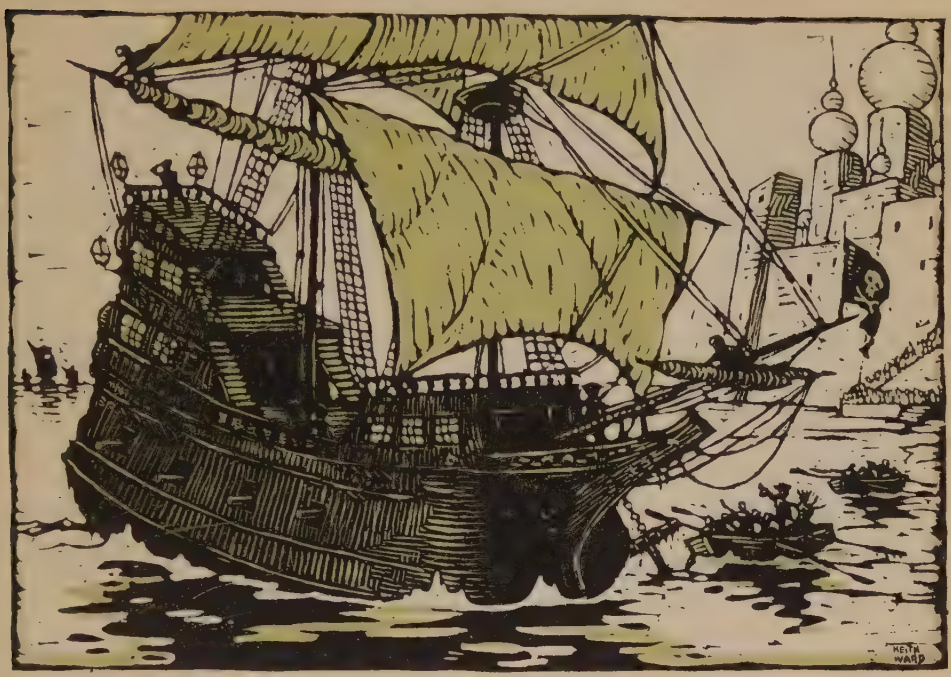
looked up at the sky, and said that it was a windy night and looked like hanging. And some of those present thoughtfully stroked their necks while Captain Shard unfolded to them his plan. He said the time was come to quit the *Desperate Lark*, for she was too well known to the navies of four kingdoms, and a fifth was getting to know her, and others had suspicions. (More cutters than even Captain Shard suspected were already looking for her jolly black flag with its neat skull-and-cross-bones in yellow.) There was a little archipelago that he knew of on the wrong side of the Sargasso Sea; there were about thirty islands there, bare, ordinary islands, but one of them floated. He had noticed it years ago, and had gone ashore and never told a soul, but had quietly anchored it with the anchor of his ship to the bottom of the sea, which just there was profoundly deep, and had made the thing the secret of his life, determining to marry and settle down there if it ever became impossible to earn his livelihood in the usual way at sea. When first he saw it, it was drifting slowly, with the wind in the tops of the trees; but if the cable had not rusted away, it should be still where he left it, and they would make a rudder and hollow out cabins below, and at night they would hoist sails to the trunks of the trees and sail wherever they liked.

And all the pirates cheered, for they wanted to set their feet on land again somewhere where the hangman would not come and jerk them off it at once; and bold men though they were, it was a strain seeing so many lights coming their way at night. Even then. . . . ! But it swerved away again and was lost in the mist.



And Captain Shard said that they would need to get provisions first, and he, for one, intended to marry before he settled down; and so they should have one more fight before they left the ship, and sack the sea-coast city Bombasharna and take from it provisions for several years, while he himself would marry the Queen of the South. And again the pirates cheered, for often they had seen sea-coast Bombasharna, and had always envied its opulence from the sea.

So they set all sail, and often altered their course, and dodged and fled from the strange lights till dawn appeared, and all day long fled southwards. And by evening they saw the silver spires of slender Bombasharna, a city that was the glory of the coast.

And in the midst of it, far away though they were, they saw the palace of the Queen of the South; and it was so full of windows all looking toward the sea, and they were so full of light, both from the sunset that was fading upon the water and from candles that maids were lighting one by one, that it looked far off like a pearl, shimmering still in its haliotis shell, still wet from the sea.

So Captain Shard and his pirates saw it, at evening over the water, and thought of rumors that said that Bombasharna was the loveliest city of the coasts of the world, and that its palace was lovelier even than Bombasharna; but for the Queen of the South rumor had no comparison. Then night came down and hid the silver spires, and Shard slipped on through the gathering darkness until by midnight the piratic ship lay under the seaward battlements.

And at the hour when sick men mostly die, and sentries on lonely ramparts stand to their arms, exactly half-an-hour before dawn, Shard, with two rowing boats and half his crew, with craftily muffled oars, landed below the battlements. They were through the gateway of the palace itself before the alarm was sounded, and as soon as they heard the alarm Shard's gunners at sea opened upon the town, and, before the sleepy soldiery of Bombasharna knew whether the danger was from the land or the sea, Shard had successfully captured the Queen of the South. They would have looted all day that silver sea-coast city, but there appeared with dawn suspicious topsails just along the horizon. Therefore the captain with his Queen went down to the shore at once and hastily re-embarked and sailed away

with what loot they had hurriedly got, and with fewer men, for they had to fight a good deal to get back to the boat. They cursed all day the interference of those ominous ships which steadily grew nearer. There were six ships at first, and that night they slipped away from all but two; but all the next day those two were still in sight, and each of them had more guns than the *Desperate Lark*. All the next night Shard dodged about the sea, but the two ships separated and one kept him in sight, and the next morning it was alone with Shard on the sea, and his archipelago was just in sight, the secret of his life.

And Shard saw he must fight, and a bad fight it was, and yet it suited Shard's purpose, for he had more merry men when the fight began than he needed for his island. And they got it over before any other ship came up; and Shard put all adverse evidence out of the way, and came that night to the islands near the Sargasso Sea.

Long before it was light the survivors of the crew were peering at the sea, and when dawn came there was the island, no bigger than two ships, straining hard at its anchor, with the wind in the tops of the trees.

And then they landed and dug cabins below and raised the anchor out of the deep sea, and soon they made the island what they called shipshape. But the *Desperate Lark* they sent away empty under full sail to sea, where more nations than Shard suspected were watching for her, and where she was presently captured by an admiral of Spain, who, when he found none of that famous crew on board to hang by the neck from the yard-arm, grew ill through disappointment.

And Shard on his island offered the Queen of the South the choicest of the old wines of Provence, and for adornment gave her Indian jewels looted from galleons with treasure for Madrid, and spread a table where she dined in the sun, while in some cabin below he bade the least coarse of his mariners sing; yet always she was morose and moody towards him, and often at evening he was heard to say that he wished he knew more about the ways of Queens. So they lived for years, the pirates mostly gambling and drinking below, Captain Shard trying to please the Queen of the South, and she never wholly forgetting Bombasharna. When they needed new provisions they hoisted sails on the trees, and as long as no ship came in sight they scudded before the wind, with the water rippling over the beach of the island; but as soon as they sighted a ship the sails came down, and they became an ordinary uncharted rock.

They mostly moved by night; sometimes they hovered off seacoast towns as of old, sometimes they boldly entered river mouths, and even attached themselves for a while to the mainland, whence they would plunder the neighborhood and escape again to sea. And if a ship was wrecked on their island of a night they said it was all to the good. They grew very crafty in seamanship, and cunning in what they did, for they knew that any news of the *Desperate Lark's* old crew would bring hangmen from the interior running down to every port.

And no one is known to have found them out or to have annexed their island; but a rumor arose and passed from port to port and every place where sailors meet together, and even

survives to this day, of a dangerous uncharted rock anywhere between Plymouth and the Horn, which would suddenly rise in the safest track of ships, and upon which vessels were supposed to have been wrecked, leaving, strangely enough, no evidence of their doom. There was a little speculation about it at first, till it was silenced by the chance remark of a man old with wandering: "It is one of the mysteries that haunt the sea."

And almost Captain Shard and the Queen of the South lived happily ever after, though still at evening those on watch in the trees would see their captain sit with a puzzled air or hear him muttering now and again in a discontented way: "I wish I knew more about the ways of Queens."

BLACKBEARD

HENRY GILBERT

IT IS evening, still and windless. There has been no breeze all day, only the stifling heat of the direct rays of the sun beating upon the ship's deck, making the pitch sizzle in the seams, and the brasswork as hot to the hand as if it were fire itself. The good ship the *Great Allen* lies heaving on the oily flood. She is some weeks out of New York harbor, bound for Jamaica, with wine, silk, and other merchandise, Christopher Taylor commander. As the coppery orb of the sun sinks beneath the waves far to the west, the clouds draw slowly across the sky, and in a little while thin rain begins to fall, not the tropical rain that betokens a wind to come in its wake, but a steady, even downpour that may continue for hours.

The Captain gives a last look round before he descends to his cabin.

Seven bells are struck, and the silence descends again almost tangibly as the last note dies away. The mate still walks up and down; sometimes—a matter of habit—he looks up at the invisible rigging, and then steps to the binnacle. He whistles softly for a wind, but the sea is still and oily, and the vessel slowly swings this way and that to all points of the compass as the lazy currents heave beneath her.

Suddenly the mate stops in his walk, goes quickly to the side, and stands in an eager, listening attitude. He strains his sense of hearing, and faintly over the water, from what direc-

Abridged from *The Book of Pirates.*

tion he cannot tell, comes the soft regular sound of dipping oars. For a moment he thinks he is dreaming, then, curving his hands round his mouth he shouts: "Boat ahoy! What boat is that?" There is no reply: only the sound of the dipping of muffled oars in the water.

The Captain down below has heard the cry and comes running up half dressed. "What is it?" he asks.

"There's a boat somewhere about," is the reply. "Listen, sir; they're oars, or I'm a Dutchman."

For a moment Christopher Taylor, the commander, listens, and then, swiftly coming to a decision, cries:

"They are sweeps, not oars! They are island pirates or I'm much mistaken! Pipe all hands on deck, and serve each man with pike and cutlass!"

The mate rushes to the fo'c'sle, and the clear, longdrawn scream of the boatswain's pipe breaks forth. Up the hatchway swarm the men. Lighted lanterns are handed up and hurriedly fixed—battle lanterns whereby the crafty enemy may be seen—and men gird on cutlasses and seize their pikes. Meanwhile a grinding noise is heard on the larboard quarter, there is a sudden burst of yells and outcries in various tongues, and up from the main and mizzen channels streams a crowd of pirates, their fierce eyes gleaming in the dim, uncertain light of the lanterns as they clamber over the sides and leap on the deck. The Yankee sailors fling themselves upon the cutthroat crew, and for some tense moments the yells die down, giving place to the panting and stamping and fierce ejaculations of men in deadly physical combat. . . . The flash of a musket or pistol reveals

for an instant the fierce, sweat-glistening face of friend or foe. Men locked in each other's hold struggle and stumble.

The American sailors, hard-bitten men who have sailed the seas for years and won their way through many a tropical storm, make one more rally. Led by their doughty Captain, who, though wounded, still makes his bold voice heard above the din, the men press together and throw themselves upon their enemies, who give way a little. For a moment it looks as if even now the crew may thrust the rascals overboard, when suddenly, with a shriek which curdles the blood, over the side of the ship and into the midst of the pirates bounds an object which sends terror into the hearts of the sailors. It seems to be no more than a horrible face, with fierce, wild eyes and gleaming teeth, the head and features surrounded by immense bushes of black hair and beard. On the top of this is a broad hat, hung from the rim of which are lighted tapers which flicker as the horrible face dances here and there, and show up the whites of the gleaming eyes, the gnashing teeth, and the red mouth. In the dim light cast by the ship's lanterns and the tapers beneath the hat, the cooler sailors can see that the face is, indeed, attached to the body of a man, on whose breast dangle three brace of pistols hanging in holsters.

Startled by this creature's horrible appearance and his shriek, the sailors give way, and next moment with a rush the pirates have swept the men to the hatchways, down which they tumble in a heap. As they are driven back a hideous voice begins to cry all manner of fearful threats and imprecations, mingled with oaths in Spanish and English.

" 'Tis the fiend Blackbeard," says one canny old sailor, as he picks himself up and feels a bruise along his arm. "He dresses himself up like that and, by the Lord Harry, he's frightened us like a pack o' giggling girls."

In this way Captain Teach, commonly known as Blackbeard, got possession of the big ship the *Great Allen,* in which he made most of his later voyages, after changing her name to the *Queen Anne's Revenge* and mounting forty guns upon her. The morning after her capture, the vanquished crew were ordered to tumble up from below and to make the vessel shipshape, which they did by tossing the dead pirates and their own dead shipmates overboard, and slushing down the blood-stained deck. The same day they were sent ashore on a desolate, sandy island, with a keg of water and one case of biscuits, there "to frizzle till they were done," as Blackbeard told them, while they saw their good vessel sail away with the black flag at her peak, and the rascally faces of the pirates grinning and jeering at them over the sides.

Many were the crews and passengers which Captain Teach, or "Blackbeard," marooned in this way. Sometimes the unfortunate men thus deserted suffered untold agonies of hunger and thirst. Sometimes, however, better luck befell them, and a passing vessel, catching sight of their signals, sent a boat to bring them off and carry them back to civilization.

Edward Teach was a Bristol man born, and took to the sea when young. He sailed out of Bristol on board a privateer which some merchants there fitted out during the French wars. He exchanged from one privateer to another, always as a common sailor, distinguishing himself by personal bravery and reckless daring. About the end of the year 1716 he joined a well-known pirate in the West Indies named Captain Benjamin Hornygold, by whom he was put in charge of a big French Guineaman which the pirates had captured. After a successful cruise in this vessel he was put in a sloop, and went on a voyage as consort to Hornygold himself. Then Teach and his friend the captain fell out. Hornygold was becoming afraid of his profession, and was for taking advantage of the King's proclamation which had just been published at Providence, promising the King's mercy to all pirates if they surrendered by a certain date. Teach laughed at all such "lily-livered rogues" as thought of pardon and mercy; he was for the "skull and crossbones" till Davy Jones claimed him, and so he roundly told Hornygold his opinion of him and sheered off in his sloop. Hornygold, however, went to Providence, and when Captain Rogers, the Governor, arrived there, he surrendered to him at his pleasant villa outside the quaint old town.

On board his big ship, the *Queen Anne's Revenge,* Teach sailed up and down the Western seas and made his name and his deeds known and feared from Sandy Hook to Trinidad. Ship after ship fell to him. Sometimes his victims tried to make a fight of it, but often they scuttled away in their boats as soon as the pirate unfurled his black flag; whereupon Teach

would put a prize crew aboard under his mate, Israel Hands, to take the vessel to their port of refuge, or, if he did not think this worth while and the ship of no value, he would take the goods out of her and scuttle her, or set her on fire. More than once Teach had a brush with one of his Majesty's men-of-war, and came off with no damage. Once, indeed, the vessel opposed to him found she had to do with an enemy who was better armed than herself, and Blackbeard had the satisfaction of seeing the man-of-war abandon the engagement and take to flight.

It is quite evident that Teach was one of the type of roaring, ranting pirates who to personal bravery and daring added something of the melodramatic in his manner of life generally. He cultivated the natural ugliness of his appearance, and doubtless enjoyed all the terror which his repulsiveness excited in those

who came in contact with him. The beard which gave him the cognomen by which he was generally known was quite natural, and he allowed it to grow to an inordinate length, so that ultimately, it is said, it reached to his eyes and almost to his waist. The ends he was in the habit of twisting into tails with bits of ribbon and fixing them about his ears.

It appears that when the pirate and his crew were not in pursuit of some merchant ship or in the midst of the excitement of a fight, they spent their time in drinking, gambling, or quarreling. Enforced inactivity often caused the men to indulge in thoughts of mutiny. This appears from the fragment of a diary which was kept by Blackbeard, discovered after his death.

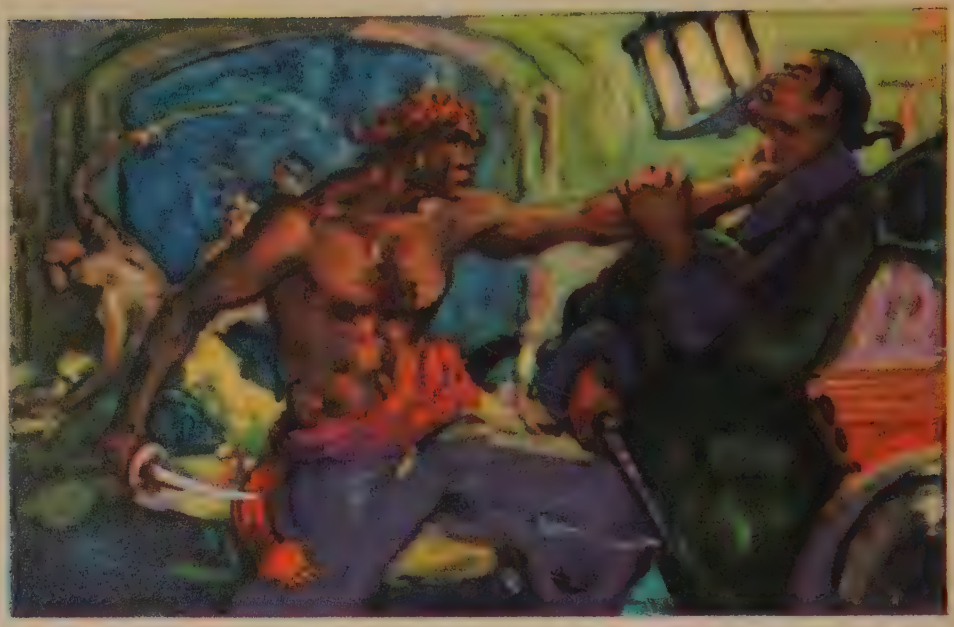
On one occasion the rovers sailed up the coast to Carolina, taking a brigantine and two sloops on their way, and virtually putting an embargo on all shipping in and out of Charles Town harbor.

Finding his medical supplies growing short, Blackbeard sent a deputation into Charles Town to demand a chest of such supplies. One prisoner from the captured vessels was sent along to convince the Town Council that many other citizens, held captive on the vessels Blackbeard had taken, would be killed if the pirate's demand was not granted. None dared refuse them and the deputation sailed back with supplies valued well over a thousand dollars.

Whereat Blackbeard laughed uproariously, and going aboard the *Frontiersman,* the largest of the captured vessels, he invited the Captain and the chief passengers to drink with him, which they did, though with no alacrity or enjoyment. After giving

them one or two villainous toasts, he told them that they were free, after which he returned to his own vessel. The Captain of the *Frontiersman* then headed back for harbor, followed by the other ships which had been captured by the pirates outside the town. It was very necessary that the *Frontiersman* at any rate, should return to the port ere she set forth on her long voyage across the Atlantic, for Blackbeard had stripped her of stores and valuables of every kind. Altogether, out of the ships he had captured in the five days he had "held up" Charles Town, he took £1500 in silver and gold coin, besides provisions and other goods.

Blackbeard sailed away south, and for some days nothing happened. Then it was noticed that Blackbeard and Hands were often in very secret talk; sometimes they would be joined by another of his men, Richards, and all three were very mysterious and resented any jesting inquiry on the part of the other pirates as to what they were talking about. A few days later the rumor went through the pirate crew that they were going to Topsail Creek, a lonely inlet in the South Carolina coast, to clean and refit. As they neared the creek Blackbeard, who seemed to be in liquor and was very hilarious, ordered the helmsman to steer for the narrows at a place where, as the more sober of the crew recognized, there would be a considerable risk of grounding. Sure enough the big ship did ground on the sand there. Blackbeard knocked down the steersman, calling him a lubberly fool, and stamped about the sloping deck swearing and ranting for some time. Then, through the speaking trumpet, he ordered Hands in the *Revenge* to come to his aid



in order to help get him off. Captain Hands, in his eagerness to fly to the relief of his dear captain, was not sufficiently wary of the shoals thereabout, and he also grounded. Then there was cursing and confusion, indeed, and the heated language which was interchanged between Blackbeard and Hands seemed to be all quite seriously meant.

As a matter of fact, however, the whole thing had been planned between Blackbeard, Hands, and Richards. Blackbeard had by this time secured a fair amount of booty, and many of the crew had hinted that it was about time a division was made. The Captain therefore determined to break up the company bit by bit, except for some fifteen or twenty who were his special friends, in order to secure the best part of the wealth for himself and his intimates.

The day following the grounding of the *Queen Anne's Revenge* and the sloop *Revenge*, Teach, together with Hands and Richards, went aboard a second sloop they had with them, leaving some of the crew, who vociferously complained, to guard the two grounded vessels. As yet it appeared that none of the men had an inkling of what was really happening, but when the crowded sloop containing the bulk of the pirates stopped at a lonely sandy island some considerable distance from the shore and about twenty miles from where the other ships had grounded, there were black looks upon the faces of many of them. Suspicions had begun to work, and they looked at one another in doubt and hesitation.

Then came Hands, who ordered a boat to be lowered, which was done. "Now, you, Venner, Solomon, Nye"—he sang out some names, and with a rough gesture indicated other men—"get into the boat."

There arose angry murmurs, questions, replies; there was scuffling and men gripped each other. Seventeen was the number of the men Hands had told to get into the boat, but the sloop held some forty more; and these forty, with knives or clubbed pistols, forced the seventeen down the side of the ship into the boat, some with bleeding heads, black eyes, or wounds in the body, all of which they ignored in their rage, while they poured all manner of vituperation and threats upon Blackbeard, Hands, Richards, and their treacherous shipmates. They were rowed, by a strong crew, to the little island and forced ashore, without biscuit or water. Then the boat was pulled back, the rowers came aboard, and the boat was swung up. The sails of

the sloop were unfurled and bellied in the wind as she took the seaward breeze and slipped away from the island, where the seventeen men, standing on the edge of the sea, shook clenched fists and roared their rage.

It is not known what were Teach's doings immediately after this. He disappears for some time, and when history knows him again he turns up at Bath Town in North Carolina, with about twenty of his men, and they surrender to his Majesty's proclamation and receive certificates of pardon from the Governor of the province, one Charles Eden, Esquire.

What had Teach done with the other twenty men, and how had he disposed of the plunder he had amassed? It is probable that he had made an ostensibly honest partition of the booty with the whole forty, and had persuaded half of them to leave the ship by ones and twos, so as not to create suspicion by landing a large number, at places along the coast, retaining about him only the score or so of kindred spirits on whom he could rely. But whether he had dealt honestly with these is a moot point, and when and where he found a hiding place for his wealth is unknown.

After some time ashore Blackbeard, in June 1718, went to sea again upon piratical deeds intent, and robbed several vessels of their goods and valuables.

Sometimes he went ashore among the planters, inflicting himself and his men upon them, their wives and families, whether they liked it or not. Here also he could be brutal, robbing his victims of their most precious belongings.

Needless to say, these various outrages ended by stirring up

hatred and in uniting all minds against the pirate; and the traders, shipmasters, and better-class planters resolved to submit to his oppression no longer. They therefore, with as much secrecy as possible, sent a deputation to Virginia to lay their grievances before the Governor of that colony, and to solicit an armed force from the men-of-war lying in St. James's River.

The Governor of Virginia was a man of a different mold from the huckstering traitor at North Carolina, and he quickly concerted measures with the captains of the two English men-of-war, the *Pearl* and *Lime,* then lying in the river. Governor Spottswood hired two small sloops, the vessels most suitable for work in the shallow creeks along the coast, and the English captains agreed to man them. The command of this little expedition was given to Mr. Robert Maynard, first lieutenant of the *Pearl,* and the story of his bravery, resource, and determination is a stirring one. The sloops were well manned, and furnished with ammunition and small arms, but they had no guns mounted.

We cannot do better than recount the events of the actual engagement in the words of Captain Charles Johnson, who early in the eighteenth century published a volume of collected histories of pirates and highwaymen.

"As Mr. Maynard's sloops were being rowed toward Blackbeard (the sloops not being above a foot high in the waist, and the men being consequently all exposed), the pirate fired a broadside charged with all manner of small shot. The sloop the lieutenant was in had twenty men killed and wounded, and the other sloop nine. This could not be helped, for there being no wind, they were obliged to keep to their oars, otherwise the

pirate would have got away from him, which, it seems, the lieutenant was resolute to prevent.

"Blackbeard's sloop fell broadside to the shore; Mr. Maynard's other sloop, which was called the *Ranger,* fell astern, being for the present disabled. So the lieutenant, finding his own sloop had way, and would soon be on board of Teach, he ordered all his men to go below, for fear of another broadside, which must have been their destruction and the loss of their expedition. Mr. Maynard was the only person that kept the deck, except the man at the helm, whom he directed to lie down snug; and the men in the hold were ordered to get their pistols and their swords ready for close fighting, and to come up at his command, for which purpose two ladders were placed in the hatchway for the more expedition. When the lieutenant's sloop boarded the other, Captain Teach's men threw in several new-fashioned sort of grenades, viz., case bottles filled with powder and small shot, slugs, and pieces of lead or iron, with a quick match in the mouth of it, which, being lighted from without, the flame presently runs into the bottle to the powder, and as it is instantly thrown aboard, generally does great execution, besides putting all the crew into confusion. But, by good providence, they had not that effect here, the men being in the hold. Blackbeard, seeing few or no hands aboard, told his men, 'that they were all knocked to head, except three or four, and therefore,' says he, 'let's jump on board and cut 'em to pieces.'

"Whereupon, under the smoke of one of the bottles just mentioned, Blackbeard entered with fourteen men over the bows

of Maynard's sloop, and were not seen by the lieutenant until the air cleared. However, he just then gave a signal to his men, who all rose in an instant and attacked the pirates with as much bravery as ever was done upon such an occasion. Blackbeard and the lieutenant fired the first shots at each other, by which the pirate received a wound, and then they engaged with swords, till the lieutenant's unluckily broke, and as he stepped back to cock a pistol, Blackbeard with his cutlass aimed at his head. Just at that moment one of Maynard's men gave the pirate a terrible wound in the neck and throat, by which lucky interposition the lieutenant came off with only a small cut over his fingers.

"They were now closely and warmly engaged, the lieutenant and twelve men against Blackbeard and fourteen. Blackbeard fought with fury till he received five-and-twenty wounds, five of them by shot. As he was cocking another pistol, having fired several already, he suddenly fell down dead; by which time eight more out of the fourteen had dropped, and all the rest, much wounded, jumped overboard and called out for quarter, which was granted, though it was only prolonging their lives a few days. The sloop *Ranger* now came up and attacked the men that had remained in Blackbeard's sloop, till they likewise cried for quarter."

(The tale tells in some detail how Captain Maynard sailed back to Bath Town, how thirteen of the pirate survivors were hanged, and two, including Israel Hands, master of Blackbeard's sloop, were pardoned, though Hands was reduced to begging for bread on the London streets.)

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX

F. H. Brooksbank

RISING out of the sand in front of the Pyramids is a great human head carved in stone. The features have been much damaged, chiefly by the Mameluke rulers of Egypt, who wantonly used it as a target for their weapons; but, in spite of this and the ravages of time, the face still gazes forward across the rolling flood and sandy wastes as it has gazed for untold centuries. Calm and impassive it is, a smile that seems sometimes of scorn, sometimes of pity, playing round the lips.

What is this figure, and when and how came it there? It is the Sphinx, an image representing the god Horus[1]; but when it was carved no man can certainly tell. Some say that when the Pyramids were young the Sphinx was old; that long, long before those mighty tombs were built, the mysterious smile and the human eyes had inspired reverent homage in the hearts of beholders: nor has it today lost aught of its mystical witchery.

But of what it is and why it was made, wise men have learned something. The whole figure is in the likeness of a man-headed lion, lying down with paws outstretched before it, and all hewn from the solid rock. The body of this monstrous creature is 150 feet in length, the paws 50 feet, the head 30 feet, and the height from the paws to the crown of the head about 70 feet. The face was erstwhile painted red, and on the head reposed

[1]In Egyptian mythology, Horus was the son of Osiris and Isis, and grandson of Ra, whom the Egyptians thought was the creator of the world. Later, Ra was added to the name of Horus, making it Horus-Ra, and he became the sun god and ruler of the sky. He slew the dark god, Typhon, and brought peace and light to the land of Egypt.

a crown embellished with the sacred uraeus (the carved asp denoting sovereignty), the symbol of divinity and immortality. Only traces of these now remain, but sufficient to prove that they added to the majesty of the god.

Often the Sphinx has been covered over by the ever-shifting sands of the desert on the edge of which it stands. Even in the days of the building of the third pyramid it had become almost entirely buried. In later times yet less care was taken to keep it clear, and gradually it was overwhelmed in the sea of sand.

A curious story is told of a king of Egypt and the Sphinx. Thothmes was a prince of the royal house, but not the direct heir to the throne. He was thus not concerned with affairs of state, and often went out on long expeditions for hunting and pleasure. In his chariot he drove two horses that were fleeter than the wind, and he was wont to set out with but two attendants, no man knowing whither he had gone.

On one of these hunting trips he was separated from his friends, and, growing weary from his wanderings and the heat of the day, he lay down in the shadow of the Sphinx and fell asleep. In his sleep the god Horus-Ra appeared to him.

"Thothmes," called the god.

The Prince looked up in some surprise, and at first did not recognize his visitor; but as soon as he did so he hastened to make obeisance to him.

"Thothmes," said Horus again, "the throne of Egypt is not thine inheritance, yet, because thou has faithfully observed the laws of Ra and ever been duteous to the gods, thou hast

found favor in their eyes and shalt be raised to kingly power."

Thothmes bowed to the ground.

"One thing thou hast not done," continued Horus. "My image lieth buried in the sand, and none of all thy royal house hath thought fit to free it, though in the time of thy fathers it was reverenced by king and people alike. Now the sand whereon it hath its being hath closed it in on every side, and none honoreth me enough to make it clear as of yore. Say unto me that thou wilt do this thing, and I shall know that thou art verily my son and he that worshippeth me."

"The wishes of my lord are the commands of his servant Thothmes," said the Prince.

"Be it so," answered the god. "Draw nigh unto me, and I will be with thee, and I will guide thee." With these words Thothmes woke up.

As the god had spoken, so it came to pass. Thothmes succeeded to the throne and ruled wisely and justly over Egypt. He was as good as his word, too, and had the image of Horus cleared of the sand that submerged it, and commanded that homage should be paid to it as in the days of old. Moreover, between the mighty paws he built a small temple, in which were recorded the circumstances that had led to its construction.

Another temple, much larger and considerably earlier than this, lies a few yards to the southeast of the image. For this reason it is usually called the Temple of the Sphinx, although it is of later date than the figure, and is probably connected with the building of the Pyramids. Its walls and columns are of alabaster and red granite, much of which is beautifully polished

and most carefully wrought. This was also covered with sand, and only in the last century was it found again and the sand removed.

But beautiful as is the temple, stupendous as are the Pyramids, wonderful in their magnitude and perfection as are all the monuments of ancient Egypt, there is none that possesses the strange fascination, the mysterious enchantment of the quiet face that for unnumbered centuries has watched the eastern horizon to greet the first faint rays of the rising sun, and whose inscrutable smile has given birth to the expression, "The Riddle of the Sphinx."

THE LAST OF THE DRAGONS

E. Nesbit

OF COURSE you know that dragons were once as common as motor-omnibuses are now, and almost as dangerous. But as every well-brought-up prince was expected to kill a dragon and rescue a princess, the dragons grew fewer and fewer, till it was often quite hard for a princess to find a dragon to be rescued from. And at last there were no more dragons in France and no more dragons in Germany, or Spain, or Italy, or Russia. There were some left in China, and are still, but they are cold and bronzy, and there were never any, of course, in America. But the last real live dragon left was in England, and of course that was a very long time ago, before what you call English History began. This dragon lived in Cornwall in the big caves amidst the rocks, and was a fine big dragon, quite seventy feet long from the tip of its fearful snout to the end of its terrible tail. It breathed fire and smoke, and rattled when it walked, because its scales were made of iron. Its wings were like half-umbrellas—or like bat's wings, only several thousand times bigger. Everyone was very frightened of it, and well they might be.

Now the King of Cornwall had one daughter, and when she was sixteen, of course, she would have to go and face the dragon: such tales are always told in royal nurseries at twilight, so the Princess knew what she had to expect. The dragon would not eat her, of course—because the prince would come

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and rescue her. But the Princess could not help thinking it would be much pleasanter to have nothing to do with the dragon at all—not even to be rescued from him.

"All the princes I know are such very silly little boys," she told her father. "Why must I be rescued by a prince?"

"It's always done, my dear," said the King, taking his crown off and putting it on the grass, for they were alone in the garden, and even kings must unbend sometimes.

"Father, darling," said the Princess presently, when she had made a daisy chain and put it on the King's head, where the crown ought to have been. "Father, darling, couldn't we tie up one of the silly little princes for the dragon to look at—and then I could go and kill the dragon and rescue the Prince? I fence much better than any of the princes we know."

"What an unladylike idea!" said the King, and put his crown on again, for he saw the Prime Minister coming with a basket of newly-laid Bills for him to sign. "Dismiss the thought, my child. I rescued your mother from a dragon, and you don't want to set yourself up above her, I should hope?"

"But this is the *last* dragon. It is different from all other dragons."

"How," asked the King.

"Because he *is* the last," said the Princess, and went off to her fencing lessons, with which she took great pains. She took great pains with all her lessons—for she could not give up the idea of fighting the dragon. She took such pains that she became the strongest and boldest and most skillful and most sensible princess in Europe. She was also prettiest and nicest.

And the days and years went on, till at last the day came which was the day before the Princess was to be rescued from the dragon. The prince who was to do this deed of valor was a pale prince, with large eyes and a head full of mathematics and philosophy, but he had unfortunately neglected his fencing lessons. He was to stay the night at the palace, and there was a banquet.

After supper the Princess sent her pet parrot to the Prince with a note. It said:

"Please, Prince, come on to the terrace. I want to talk to you without anybody else hearing.—The Princess."

So, of course, he went—and he saw her gown of silver a long way off shining among the shadows of the trees like water in starlight. And when he came quite close to her he said:

"Princess, at your service," and bent his cloth-of-gold-covered knee and put his hand on his cloth-of-gold-covered heart.

"Do you think," said the Princess earnestly, "that you will be able to kill the dragon?"

"I will kill the dragon," said the Prince firmly, "or perish in the attempt."

"It's no use your perishing," said the Princess.

"It's the least I can do," said the Prince.

"What I'm afraid of is that it'll be the most you can do," said the Princess.

"It's the only thing I can do," said he, "unless I kill the dragon."

"Why you should do anything for me is what I can't see," said she.

"But I want to," he said. "You must know that I love you better than anything in the world."

When he said that, he looked so kind that the Princess began to like him a little.

"Look here," she said, "no one else will go out tomorrow. You know they tie me to a rock, and leave me—and then everybody scurries home and puts up the shutters and keeps them shut till you ride through the town in triumph shouting that you've killed the dragon, and I ride on the horse behind you weeping for joy."

"I've heard that that is how it is done," said he.

"Well, do you love me well enough to come very quickly and set me free—and we'll fight the dragon together?"

"It wouldn't be safe for you."

"Much safer for both of us for me to be free, with a sword in my hand, than tied up and helpless. *Do* agree."

He could refuse her nothing. So he agreed. And next day everything happened as she had said.

When he had cut the cords that tied her to the rocks they stood on the lonely mountain side looking at each other.

"It seems to me," said the Prince, "that this ceremony could have been arranged without the dragon."

"Yes," said the Princess, "but since it has been arranged with the dragon——"

"It seems such a pity to kill the dragon—the last in the world," said the Prince.

"Well, then, don't let's," said the Princess; "let's tame it not to eat princesses but to eat out of their hands. They say everything can be tamed by kindness."

"Taming by kindness means giving them things to eat," said the Prince. "Have you got anything to eat?"

She hadn't, but the Prince owned that he had a few biscuits. "Breakfast was so very early," said he, "and I thought you might have felt faint after the fight."

"How clever," said the Princess, and they took a biscuit in each hand. And they looked here and they looked there, but never a dragon could they see.

"But here's its trail," said the Prince, and pointed to where the rock was scarred and scratched so as to make a track lead-

ing to the mouth of a dark cave. It was like cart ruts in a Sussex road, mixed with the marks of sea gulls' feet on the sea sand. "Look, that's where it's dragged its brass tail and planted its steel claws."

"Don't let's think how hard its tail and its claws are," said the Princess, "or I shall begin to be frightened—and I know you can't tame anything, even by kindness, if you're frightened of it. Come on. Now or never."

She caught the Prince's hand in hers and they ran along the path towards the dark mouth of the cave. But they did not run into it. It really was so very *dark*.

So they stood outside, and the Prince shouted: "What ho! Dragon there! What ho within!" And from the cave they heard an answering voice and great clattering and creaking. It

sounded as though a rather large cotton mill were stretching itself and waking up out of its sleep.

The Prince and the Princess trembled, but they stood firm.

"Dragon—I say, Dragon!" said the Princess, "do come out and talk to us. We've brought you a present."

"Oh, yes—I know your presents," growled the dragon in a huge rumbling voice. "One of those precious princesses, I suppose? And I've got to come out and fight for her. Well, I tell you straight, I'm not going to do it. A fair fight I wouldn't say no to—a fair fight and no favor—but one of these put-up fights where you've got to lose—No. So I tell you. If I wanted a princess I'd come and take her, in my own time—but I don't. What do you suppose I'd do with her, if I'd got her?"

"Eat her, wouldn't you?" said the Princess in a voice that trembled a little.

"Eat a fiddle-stick end," said the dragon very rudely. "I wouldn't touch the horrid thing."

The Princess's voice grew firmer.

"Do you like biscuits?" she asked.

"No," growled the dragon.

"Not the nice little expensive ones with sugar on the top?"

"*No*," growled the dragon.

"Then what *do* you like?" asked the Prince.

"You go away and don't bother me," growled the dragon, and they could hear it turn over, and the clang and clatter of its turning echoed in the cave like the sound of the steam hammers in the arsenal at Woolwich.

The Prince and Princess looked at each other. What *were* they to do? Of course it was no use going home and telling the King that the dragon didn't want princesses—because His Majesty was very old-fashioned and would never have believed that a new-fashioned dragon could ever be at all different from an old-fashioned dragon. They could not go into the cave and kill the dragon. Indeed, unless he attacked the Princess it did not seem fair to kill him at all.

"He must like something," whispered the Princess, and she called out in a voice as sweet as honey and sugar-cane:

"Dragon! Dragon, dear!"

"WHAT?" shouted the dragon. "Say that again!" and they could hear the dragon coming towards them through the darkness of the cave. The Princess shivered, and said in a very small voice:

"Dragon—Dragon, dear!"

And then the dragon came out. The Prince drew his sword and the Princess drew hers—the beautiful silver-handled one that the Prince had brought in his motor car. But they did not attack; they moved slowly back as the dragon came out, all the vast scaly length of him, and lay along the rock—his great wings half spread and his silvery sheen gleaming like diamonds in the sun. At last they could retreat no farther—the dark rock behind them stopped their way—and with their backs to the rock they stood swords in hand and waited.

The dragon drew nearer and nearer—and now they could see that he was not breathing fire and smoke as they had expected—he came crawling slowly towards them, wriggling a

little as a puppy does when it wants to play and isn't quite sure whether you're not cross with it.

And then they saw that great tears were coursing down its brazen cheek.

"Whatever's the matter?" said the Prince.

"Nobody," sobbed the dragon, "ever called me 'dear' before!"

"Don't cry, dragon, dear," said the Princess. "We'll call you 'dear' as often as you like. We want to tame you."

"I *am* tame," said the dragon—"that's just it. That's what nobody but you has ever found out. I'm so tame that I'd eat out of your hands."

"Eat what, dragon, dear?" said the Princess. "Not biscuits?"

The dragon slowly shook its heavy head.

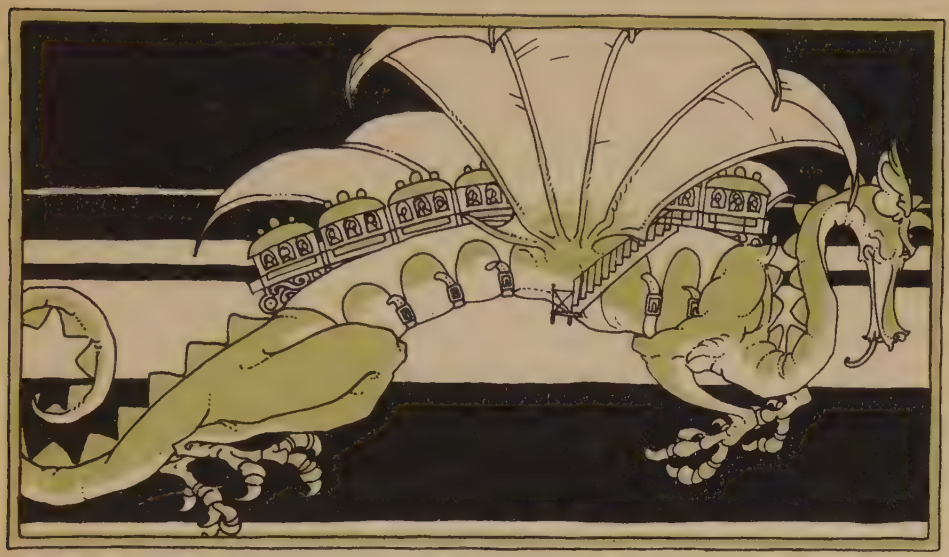
"Not biscuits?" said the Princess tenderly. "What, then, dragon, dear?"

"Your kindness quite undragons me," it said. "No one has ever asked any of us what we like to eat—always offering us princesses, and then rescuing them—and never once, 'What'll you take to drink the King's health in?' Cruel hard I call it," and it wept again.

"But what would you like to drink our health in?" said the Prince. "We're going to be married today, aren't we, Princess?"

She said that she supposed so.

"What'll I take to drink your health in?" asked the dragon. "Ah, you're something like a gentleman, you are, sir. I don't mind if I do, sir. I'll be proud to drink your and your good lady's health in a tiddy drop of"—its voice faltered—"to think of you asking me so friendly like," it said. "Yes, sir, just a tiddy



drop of puppuppuppuppupetrol — tha — that's what does a dragon good, sir——"

"I've lots in the car," said the Prince, and was off down the mountain like a flash. He was a good judge of character, and he knew that with this dragon the Princess would be safe.

"If I might make so bold," said the dragon, "while the gentleman's away—p'raps just to pass the time you'd be so kind as to call me 'Dear' again, and if you'd shake claws with a poor old dragon that's never been anybody's enemy but his own—well, the last of the dragons'll be the proudest dragon there's ever been since the first of them."

It held out an enormous paw, and the great steel hooks that were its claws closed over the Princess' hands as softly as the claws of the Himalayan bear will close over the bit of bun you hand it through the bars at the Zoo.

And so the Prince and Princess went back to the palace in triumph, the dragon following them like a pet dog. And all through the wedding festivities no one drank more earnestly to the happiness of the bride and bridegroom than the Princess' pet dragon—whom she had at once named Fido.

And when the happy pair were settled in their own kingdom, Fido came to them and begged to be allowed to make himself useful.

"There must be some little thing I can do," he said, rattling his wings and stretching his claws. "My wings and claws and so on ought to be turned to some account—to say nothing of my grateful heart."

So the Prince had a special saddle or howdah made for him—very long it was—like the tops of many tramcars fitted together. One hundred and fifty seats were fitted to this, and the dragon, whose greatest pleasure was now to give pleasure to others, delighted in taking parties of children to the seaside. It flew through the air quite easily with its hundred and fifty little passengers—and would lie on the sand patiently waiting till they were ready to return. The children were very fond of it and used to call it Dear, a word which never failed to bring tears of affection and gratitude to its eyes. So it lived, useful and respected, till quite the other day—when some one happened to say, in his hearing, that dragons were out of date, now so much new machinery had come. This so distressed him that he asked the King to change him into something less old-fashioned, and the kindly monarch at once changed him into a mechanical contrivance. The dragon, indeed, became the first airplane.

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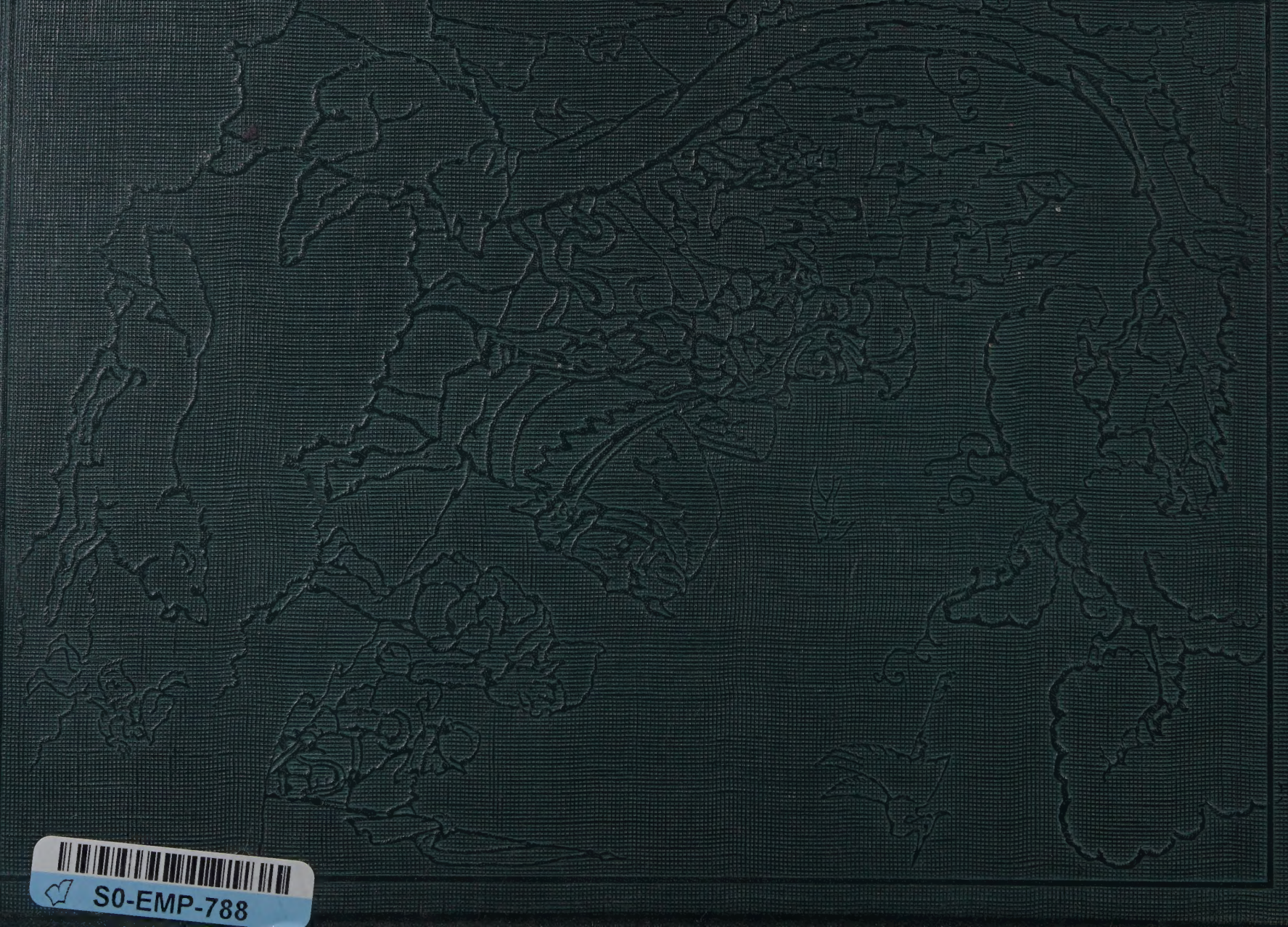
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